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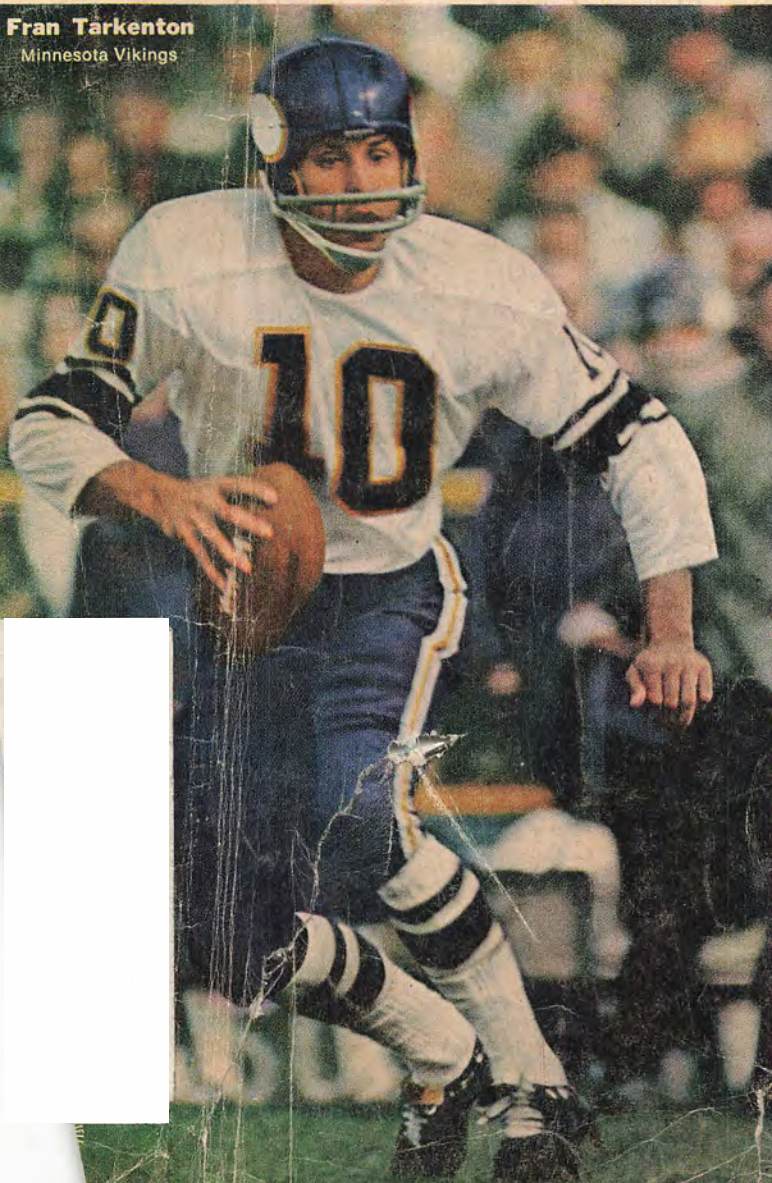
How I Wrecked My Life—How I Hope To Save It

By HANK THOMPSON

SPECIAL SECTION: THE PRO FOOTBALL QUARTERBACK

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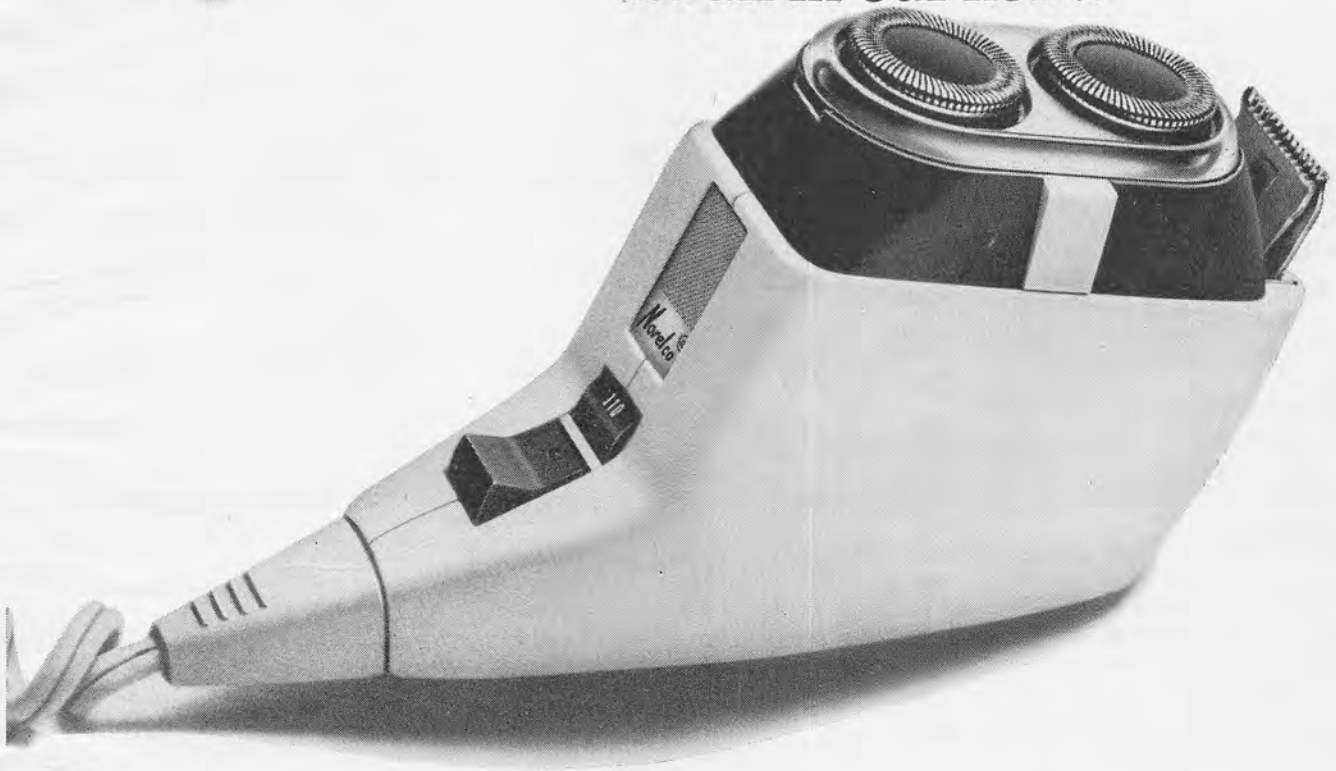


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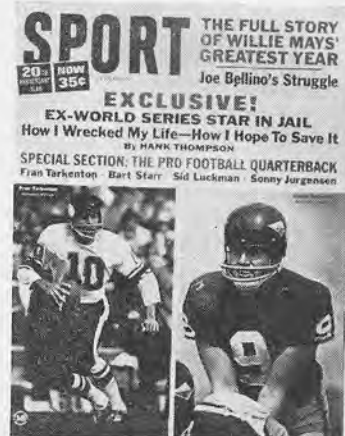
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COVER—
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by Malcolm Emmons
SONNY JURGENSEN
by Tony Tomsic

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Connie Myers, University of Kansas

SPORT TALK

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Cookie Gilchrist asked the Denver Broncos to let him have a telephone in his room at training camp. This is an unheard of thing in training camp and the request was refused. So Cookie had a phone installed in his car and hooked into his horn. He parked the car under his dorm room window. Players claim they heard Cookie jump out of bed at all hours of the night and then run outside to answer his horn.

When Gary Bell and Jack Kralick, Cleveland Indian pitchers and roommates, got into a silly fight this summer, only one punch was thrown by each. But Bell's broke a tooth in Kralick's mouth and necessitated Jack's getting nine stitches. Asked afterward if they'd continue to room together, Bell said, "Sure—why not?"

Dick Bass, a Los Angeles bail bondsman when he's not playing fullback for the Rams, used private detectives to find the clients who took off without paying him. Bass nicknamed his finest detective "Deputy Dog," saying, "Deputy Dog" would always get his man, if it took him 40 years. Once he trailed this fellow to Detroit, then Chicago and finally to Arkansas and brought him back. That's what I wanted him to do, of course. But he brought back the wrong man and I can't employ 'Deputy Dog' anymore. He's serving a three-year term in Arkansas for kidnaping."

Fran Tarkenton, in the fine column he writes for the *Atlanta Journal*, described teammate Jeff Jordan as "the thinnest man I have ever seen in pro football. He's 6-4, 180 pounds." When a writer, Fran wrote, asked Jordan about his pulled muscle, the rookie said, "The muscle is better . . . and definitely has been confirmed as a muscle."

Harvey Haddix retired late this past season and he will always be remembered for 1) pitching 12 innings of perfect baseball before losing and 2) his dry sense of humor. One of his typical lines came after Frank Howard, 6-7, 260 pounds, had hit a tremendous home run off Haddix, 5-9, 160 pounds. "When I had to pitch to that big guy," Harvey said, "I was surely

convinced that all of us weren't created equal."

Early last season, Charlie Finley announced he would have the Athletics' mascot mule, Charlie-O, make pregame appearances in parks around the American League. The White Sox management refused permission, but in late September they may have wished they hadn't. In the sixth inning of a game between the White Sox and A's, a mule suddenly stepped out of the Kansas City dugout and strolled to second base in Comiskey Park. It seems the mule, not Charlie-O, was smuggled into the stadium in a van. White Sox general manager Ed Short angrily explained that the gate attendant had been told the mule van contained a trophy for pitcher Satchel Paige.

SAMPLE TALK

In this season's opener between Cleveland and Washington, Browns' flanker Gary Collins went out on a pattern and Redskins' cornerback Johnny Sample went with him until he cut. Then Sample knocked down Collins and Gary yelled about it. That was a mistake, because it fired up the already fiery Sample even more. "Collins was yelling about why I hit him when the ball wasn't thrown to him," Sample says. "I told him when he's out there he gotta expect to be hit, and he got kinda hot about it. I got kinda hot, too."

Sample shoved Collins and it looked like there might be a fight, but there were only angry words. They yelled at each other through most of the following three periods. "I was disturbed because he had no right to say that," Johnny says. "I didn't do anything dirty to him, I just knocked him down and he barked at me and I barked at him. That really fired me up."

Collins caught one 15-yard pass on Sample that day, although he did move into the slot on the other side and catch a touchdown. The thing is, few men get themselves pent up for a game like Johnny Sample and he's tough enough to beat anyway. When you give him additional emotional motivation in a game, you're in trouble. Sample is a 6-1, 205-pounder with excellent speed, eight years of experience in covering the NFL's top receivers, great determination and, as if that isn't enough, he throws words at his man all during the game to break his concentration.

Against Collins he was saying, "You know you can't run a post pattern on me." "You know you can't run an up." "You know I'm gonna cover everything you run." "Tell 'im to throw the ball to the other side." On one play

Collins made a fine outside fake, Sample leaned and Collins took off deep inside. He had three steps on Sample and was waiting for the long pass to come down when Sample leaped over Gary's shoulder and slapped the ball away without touching him. It was an amazing display of timing. Then Sample told Collins: "I thought I'd let you feel good for a moment and get behind me, but you knew I was gonna catch up with you all the time." Collins couldn't help smiling.

Sample began throwing words at receivers in his college days at Maryland State. "I wasn't doing such a good job on defense in my sophomore year," John says. "So after practice one day my coach, Vernon McCain, said, 'You've got to do something to cover those receivers.' And I said to him: 'Coach, I'm doing everything I can.' 'Well,' he told me, 'why don't you try talking to 'em, try to get their minds off what they're doing?' And this is where I got the idea and the philosophy about talking to the receivers all the time. If I can't get them thinking about what I'm talking about rather than about the pattern they're running, it'll be to my advantage. That's why I do it."

It is a fascinating thing to watch when the receiver and his bench are giving Sample a lot of noise right back. In that Cleveland game, one Browns' coach kept hollering, "He's gonna beat you this time, Sample, you won't cover this one." Johnny says this only intensifies his alertness and determination. "Of course, after the game Collins and I shook hands. He knows I have a job to do and I know he has a job to do. We just try to do the job and afterwards it's over. We're pretty good friends off the field."

Sample never has trouble getting up for the good receivers like Collins. He works in practice with five-pound weights on his ankles and wearing high-top shoes. "It's more psychological than anything else," he says. "In a game I wear low-cuts and I feel faster, though I guess the weights do help my legs, too."

"But I really do get up for a game. The night before we play I'll be in my room trying to watch television and I can't because I'm thinking about the game. It starts building up, building up. . . . And in the morning I don't ever eat the pre-game meal. I can't get it down thinking about the game so much. By the time the game starts my stomach's so upset I'm like a kid in his first college ballgame. I'm so enthused and I want to win so bad. . . ."

Naturally he studies the receivers he will have to cover in game films, and Sample often stays after practice and works on his own, back-pedaling

and cutting in the patterns he'll have to follow on Sunday. It is not the speed receivers who bother him most but the ones with the great moves. He used to do a tremendous job against Tommy McDonald when the little sprinter was at his peak in Philadelphia. Yet Kyle Rote of the Giants would grab passes on him all afternoon. "I can't remember ever having a good day against Kyle," Johnny says. "He'd always catch five, six, seven passes. He wasn't fast, but he had good moves."

But Sample shut out fleet Terry Barr of the Lions this season and allowed fleetest Bob Hayes of the Cowboys only one catch. That one went for a touchdown. "We were in a blitz coverage, but Hayes still had time to give me three real good fakes," Johnny said. "He broke to the outside and I really took off to run with him, then he cut back and I was about six yards away from him, to his right, when he caught the ball. He beat me to the end zone."

After the game Redskin coach Bill McPeak said to Sample: "That's the first touchdown pass ever caught on you since you've been with the Redskins. It had to happen sooner or later." In that instance a good line of rush men would've been more valuable than Sample's usually good line of talk.

I'LL DRINK TO THAT

Tom Sheehan, the San Francisco Giants' super-scout, is a wonderful story teller. One of his favorite subjects is Grover Cleveland Alexander, a great pitcher who worked very fast and a great drinker who worked very long. Sheehan told St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* columnist Bob Broeg about the time Alexander reported to the Cubs' locker room only 15 minutes before game time and very drunk.

Cub manager Bill Killifer left the room when he saw his star pitcher stagger in. He had to decide what to do. In a moment he stepped angrily into the clubhouse and yelled, "You're still pitching!"

"Who said I wasn't, Bill, old boy," Alexander said, who according to Sheehan hummed as he changed into his uniform, then took a number of unusual side steps on his way to the field.

Broeg asked Sheehan what happened and Tom held up one finger, as if Alexander had allowed one run. But that wasn't exactly right.

"One run, hell—one hit," said Sheehan, "and Alex got the game over so fast he was still loaded when it ended."

SPORT TALK

COACH OF THE SNAKEBITS

Dave DeBusschere gave up his baseball career in September to concentrate on his job as player-coach of the Detroit Pistons. It is a job that requires concentration, though if taken too far this could be dangerous. The Pistons might more appropriately be called the Snakebits this season and if one more catastrophe strikes it may not be a man in a striped shirt but one in a white shirt who ends up blowing the whistle on the team's player-coach.

First the Pistons' leading scorer, guard Terry Dischinger, was called into the Army for two years. Then Detroit's only center, seven-foot Reggie Harding, got into trouble with police over a parking ticket after several previous arrests. He apologized. A day and a half later Harding was arrested in a "blind pig," which is a place basketball players are not supposed to be in any time and especially not at 4:30 on the morning they are to take a physical at 10:30. Harding was banished from the league.

Minor catastrophies and a major tragedy followed. No. 1 draft choice Bill Buntin was a long holdout and No. 2 choice Tom Van Arsdale left camp but returned. The tragedy was the sudden death of Detroit's executive manager, Don Wattick.

It made you wonder why DeBusschere, age 24, would give up a potential big-league pitching career for this kind of what's-gonna-happen-next? operation. "I like baseball very much," Dave said toward the close of the exhibition season. "But I felt that my area of responsibility with the Pistons as a player and a coach were much greater. If I was established as a major-league pitcher it'd be different, but I think right now I've established myself more in basketball."

We asked DeBusschere how the team looked, and he took a deep breath and said, "Well, so far... good. We're six-and-five. The thing is, you can't go by exhibition games. But losing guys like Terry Dischinger and Reggie Harding—we're really hurting in the middle. We don't have a big man at all." He said Bill Chmielewski hadn't looked good, and that Joe Strawder had looked good only at times ("I haven't seen him against the big men, really"). Buntin finally reported and his major problem in two exhibition games had been getting up and down the court. "He looks real heavy," Dave said. "He's way overweight."

Although he's a bare 6-8, Buntin is being played in the middle because at this point DeBusschere may even be willing to try a guard with a tall milk case at center. "We'll miss Dischinger," Dave says, "but Rod Thorn moved into Terry's spot and he's looked real good. And Eddie Miles, our other guard, has done exceptionally well. I don't think we'll have a whole bunch of trouble scoring; we'll have trouble underneath. We're small. Our biggest problem is the center position. We have no experience there whatsoever. We've talked to all the other teams, but no one wants to part with a big man. I'd be happy to have anyone with a little experience. I mean, we're going with guys who've never played a game." He chuckled mirthlessly. "It's tough." "What," we asked, "do you think of the team's prospects now?"

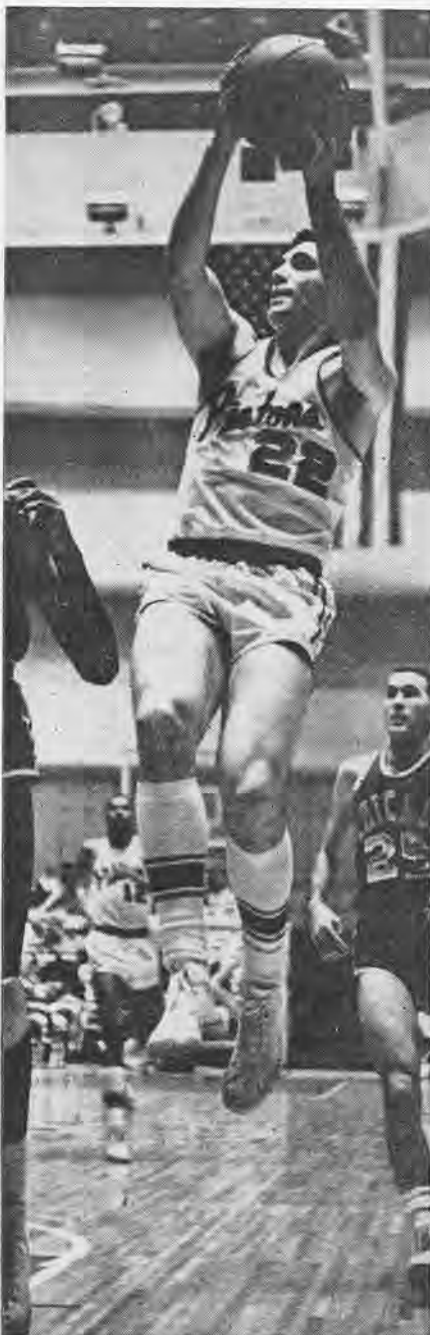
"Well," Dave said, "I'm an eternal optimist." He laughed. "I just set my sights on making the playoffs. All I've been hearing is everyone telling us: 'You guys'll be lucky to win a game this year.' We're gonna surprise some people."

"You figure you're gonna win one, huh?"

He chuckled. "I think we're gonna win a lot of games this year. I've just never seen anything like this bad luck we've had, truthfully. So many things hitting a club at a certain time like we've been hit over the past five months... Still and all," he chuckled, "you can't give up."

We thanked him and wished him luck.

"We can use it," Dave DeBusschere



Dave DeBusschere, No. 22, gave up his baseball career to play for and coach a last-place basketball team, the Pistons, that abruptly lost their top scorer and their only experienced center.

said, and it was no perfunctory remark.

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 3

Connie Myers of the University of Kansas is candidate No. 3 in our 15th annual Campus Queen Contest.

A graduate of the Patricia Stevens Modeling Academy in Wichita, Connie also attended the National High School Institute of Speech, Drama, Radio and Television at Northwestern the summer before entering Kansas. The 19-year-old sophomore hopes eventually to go into television work, either as an actress or writer. Her hobbies are water skiing, swimming, reading and professional modeling.

Next month we will present our fourth candidate and all five finalists will appear in the March issue so that you may vote for your favorite.

FAN CLUB SPOTLIGHT

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Sandy Reiss, P.O. Box 104, New Hyde Park, N.Y.; **New York Jets.** James D. Schloss, 975 Marion Ave., Cincinnati, O. 45229; **Happy Hairston.** Ed Bialecki, 437 South Ave., Fanwood, N.J.; **Mel Counts.** Louis Quitoni, 2290 Woodland Terrace, Scotch Plains, N. J.; **Emmette Bryant.** Dave Belka, 58 Red Spring Rd., Andover, Mass.; **Gary Wood.** Richard Kitchens, 1301 Everett St., El Cerrito, Calif.; **Oakland Raiders.** Brian Gallagher, 39 Nassau Ave., Malverne, N. Y.; **Wahoo McDaniel.** Bert Loebmann, 7722 S. Colfax, Chicago 49, Ill.; **Bart Starr.** Scott McLean, 109 Marble St., Stoneham, Mass. 02180; **Minnesota Vikings** and **San Diego Chargers.** Phil Miller, 2965 N. 2nd St., Harrisburg, Pa. 17110; **Tony Lorick.** Kenneth Berlin, 8705 Bradmoor Dr., Bethesda, Md. 20034; **Charley Taylor.** Kenny Ott, 3200 E. Longview Dr., Bloomington, Ind.; **Lou Slaby.** Larry Weiss, 314 Hayward St., Yonkers, N. Y. 10704; **Charley Johnson.** Jay Camel, 2033 Wollan St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90065; **Doug Camilli.** Greg Singleton, 210 W. Glenview Dr., San Antonio, Tex. 78228; **Houston Astros.**

Bob Kanney, Columbus St., St. Henry, O., does not have a Vada Pinson, Frank Robinson fan club.

FAMILY MAN

Elinor Kaine, who in addition to producing a weekly football publication called *Lineback* is the society reporter for the *Morning Telegraph*, tells a story about the perfect family man horseplayer. Miss Kaine met the man on the bus from Manhattan to Saratoga (some 140 miles away) one morning last August. "I take my vacation this time every year," the man said. "I come to Saratoga every day."

To do so required great stamina. The man got up at 5:30 a.m., drove from his home on Long Island to the city, then took the four-hour bus ride to the upstate track. He took the bus back to the city that evening, drove home and got to bed around midnight. At 5:30 he started again.

"With all that trouble and expense you could stay at Saratoga much more easily," he was told.

"Oh, I'd never do that," the man said. "My family comes first."

See you next month.

—BERRY STAINBACK



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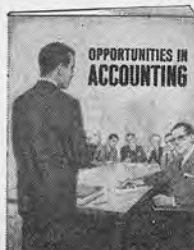
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INSIDE HOCKEY

By MAURICE RICHARD

SOME WILL SAY, it's still too early to predict the outcome of the National Hockey League race, but I don't mind going on record as saying that the Montreal Canadiens should win it all this season.

There might be those who will say that I am a little prejudiced towards "Les Canadiens" . . . and that won't be far from the truth. But that is not why I pick the Canadiens to win first the NHL championship and then retain the Stanley Cup they won last year. I sincerely believe the Canadiens are the best team in the league. Toren Blake's crew was late hitting its stride last year, but when the offense finally did jell no one could stop the "Flying Frenchmen." And the Canadiens have practically the same team this year.

I foresee the Chicago Black Hawks finishing second. With players like Bobby Hull, Stan Mikita, Pierre Pilote and Glenn Hall, the Black Hawks are still a powerful unit. But I think they lack the Canadiens' depth.

The Toronto Maple Leafs should finish third. They acquired some new boys during the summer who should help them. But there is always a big question mark with the Leafs: Can Terry Sawchuk and Johnny Bower, the goalies, hold on?

Although the Detroit Red Wings were the regular-season champions last year, I think they will just manage to make the playoffs this season. I see them much weaker on defense and they might have trouble in the nets.

For the last two positions, the Boston Bruins most likely will take over fifth place from the New York Rangers. At any rate, these two teams will still finish out of the money.

P.S.: That's what I *think* will happen . . . it doesn't mean I'll be right!

* * *

A new rule in the NHL this year states that each team has to dress two goalkeepers. Some coaches have been upset by the rule and so have some goalies. At the risk of making a few enemies, I'd like to express my approval of the new rule.

My reasoning is this: Whether we want to admit it or not, hockey is a faster and more grueling game than ever. That is why it is also the most spectacular game in the world. But to speed up the game a lot of rules changes were made—and practically every one of them was at the expense of the goalie. The public wants more goals and it is getting them.

But it has come to a point where a goalie is liable to go nuts during a season, especially if he plays for a team that is weak defensively. One solution is to have two good goal-keepers on the team roster. Some people tell me that goalies of NHL calibre are rare. I agree that you don't find them on every street corner, but there are enough good ones to go around. And let's not forget that if the demand for goal-keepers is bigger, more of them will be interested in working toward the NHL instead of quitting hockey at a too-early age.

This system of two goalies can work, though, only if the coaches give both men an even share of work. A goal-keeper who warms the bench too long is of no use to a team.

* * *

I mentioned that hockey is a faster game than ever before and it surely has changed a lot in the last 15 years. In my first years with the Canadiens, I remember players staying on the ice for shifts that lasted 2½ minutes to even 3½ minutes. You don't see that anymore. Today when the boys have been at it for a minute and a half or two, they are quickly replaced. It's a platoon system like in football—everybody gets off the ice, forwards and defensemen, to be replaced by a new unit. Thus the players are always rested and able to go at full speed while they are on the ice. It surely adds color and excitement to the show.

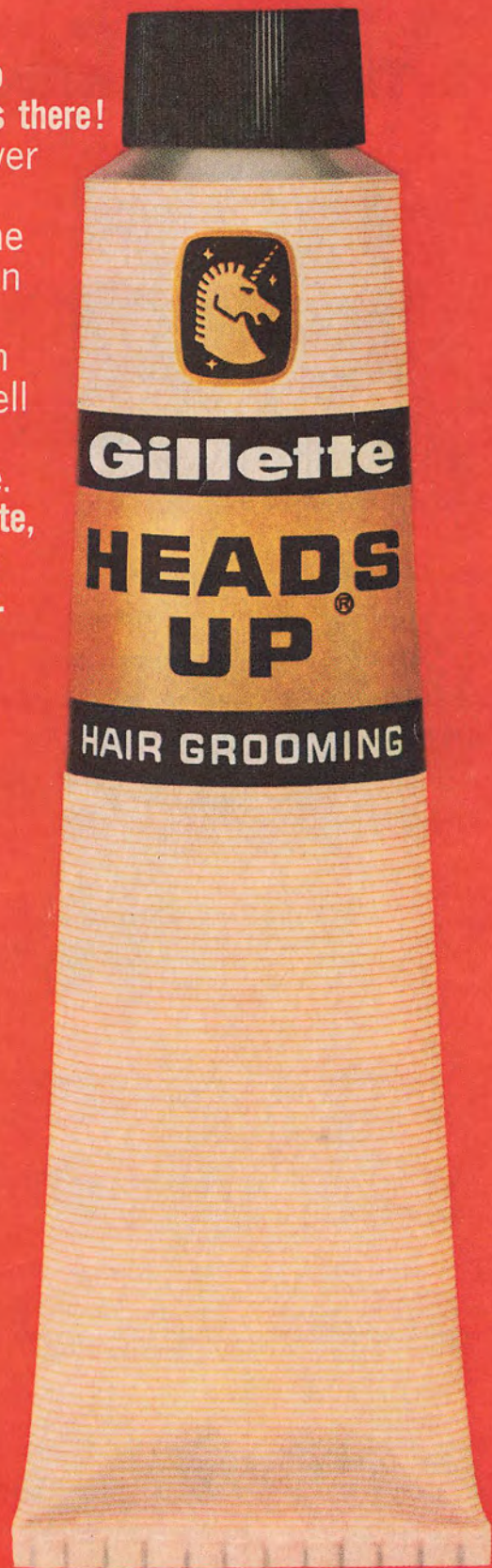
And you don't see many defensemen play 40 to 50 minutes a game like Doug Harvey used to do with the Canadiens. Sometimes a rear guard will stay on a few extra minutes to kill a penalty, but otherwise he'll take only his regular shift.

Maurice Richard

Gillette's new hair grooming discovery for men!



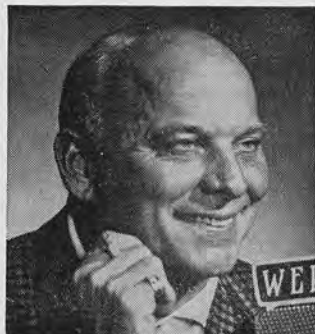
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THE SPORT QUIZ



FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 88



Jimmy Dudley airs Cleveland Indian games on radio station **WERE**. He's been at that mike for 16 seasons, and done play-by-play of three World Series.



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special regional sports events on **KPRC** radio and **KTRK** television in Houston.



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers— (he's been at it for 30 years), covers the White Sox over **WCFL** radio in Chicago.



Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on **WTOP**'s radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast.

1 In 1955, he won the U.S. men's tennis singles title at Forest Hills, New York, the last American to do so. Can you name him?

2 How many times since 1945 has baseball's All-Star game been played in the same stadium that later in the season was the scene of the World Series?

3 In 1964, he completed 262 of 505 passes to set records in both departments for the American Football League. Can you name him?

4 This season Willie Mays set an NL record by hitting 17 home runs in one month. Who holds the AL record? How many did he hit?

5 Two NBA teams tied a league record in 1964-65 by having seven players finish the season with scoring averages in double figures. Name the teams?

6 Rogers Hornsby played for four different National League teams. With how many of them did he set the club season batting-average record?

7 He once returned two punts for touchdowns in an NFL game:
a Emlen Tunnell
b Jack Christiansen
c Hugh McElhenny

8 Match the AL coach and his 1965 team:
Harry Brecheen-Chicago
Ray Berres-Minnesota
Jim Lemon-Baltimore

9 He is the only golfer ever to win the British and United States amateur championships two straight years. Can you name him?

10 He managed three different NL teams to pennants:
a Billy Southworth
b Bill McKechnie
c Leo Durocher

11 He holds the NFL mark for passing yardage in a season:
a Johnny Unitas
b Sonny Jurgensen
c Charley Johnson

12 In the 1962-63 NHL season this player scored goals in ten consecutive games, a modern league record. Name the player and his team.

13 Sandy Koufax has pitched four no-hitters, a major-league record. Who holds the mark for one-hit games? How many did he pitch?

14 In 1962, this AFL quarterback completed 11 passes in a row, a league record. In 1964, he did it again. Can you name him?

15 He was voted bowler of the year in 1964:
a Bill Hardwick
b Don Carter
c Ray Bluth

16 He once hit five home runs in a doubleheader:
a Roger Maris
b Harmon Killebrew
c Stan Musial



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your hurry,
shirt?

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You belong with me, shirt. I'm all girl.

C'mon shirt. Just you and me and him.

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Great Moments in Sport

by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS UNDERSTUDY

THIS WAS THE one Ohio State had been waiting for. Thousands of students were snake-dancing in the streets in anticipation of what they were sure would be a sweet and important victory. More than 81,000 fans filled every available seat in the huge stadium in Columbus, Ohio, eager to see the football game between Ohio State and Notre Dame on November 2, 1935. Though both teams were unbeaten, Francis Schmidt's Buckeyes were considered much stronger than Elmer Layden's Irish and the home team was the heavy betting favorite.

In the first half, the Buckeyes outgained the Irish four to one and had nine first downs to Notre Dame's two. Most important, Ohio State had effectively contained Notre Dame's triple-threat left halfback, Bill Shakespeare. Unable to do any consistent running or passing, Shakespeare had to rely on his punting to keep the game from turning into an early rout. Ohio State was ahead 13-0 at halftime.

In the third quarter Shakespeare had better luck in moving the ball, but not in scoring. Notre Dame got close to the Ohio State goal line four times but each time the defense prevented a score. Toward the end of the third quarter, Layden made a fateful decision. He took Shakespeare out and put in his unknown substitute, Andy Pilney. Pilney had been a sensational high-school star, but when he got to Notre Dame he had such a tough time holding on to the ball that the Irish coaches had him carrying a football everywhere he went on campus.

On his first play Pilney gained 16 yards to the Ohio State 47. Stymied for two plays, he aimed a kick at the corner of the field and Notre Dame fans roared as it bounced out of bounds on the one-yard line. The Buckeyes had to punt back and Pilney caught it at the Ohio State 35 and returned it 17 yards as the quarter ended. After two unsuccessful plays, Pilney passed to Frank Gaul, who was pulled down at the one-yard-line. Fullback Steve Miller carried it over. The extra-point try was wide and Ohio State led, 13-6.

Ohio State was forced to punt shortly after the kickoff and Pilney fought his way down the sideline on the return to his own 46. He tried to bull through the big Buckeye line and got nowhere. He tried again and got five yards. Then he threw a pass to halfback Mike Layden, the coach's younger brother. It was good for a first down on Ohio State's 44. So it went down the field, with Pilney, the All-America's understudy, in on nearly every play. Finally, he threw long to Layden, who was tackled less than a yard from the goal line. Miller piled into the end zone, but he fumbled as he was going in and Ohio State recovered for a touchback.

Now it was the Buckeyes' turn. Steadily they moved up the field and at one point it looked as if it was all over. Joe Williams went around end and got past everybody on the Notre Dame defense. Everybody, that is, except Andy Pilney, who dragged him down. Notre Dame took over on its own 20.

Alternating passes with runs, the Irish made steady yardage. Wally Fromhart caught a pass from Pilney and took it 45 yards to the Ohio State 33. Layden threw to Pilney at the 24. Pilney threw to Fromhart at the 15. Then Pilney threw the ball nearly ten feet in the air in the end zone. Layden went up for it and when he came down the score was 13-12. But again the extra-point try failed and with 90 seconds to go the game seemed to belong to Ohio State.

Dick Beltz, Ohio State halfback, fumbled after the kickoff and Harry Pojman, Irish center, got his fingers on the ball just before it went out of bounds. Notre Dame had the ball on its own 49.

Pilney went back to pass, but everybody was covered so he began running. He ran, twisted, squirmed, straight-armed, pushed and fought his way to the 19 where he was finally boxed in. And as he fell, his leg buckled backwards. He was carried off the field on a stretcher. Shakespeare went back in and, after a pass was nearly intercepted, the clock was stopped. There was time for one more play.

Elmer Layden wanted to call this one himself and he sent in reserve quarterback Jim McKenna. McKenna wasn't on the traveling roster and had hitchhiked to Columbus. He had suited up because he didn't have a ticket and it was the only way he could get into the stadium. He wasn't even wearing shoulder pads, but he could call Layden's play.

Fullback Tony Mazzotti handed off to Shakespeare, who faded back almost to the 35-yard line. Finally, he saw end Wayne Millner circling behind the Ohio State secondary. Shakespeare's pass hit Millner in the chest and as he caught it, he fell into the end zone. Notre Dame won, 18-13.

THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



FOOTBALL and the SINGLE MAN

By Paul Hornung

as told to Al Silverman

Doubleday & Co.

\$4.95

Few athletes of this decade have been written about and talked about as much as Paul Hornung. Now, in collaboration with the editor of *SPORT*, Paul writes about himself. He separates the fact from the fancy, the myth from reality. He presents the full facts on some of sport's biggest controversies: his suspension from the National Football League, the recruiting battle that led him to Notre Dame, the troubles he had early in his career at Green Bay.

Paul looks upon his life with his usual good humor and tends to brush away the drama. But the drama is plain and vivid to the reader; the hurdles and the clearing of the hurdles are obvious. He is funny and warm and candid as he tells the story of his life; above all, he is candid. He takes the reader with him into losers' locker rooms and champions' locker rooms, into the homes of football players, into college dorms and on-to football fields. He takes the readers along on the glamorous life Paul Hornung, single man, football hero, liver of the good life, leads. This is a rare look at the behind-the-scenes world of a rollicking—and introspective—sports celebrity.

The Official Encyclopedia Of SPORTS

By John Lowell Pratt & Jim Benagh

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From archery to yachting and including, of course, baseball, basketball and football, *The Official Encyclopedia Of SPORTS* delves in detail into more than two dozen sports. It presents the history of each, an explanation of rules and competition. With many of them, it provides reports, too, on the stars, coaches and outstanding teams through the years. The book includes diagrams, action photographs and special drawings. There is a bonus 90-page record section in the back.

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The tiger scores again!

WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC/'66



ASK *the experts*

Ernie Harwell does broadcasts of Detroit Tiger baseball games for WJR radio in Detroit



What is the most number of yards an NFL team has been penalized in one game?

—Gary Birnbaum, Jackson Heights, New York

The Cleveland Browns, in a game against the Chicago Bears in 1951, were penalized 21 times for a total of 209 yards.

Which baseball player has played in the most World Series games?

—Danny Hansen, Kansas City, Missouri

Yogi Berra played in 75 World Series games when he was with the New York Yankees, far more than anyone else.

Curt Gowdy covers Boston baseball on WHDH and does specials for ABC and NBC



Who holds the AFL and NFL single-season scoring records?

—Phil Lewis, Franklin, Texas

Going into the 1965 season, the AFL single-season scoring record was held by Gino Cappelletti of the Boston Patriots, who scored 155 points in 1954; the NFL record was held by Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers, who scored 176 points in 1960.

Have any baseball players hit home runs in their first times at bat in the major leagues?

—Stephen Root, Crystal, Minnesota

More than 30 players have hit home runs their first times at bat. In 1954, Bill Roman of Detroit and Bert Campaneris of Kansas City did it.

Joe Morgan, one of Canada's top sports announcers, is heard on CKFH in Toronto



Which National Hockey League player has scored three or more goals in one game the most times in his career?

—Cornel Geerts, Garden Grove, California

Maurice Richard scored three or more goals 26 times. He had three goals 23 times, four goals twice and five goals once.

What is the record for the most number of errors in one game by a major-league baseball team?

—John Duncan, Bell Gardens, California

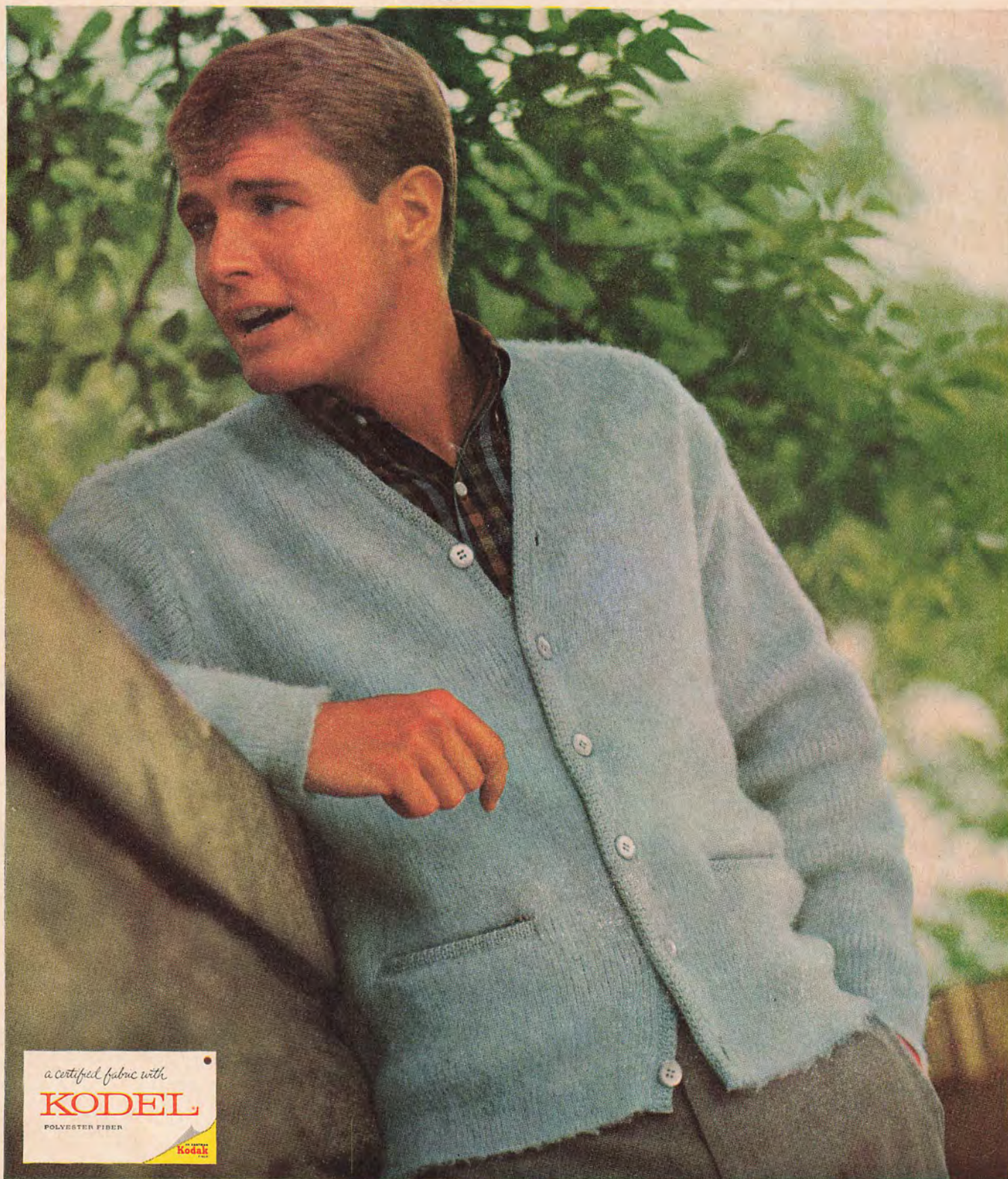
In 1901, Detroit committed 12 errors in a game against Chicago. Two years later, Chicago returned the favor, making 12 errors in a game against Detroit.

This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask the Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017

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A close-up, black and white photograph of a man's face and upper torso. He is wearing a plaid shirt with a mix of blue, white, and dark colors. The plaid pattern is complex, with multiple intersecting lines of different colors. The man's face is partially visible on the left side of the frame, showing his nose, mouth, and chin. He is looking slightly downwards and to the left. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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-ARROW-

LETTERS TO SPORT



205 EAST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

NEGRO MANAGERS

I enjoyed your article in October by Hank Aaron stating that he or some other qualified Negro could manage in the big leagues. However, I feel that to be qualified to manage, a person—whether he is a star or a sub, white or black—must gain experience by managing in the minors. You will find that most of the top managers of recent years, including Lopez, Stengel, Richards, Dressen, Alston and many more all managed in the minors for at least three years before managing in the majors. If Aaron or anyone else wishes to become a big-league manager, he should plan on managing in the minors first.

Beacon Falls, Conn. David R. Jaynes

Henry Aaron is a great representative of his race and his chosen profession. I agree with Mr. Aaron: he could do the job with the best of them.

Salt Lake City, Utah Barry Silverman

A Negro manager will certainly help the advancement of sports tremendously.

Cleveland, Ohio Storm Miller

CONGEGATIONS

I would like to congregate Willie Mays on hitting over 500 home runs. Willie did a great job for the Giants this year and so did Willie McCovey and Jimmy Hart and everyone else. Congregation to them all.

Phoenix, Ariz. Edward Maran

DREARY DRAMA

The article "Drama on the Dodgers" in October should have been entitled "Drama on a Dodger—Maury Wills." As much as was written about Sandy Koufax could have fit on a half of a penny baseball bubblegum card.

Brownsville, Pa. An angered but forever faithful Sandy Koufax fan

"Drama on the Dodgers" had about as much excitement as the Clay-Liston fights.

Hayward, Calif. Jerry Howard

COSMIC LOPEZ

While I agree in the main with Bill Furlong's perceptive and revealing article on Al Lopez, it would seem to me that Mr. Furlong treats the Señor with an attitude that smacks too much of sheer reverence.

While Lopez' managerial record speaks for itself, it seems a little far-fetched to say "It is only the men who have a peculiar strength who go on to brilliant careers under him: the rest are demolished by the very force of his being."

I would be a little more comfortable (and I hope that Al Lopez would be, too) if sportswriters would leave metaphysics to the metaphysicians.

Collingswood, N. J. Bob Ingram

PETE'S PLACE

I am writing in response to writer George Jabbar's letter in the October SPORT. He criticized Arnold Hano's choice of Mickey Mantle as the best switch-hitter the game has ever seen. He wanted to know where this would leave Pete Rose. I am afraid Pete would have to be left in Cincinnati, a fate infinitely worse than non-recognition.

Escondido, Calif.

David Smith

WAR ON POVERTY

About your reference to NHL expansion in your Time Out section: I think it would hurt pro hockey because there are two teams in the league that need help to strengthen themselves before anybody has any thoughts about expanding. Let's help the Bruins and the Rangers first.

Lynn, Mass.

Thomas Moran

TOO MUCH FOR GRANT(ED)

In a caption in the story you did on me in a recent issue, you mentioned that the girls with me were girls. I was interviewing for my act. Actually the girls are members of the Staples Singers, one of the finest folk-singing groups in the nation, headed by their father and a very good friend of mine, Pops Staples. I had gone to Carnegie Hall to see them perform when the photographer took the picture.

Minneapolis, Minn. James T. Grant

NORTHEASTERN STOCKYARDS

If Dave Costa is exaggerating as much about Yonkers, N. Y., as he did about Northeastern Jr. College in Sterling, Colorado, Yonkers must be a swell place to live.

As for the smell from the football stadium, perhaps it was self-contained. The closest stockyards that year was the second floor of the boys' dorm.

Ogallala, Nebr.

A '59 coed

UTAH TRAVELER

I would like to commend Lee Grosscup on a very candid and informative article. There is in his words an unmistakable courage and perseverance in coping with some rough breaks and very fickle football clubs. It would seem to me that these qualities would greatly enhance Mr. Grosscup's value as a professional quarterback.

Bennington, Vt.

Lois Lichtenstein

In his interesting article on his football adventures, Lee Grosscup falls into a common error. He blames a sportswriter—me—for something a headline writer did. In mentioning the unfortunate timing of his simultaneous release by the New York Jets and the publication date of his book, "Fourth and One," he said that a headline on my column in the Salt

Lake Tribune emphasized the situation. It read, "Fourth and None." This was described by Grosscup as "a journalistic cheap shot."

He accused me of being guilty of such bad taste although he was kind enough to say he had always considered me a fine columnist and good personal friend. As I remember my column on him, I wrote sympathetically about his plight because I always liked him and also considered him my friend. This is merely to set the record straight.

New York City

Arthur Daley

Although Grosscup's article was correct in most points, I feel there are a few things that should be corrected. First of all is the misconception about Regina. The Saskatchewan Roughriders are not only a Regina team but are the team for this province. Fans come to the game from all over the province and last year the average attendance was 108% of listed capacity. The CFL schedule is much better than it was in those days of the pot-bellied stove and old, cold dressing rooms.

Mr. Grosscup also seemed to be trying to say that in Regina he received a raw deal. But there have been no regrets here since he left. Ronnie Lancaster has done a spectacular job in the quarterback slot—a job that couldn't be equalled in our league by Johnny Unitas or Joe Namath.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Can.

Don Myers

Grosscup refers to Calgary line-backer Wayne Harris as being a former Oklahoman. In enormity, this error is only a shade behind listing Lance Alworth as being from the U. of Texas!!

Whoo Pig Sooeey!!!

Texarkana, Ark.

Cheesie Nelson

COUSIN ERN

The article in September on "The Willie Horton Explosion" was A-OK. It was both arresting and even informative to me, his cousin, since I have only seen him play major-league baseball on television. In my opinion, the account of Willie's honesty and sincerity were accurate. Furthermore, I am positive that his parents would be proud and very happy of his achievements.

Fort Knox, Ky.

Ernest Horton, Jr.

THE PINSON WHO IS

Congratulations to Jerry Izenberg on his fine article, "Vada Pinson and the Man Who Never Was." This long overdue article on one of baseball's real stars reflects the true side of Mr. Pinson, which the public deserves to know. Maybe at long last baseball fans, especially those in Cincinnati, will realize and appreciate Pinson's great value.

Louisville, Ky.

John Cecil

A great article on Pinson. However, more on George Powles, his high-school coach. This man deserves more credit for his contribution to professional baseball as well as to American Legion, Connie Mack and Babe Ruth Leagues.

Castro Valley, Calif.

W. Patton
A rival coach



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NEXT MONTH IN SPORT



CHARLEY
JOHNSON



DON
DRYSDALE



BOB
HAYES

Two eye-opening special reports headline next month's issue. "You Play With Small Hurts" is the story of the courage displayed by pro football players weekly, performing in pain because it is part of the game. And Myron Cope has a startling piece on the plight of the Negro athlete in trying to find off-season jobs. It is based, in part, on a survey conducted by John Henry Johnson and John Nisby.

Our football features include a SPORT SPECIAL on Charley Johnson, who may quarterback his St. Louis Cardinals to a title . . . a profile on Bob Hayes of the Dallas Cowboys, who may be the Olympic sprint champion to leave the greatest mark in pro football . . . and a close look at fast talking, faster running Paul Lowe, the San Diego Chargers' halfback. We also have another in our "specialist" series, this one the punter and placekicker, as exemplified by Green Bay's Don Chandler.

From baseball we have Arnold Hano's inside look at Don Drysdale and the World Series pressures on the Los Angeles Dodger pitcher. You'll also enjoy a rare insight into a top player on a team going nowhere as the Orioles' Brooks Robinson gives us his candid diary of the season's closing weeks. And Johnny Keane writes about managing the Yankees in the year they lost the pennant. Profiled are baseball's Carl Yastrzemski, basketball's Willis Reed and hockey's Bobby Baun.

Our unique College Basketball All-America preview is selected by pro scouts. There is a photo story on the East-West Shrine Game; Hayes Jones tells "How to Hurdle" in the BONUS REPORT, and we have a striking portfolio of football paintings by former pro guard Ernie Barnes. More, too, in January.



PAUL
LOWE

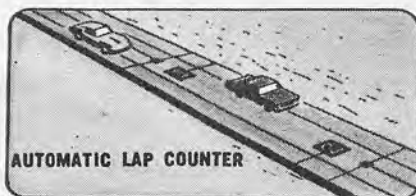
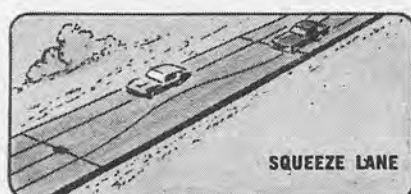
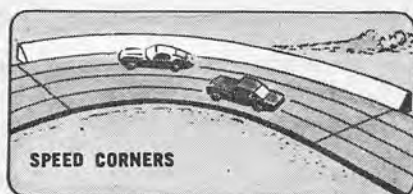
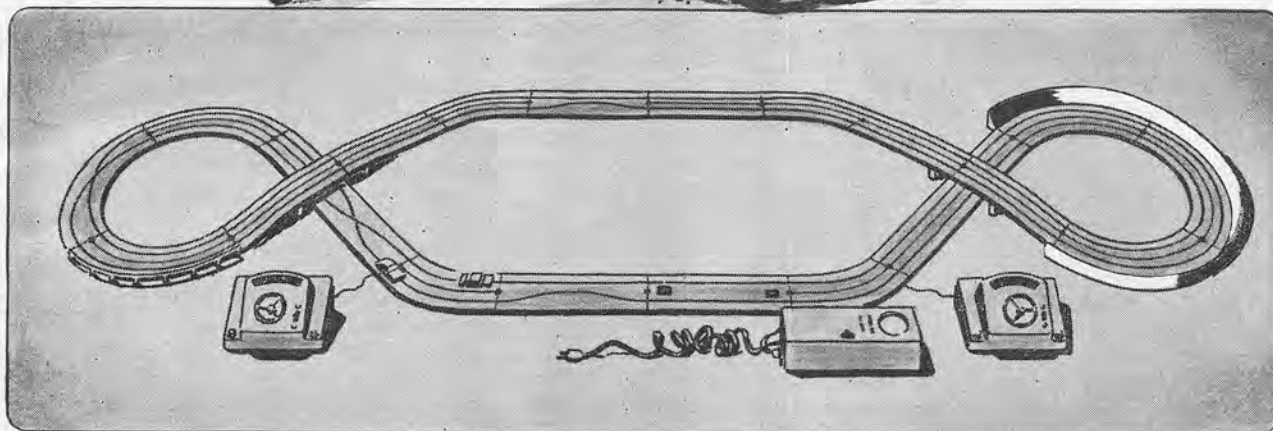


PAINTING BY
ERNIE BARNES

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
DECEMBER 16

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TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

A LESSON FROM HANK THOMPSON'S WASTED LIFE

The Hank Thompson story in this issue of *SPORT* (page 46) is not a pleasant story, yet it is as old as mankind itself. The rise and fall of a national personality, whether it be in sports or politics or in any other area of public life, is the stuff of which tragedies are made. There are also lessons to be learned from such tragedies. There is a lesson to be learned from Hank Thompson's fall from grace.

The lesson comes out of the problem that faces all big-time athletes—what happens to the athlete when he can no longer earn a living at his short-term profession?

Hank Thompson's is, of course, an extreme case. This is a man who began to go wrong even before he began earning a living in baseball. Then, when he was through with baseball, when he was washed up, his own private agony became magnified. He had nowhere to turn.

Fortunately, most ex-athletes today manage to adjust their lives with a minimum of emotional upheaval. They stay on the fringe of sports perhaps as coaches or managers or scouts. They invest wisely the money they have saved. Because of contacts they have made through sports, they are able to get good jobs, make useful careers for themselves.

Most, but not all. Hank Thompson is not the only big-time athlete who has been unable to make the adjustment once his career was over. We know of many—too many—cases of the ex-athlete floundering after his skills have left him, after his youth has left him. We know of too many cases of the ex-athlete unable to make a living, unable to adjust to a private life, emotionally wounded by the sudden change to obscurity. More than one current Hall of Fame ballplayer has lived a miserable post-baseball career, unable to hold a job for any period of time, often broke, emotionally maladjusted to a life away from sports. This is one of the most pathetic things we know of and yet it happens, it is happening to first-rate ex-athletes in all sports—baseball, football, basketball, golf, hockey, tennis, etc. It is especially prevalent in the sport of boxing.

What can be done about the ex-athlete who is desperate for help, who needs a job, who needs money, who needs a feeling of belonging again, who perhaps needs psychiatric care, who must make his peace with society, adjust to the realities of a life without sports?

Something can be done, something must be done.

We call for the formation of a new national organization. It should be an organization headed and staffed by former athletes who *know* what the ex-athlete is up against. The organization must be primed to give the ex-athlete all the help he needs. It should be able to guide the ex-athlete to decent doctor's care if he has physical problems, to first-rate psychological care if he has emotional problems. It should function as a referral service, with job opportunities funneled into this agency. Surely there are businesses and industries all over the country who would be willing to hire ex-athletes down on their luck if they only knew of such cases. Such an organization would see that they knew. Such an organization should be prepared to help the ex-athlete financially, too, as a stopgap measure until he gets back on his feet.

Where would the money come from to staff such an organization, to provide all the needed services? We think it could come from two sources. One, it could come from public donations. We feel the sporting public would be eager to contribute to the well-being of those men who, over the years, provided them with so much enjoyment. Two, we think all the active sports associations would be more than willing to donate small sums. We are sure organized baseball, the National Football League, the American Football League, the National Basketball Association, the National Hockey League, the Professional Golfer's Association, the United States Lawn Tennis Association, the World Boxing Association—all these groups would help in the maintenance of such an organization. It is true that most professional sports now have their own pension plans to help the athlete in his later life. But we are not concerned with an athlete's later life.

We are concerned about what happens to the athlete from the moment he is retired from sports, from the moment he is no longer able to earn a living through his athletic skills and has nothing to fall back on. This is where the new national organization can be of enormous help. We urge that such an organization be started as soon as possible.

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By Milton Gross

The Full Story Of WILLIE MAYS' Greatest Year

Though the Giants were passed in the pennant stretch, their No. 1 star came out of the season more respected than ever

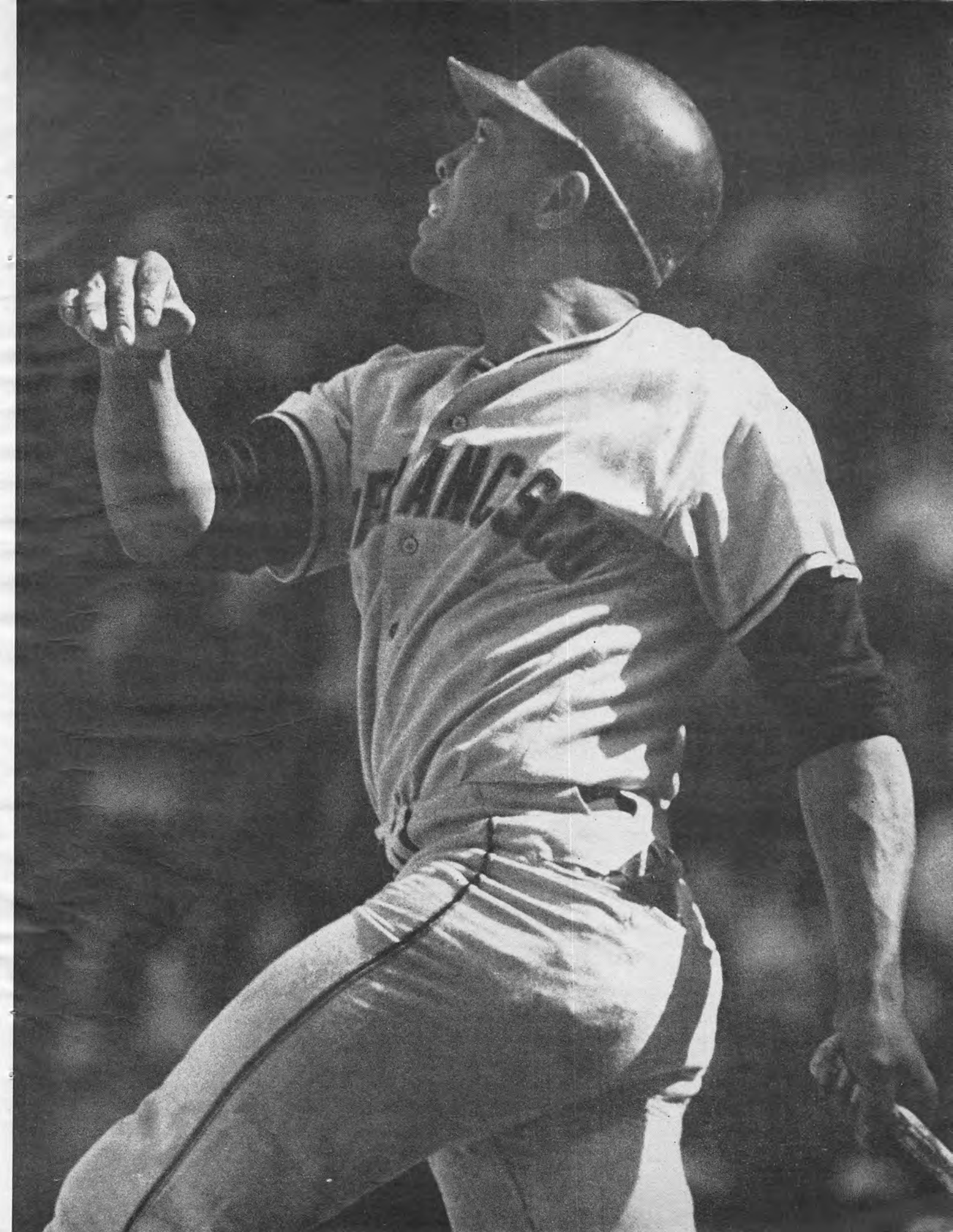
The San Francisco Giants had won 11 straight ballgames, but now the streak seemed ended. The Giants were losing to Houston, 5-3, this September night late in 1965 and they had two out in the ninth inning and only one man on base. But they also had Willie Mays at bat.

Everybody in the Astrodome knew Mays was going for a home run or, as the players say, "for the pump." He fouled off four 3-2 pitches, swinging so hard on two of them that he fell to the ground. And Claude Raymond, the Houston pitcher, kept feeding him fast balls. "I kept waiting for a breaking ball," Willie said later, "but he kept throwing me only fastballs."

As the fastballs flew in, one after the other, Ducky Schofield spoke in wonder on the Giant bench. "That," said Schofield, "is like challenging God."

Raymond challenged Mays ten times. Mays hit the tenth fastball into the left-field seats, tying the game. The Giants won it in the tenth inning. It was that kind of a year for Willie Mays.

Photo by Wally Yost



WILLIE MAYS *continued*

You could say Willie Mays is the greatest ballplayer ever and you could be right. You could say there never was a more exciting ballplayer and you could be right. You could say there never was a more respected player and you could be right. The superlatives all fit. And maybe what Mays was, what he is and the way he will be remembered all came into focus on the night of September 28, 1965, when Willie played his 2000th big-league game.

That night Willie hit his 51st 1965 home run, tying his career high as a Giant. And that night, too, the Giants lost their pennant lead to the Dodgers, a lead they would never regain.

"I'd give back that home run any day for a victory," said Mays. "What does a home run mean when we get beat on a night like this?"

The home run was hit off a Cardinal rookie, Larry Jaster. The rookie confessed later that when he faced Mays he shook inside. And he also said, "It's a privilege to pitch against somebody like Mr. Mays."

That's the only way to say it. Call him Mister. Call him immortal. Call him unbelievable. Call him Willie and everybody will know who you are talking about because in 1965 Mr. Mays, Willie, had the greatest season a man ever had in many ways.

This is the year Willie came to full flower as a man mature enough to be considered for a managing job with the Giants, wise enough to know what he has become, compassionate enough to think first of others before thinking of himself. It is the year, too, in which he hit 52 home runs, passing Mantle, Musial and Gehrig in career homers. Only Mel Ott (511), Ted Williams (521), Jimmy Foxx (534) and Babe Ruth (714) have ever hit more.

Without a doubt Mays will pass Foxx and become the greatest righthanded home-run hitter ever. "I think maybe I'll make that mark," says Willie realistically, "if I stay healthy and can keep playing a few more years. But, man, don't talk to me about Ruth. That's another world."

He hit 17 home runs in the month of August to set a National League record previously held by Ralph Kiner. Between August 5 and 12, he hit seven home runs in a seven-game streak. During the Giants' 14-game winning streak he batted .315 (54-17) with 17 home runs and 16 runs-batted-in.

Maybe the most impressive statistic of all was publicized as the final week of the season began. A front-page headline story broke in San Francisco that Mays would ask for and receive a salary of \$150,000 for next season. Mays made \$105,000 last year, the most in baseball. If the story did not exactly reflect fact, it did reflect the esteem in which Mays is held by his employer, Giant president Horace Stoneham, his manager, Herman Franks, and his teammates.

"Let Willie ask for it," said Horace. "We've never had any problems before."

"If he can get it, let him get it," said Franks. "Hell, he's worth it. He's worth everything the man upstairs can afford to pay him. When you got Willie on your side, you got something special going for you. Something extra special."

"You take the biggest movie star," said Orlando Cepeda, "and he gets maybe a million dollars for a picture. If the movie stars deserve it, Willie deserves it.

He's big on the field like any movie star is on the screen. He's big like the biggest."

To fully appreciate the depth of this statement you must remember that at one time Orlando Cepeda was seen as the eventual successor to Mays both as team leader and favorite of San Francisco fans. Perhaps a rivalry never existed, but a rivalry was reported between Mays, the man who came with the Giants from New York to San Francisco, and Cepeda, the man Bay Area fans considered their own.

This year there was no contest, of course. Cepeda rarely played because of a bad knee operated on last December 7. Mays came into his own not only as a ballplayer, but as the team leader, as a man ready to accept his responsibility and to live with it.

It isn't generally known, but a year ago after Alvin Dark was fired as the Giants' manager and before Franks was appointed, Mays was called in by Stoneham. Horace asked Mays' opinion of Franks. Willie said Herman would be a good man because he could soothe the ethnic uneasiness that had developed among the Latin players, the American Negroes and the whites on the Giants.

Then, Stoneham urged Willie to help Herman. In effect, Stoneham told Mays that in addition to being the example and inspiration on the field, he had to be a sort of assistant manager. He had to counsel the young players, supervise the older ones, become the catalyst that would bring the best out of this team by soothing its irritations.

As captain of the Giants under Dark, Mays says, "I had the position, but I didn't have the job." Now, he had the job.

Accordingly when Jim Ray Hart, the young third baseman, broke training in July and was fined and suspended by Franks, Willie went to the younger player. "I'll talk to him," Willie told a friend, who suggested he bring the infielder into line, "but I'll do it when it'll do the most good. Right now it's the manager who has to say what has to be said."

Subsequently Willie did talk to Hart and it's significant that in the late-season push, Hart did much to move them into contention.

It is general knowledge that at 34 Mays needs considerably more rest than he did in his younger years. "I've been getting tired for years," he says, "and when it gets into September I really got to push myself. Maybe if I sit out a day we lose one, but if I get the rest I know I may be able to win them three or four games."

In 1962, Willie collapsed on the bench from exhaustion in the late season pennant rush the Giants won in a playoff from the Dodgers. In 1963, when the Giants did not win, Willie was at the plate one day when dizziness overcame him and he fell to his knees.

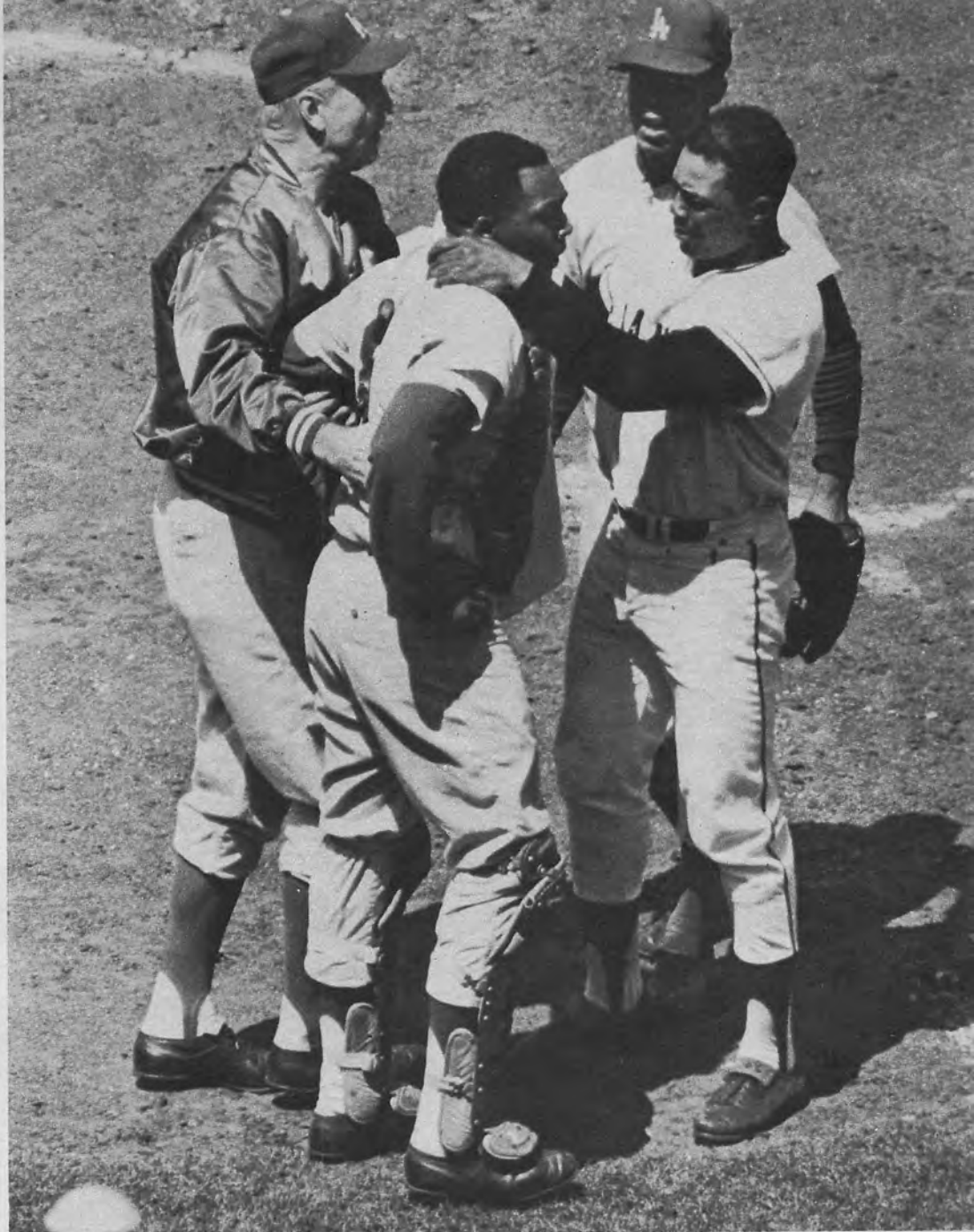
"They think I'm made of iron," he told me the next day. "I want to win as much as anybody, but when you're not up to par you can't kill yourself. I need the rest, but you know I'm not going to ask for it. I feel if the guys I'm playing for, if they don't see it, I'm not going to tell them how tired I am. The first thing they'd say is we're giving you a lot of money."

Mays needs rest now more than ever before, but part of the understanding that existed between Willie and Franks this year was that Mays was able to come to Herman and tell him when he did need to be taken out of the lineup for a day.

"We can talk," Willie said, putting a world of meaning into those three little words. (→ TO PAGE 98)



Among the important days for Mays in 1965 were the one on which he swung a bat, *above*, and the one on which a teammate did, *right*. He swung it against the Mets, hitting his 17th home run in the month of August, a league record for a one-month total. Pitcher Juan Marichal swung it against John Roseboro and while other men fought, Mays pulled Roseboro away from any further danger.



The year began for Mays with a testimonial dinner for him in San Francisco in January. Among the many men in and out of baseball who came to pay tribute were Don Drysdale, *at left*, and Leo Durocher, *center*.



SPECIAL SECTION: THE PRO FOOTBALL QUARTERBACK

THE QUARTERBACK obviously is the most important player on a pro football team and on the pages that follow, we examine the various elements of his job. We examine these elements through profiles of pro football quarterbacks past and present.

A quarterback breaking in must be a student and we show the learning process through Don Trull. He must be a technician (Bart Starr) and a leader (Don Meredith). He must work with skill from the T-formation (Sid Luckman), as a drop-back, pocket-passer (Sonny Jurgensen) or a scrambler (Fran Tarkenton). He must sometimes be a patient man, a young man in reserve, waiting for his opportunity (Gary Cuozzo).

The quarterback gets the glory, but the quarterback also has the responsibility. He must be a man apart and, at the same time, a man who welds the unit. "Yes, ensign," says Meredith, "it's a lonely life here on the bridge." This special section takes you onto the bridge.

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TARKENTON, Scrambler

By Jim Klobuchar

FRANCIS TARKENTON is a football bolshevik with a bourgeois Georgia Methodist heritage and the bank account of a growing young capitalist. Whatever his fate in 1965, or that of the Minnesota Vikings for whom he quarterbacks, Tarkenton has wrought a revolution that has altered the face of pro football quarterbacking and already reached deeply into the college game. He has proved beyond a rational doubt that it is possible for a quarterback to run and maneuver without being maimed, sued or fired. He has become a rich, successful man while proving it.

He did it over the opposition of his head coach, the skepticism of his own playing confederates and the dark warnings of enemy defensive linemen, who said a quarterback couldn't desert the blocking pocket and survive in the National Football League.

On a steamy August night in Charlotte, North Carolina, this year, Sonny Jurgensen of the Washington Redskins ran with the football on five of the first seven passing plays he called. Sometime later in the game, Sam Huff hustled Tarkenton out of bounds and said gallantly: "Okay, brother, try to run again."

To which Tarkenton responded, unimpressed:

"Come off of it, Huff. Your drop-back quarterback is running every time he gets the ball."

The purists in pro football die hard. For all of the electricity the game generates, many of its practitioners are stiff conformists—insisting, for example, that what was good enough for the Rams in 1951 or the Colts in 1958 is still good enough in 1965. And the patron saint of the drop-back, standup, classic quarterback is Norm Van Brocklin. He is also Fran Tarkenton's coach.

But Fran Tarkenton began playing pro football with only one pre-conception. It had something to do with self-survival and the notion that it is possible to quarterback without making the indigestive gesture of eating the football whenever the protection breaks down or the receiver can't get open. So, he scrambled.

There was another reason why Fran Tarkenton scrambled in his bassinet days as a professional. "I just didn't know enough football," he says. "There were times when I'd send both backs out with second down and nine yards to go, which I know now is a blitz situation. I'd get myself trapped like that, and I had nobody to blame but myself."

In those squalling formative years at Minnesota, there was blame enough to pass around in bulk quantities in the Viking family—to the quarterback, the backs, the blockers, the owners, the coaches, the writers and even the announcers—one of whom interrupted an aside about college football to explain: "Michigan and Michigan State, you know, they're both located in the state of Michigan."

To the entrenched professionals, Tarkenton was mere-

ly an oddball kid quarterback then, playing Russian roulette with 250-pound defensive linemen instead of the conventional revolver slugs. By the time of the NFL Pro-Bowl in Los Angeles last January, however, his potato-patch style of offense already had spawned its own myths and shaggy tales.

One of West coach Don Shula's coaching assistants took Tarkenton aside three days before the battle and said, in all seriousness: "Not too much time left. Why don't you take part of the afternoon to work on your scrambles?"

On the same day an all-pro veteran sidled up to Grady Alderman, Tarkenton's sidekick and an offensive tackle in the pro-bowl, and asked, "How do you work out the blocking assignments for those scramble plays?"

Alderman is a tolerant man. He resisted the temptation to laugh out loud. Despite the hilarity it provokes among Tarkenton's coaches and playing accomplices, there are professionals who still believe the Vikings actually design some of those plays.

Tarkenton has been defying football's laws of nature and lunging linemen for five years. In that time he must have thrown 30 touchdown passes that were absolutely unrehearsed and some of them unbelievable. He has yet to talk to one of his ends about how to behave or where to run when he unwinds behind the line of scrimmage on those hair-raising loop-the-loops which have replaced the Marlboro commercials as the most exciting things on Sunday afternoon television.

Most of the conversation between Van Brocklin and Tarkenton on the subject has been Van Brocklin monologue. Its essence: "You run too much."

But if the Dutchman's sense of the fitness of things has been offended by scramble plays, it has been soothed by Tarkenton's emergence as a first-rate quarterback. "I really don't scramble all that much any more," Tarkenton says. "Oh, I know the newspapers are filled with it when we come to town. I'll still do it when I have to, and you'll find more of the quarterbacks around the league doing it. But three and four years ago—boy, it was pretty hairy."

Such as the time at Metropolitan Stadium when Tarkenton found himself running laterally at the Viking ten-yard line with Alex Karras and Darris McCord thundering on his tail. It was a familiar scene, except that this time the line of scrimmage was the Detroit 45-yard line.

A Viking offensive lineman, having already thrown three blocks on the play (or having attempted to) screamed to his wheezing pals: "Look out, he's coming back the other way."

"Where?" one of them yelled, "I don't see him."

"Not here," shouted the first, "way down there, by our goal line. Where the hell did you expect him to be?"

Upfield charged Tarkenton—the 20, the 30, the 40. It was one of the great open field runs of the year, and it lost 13 yards, because Tarkenton became stricken by conscience and figured he better throw the ball. Bill Brown caught it and stepped out of bounds, probably in sheer relief.

There was the day a year later when the Vikings were driving for a go-ahead touchdown at the Los Angeles Rams' 35. The Rams sent seven men charging Tarkenton—Lamar Lundy, Merlin Olsen, Deacon Jones and Roosevelt Grier, plus three linebackers—and it made Attila's cavalry charge look like a ballet. Tarkenton tried to beat the blitz by legging it to the outside. But they cut him off and he doubled back. They cut him off there too.

He was still doubling when four Rams mowed him down. It ended with a fumble and the Rams put the ball in play on the Viking 25—a loss of 45 yards plus the football.

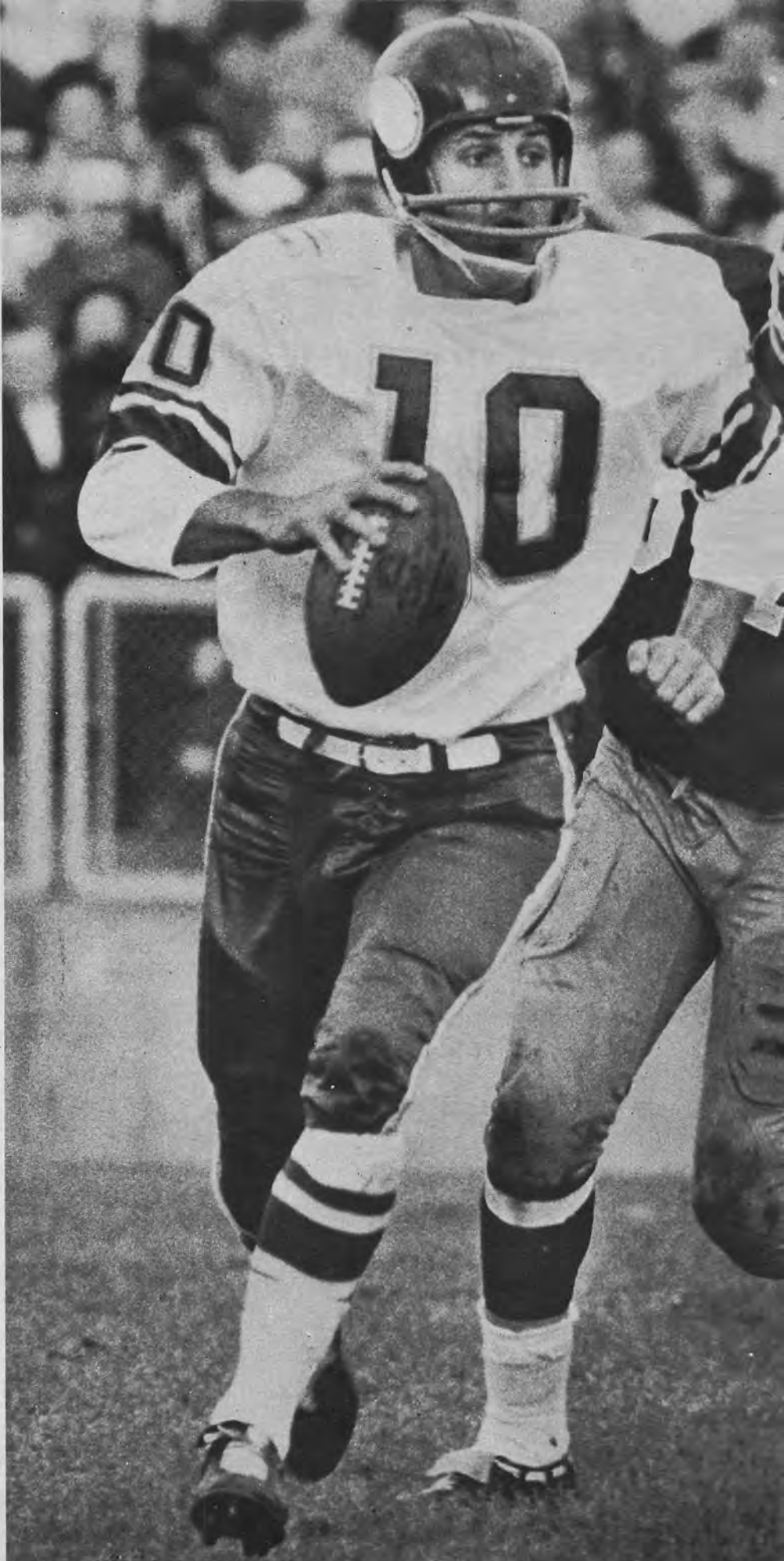
But for every one of these there have been a dozen in which Tarkenton salvaged impossible situations, on his nerve, his legs and the resourcefulness of his pass-catchers.

"A man," said a Viking receiver, "has to be cunning to play end for the Vikings. The thing you learn first is to never stop running. Tarkenton never gives up on a play, which means you better not either."

It took the league's defensive backs a little longer to adjust to this basic truth. The Bears' Dave Whitell was beaten three times in one game on Tarkenton touchdown passes that never came off the drawing board.

There was little in Tarkenton's early culture patterns to suggest the aberrations that were to follow. He grew up a conventional son of a Georgia minister, a conventional high-school star and a conventional college quarterback, one of the best in the nation in 1959 and 1960. He ran now and then as Wally Butts' quarterback on bowl teams of those years, but by and large he was a stand-up-and-throw passer. "In many ways I was fortunate," Tarkenton says. "Wally Butts was way ahead of his time in coaching a college passing game."

"I had no reason to do any real scrambling as a college quarterback. But I remember watching pro games on television and I really couldn't understand why the quarterbacks almost invariably would stay put when it was obvious they were going to be thrown by the pass rush. It seemed (—→ TO PAGE 85)



STARR, Technician



By Cooper Rollow

IT WAS FOURTH down and a yard to go when Bart Starr brought the Green Bay Packers up to the scrimmage line early in the third quarter on a November day last year in Milwaukee. The Packers were on their own 44-yard line and they trailed Cleveland, 14 to 7.

The 48,065 County Stadium inmates stirred. Fourth and one and the Packers were going for it. Jim Taylor on the plunge, of course. Starr deployed his team in standard pro flanker formation with the line bunched.

Fullback Taylor braced. So did the interior of the Browns' defensive line. Starr took the snap from center and planted the ball in Taylor's tummy. But he didn't leave it there.

Instead, he pulled it back and lofted a short pass to Max McGee, who had raced easily into the clear from his left end position as the entire Cleveland defense came up to meet the fake fullback plunge. McGee took the toss and didn't stop until he was sliced down from behind by Walter Beach on the Browns' one-yard line. Taylor required only one plunge to score the touchdown that tied the game and sent the Packers off to a 28-21 victory.

Starr's shrewd call was variously branded as "insolent," "daredevil," and "brilliant." It was an example of major-league quarterbacking at its most thrilling. It even thrilled McGee. "I admit I swallowed a couple of times in the huddle when Bart called the play," said Max. "But I didn't say anything, and neither did anybody else. We all figure Bart knows what he's doing. He's a percentage quarterback."

Starr is not famous as a gambler. His play calls reflect the conservatism of his coach, Vince Lombardi. When he gambles, it is always for a reason, and his teammates take it in stride.

"Nothing Bart does would surprise me," says guard Fuzzy Thurston. "He has such an excellent, logical mind that you never question any play he calls."

Starr is not a colorful team leader and has never been the center of any controversy. He is modest and soft-spoken, and his language is on a par with his high mentality. In fact, Starr sent Bill George of the Chicago Bears into roaring laughter one Sunday a few seasons ago by doing what would have provoked no laughter at all had almost anyone else done it.

After a Packer play had gone past George for a modest gain, George's teammates found him rolling back and forth on the ground, laughing uncontrollably. What was so funny?

"I cussed at Starr and I'll be darned if he didn't cuss back at me," explained George. "It was the first time I ever heard him use a swear word and it sounded so funny coming from him it just broke me up."

Starr's work on field evokes no laughter. He is the cold, calm technician. His work week begins on Tues-

day, when the Packers get the scouting report on the forthcoming opponent, and builds in a tense crescendo of mental and physical preparation up until game time. How does the technician prepare for combat? Says he:

"We get up a 'ready list' of plays calculated to exploit the weaknesses of the team we're going to play. But we are always prepared to deviate from this list. We have certain basic plays which we work on throughout the season, and they're always available to fall back on if the opponent does something we hadn't expected."

Starr follows a strict credo in calling plays. "I strive at all times to make the opponent play my game, rather than letting him force me to play his game. For example, let's say a team throws some goofy defense at me on first down, with the idea of, say, getting me to play a short, ball-control game. The first thing I may do to counteract this is to throw a long bomb."

"There is no single general rule of thumb to picking apart defenses. You just have to understand defenses and you have to be forever alert. It's a guessing game and, I'll tell you, it's a lot tougher than it was when I came up in 1956."

"Nowadays, they're doing things on defense that were unheard of a decade ago. They disguise their coverages. They don't advertise their red dogs as they used to, and now you find safety men blitzing right along with the linebackers. They go from one coverage in the backfield to another, and they match every audible you call with one of their own."

Picking apart defenses is one important part of the technician's job. To do that job best, he must have perfected other basic elements of quarterbacking. Such as:

THE STANCE: "Whether you're taking the ball from center," Starr says, "or handing it off, or throwing it, the main thing to consider is comfort. If your position feels awkward, you won't do a good job."

THE HANDOFF: "Whether the handoff is a smooth or a clumsy operation is strictly up to the quarterback. The back who gets the ball shouldn't ever have to take his eye off the hole he's going into. 'Look' the ball in as you fit it into his midsection, then carry out the fake in order to worry the defense a little bit."

THE DROP-BACK: "I use a sort of cross-over, or shuffling step which enables me to watch the defense."

THE PASS: "I've never been able to hold the ball completely with my fingertips as the textbooks encourage. I grasp it about one-third from its end, with four fingers across the laces. I try to throw over the top of my shoulder, using an overhand motion. It's important not to twist your wrist trying to throw a perfect spiral. It doesn't matter how the pass looks as long as it gets there."

"There" is often the end zone. And, one way or another, Bart Starr gets the Packers there.

FOR SOME pro football quarterbacks confidence is an elusive shadow that darts and dives and can never be trapped. For others it is a blessing that comes only through long years of patience and hard study.

For Don Trull of the Houston Oilers confidence is a forward pass thrown on August 7, 1965, in Alexandria, Virginia. The Oilers and New York Jets were playing an exhibition game there and on one play Trull suddenly decided he could become a quality quarterback.

The play stands out in Trull's mind like a beacon. It was on third down with six yards to go in the fourth quarter. Though veteran George Blanda had been scheduled to play quarterback the full fourth quarter for Houston, coach Bones Taylor had suddenly brought in Trull instead. Trull had thrown an incompleting pass, then sent halfback Ode Burrell for a four-yard gain.

Now Trull could feel the excitement building in his chest. For the first time, his team was behaving as if certain he would do the best thing. On the third down he passed to Sammy Weir, a rookie flanker. The play covered 48 yards for a touchdown. Houston led, 21-16.

That was the final score and as soon as Weir streaked across the goal line, Trull knew that his short struggle was over. He could do the same things as a pro that he had done as an undergraduate at Baylor University, when he was the nation's leading collegiate passer as a junior and senior.

"Right then I was positive that I'd make good," he says. "It's funny how you worry and fret. Your mind is filled with doubts. Then something happens—it can be a big thing or a little thing and you feel good. You made something important happen. You called the right play and you made it work. Suddenly everything fits in."

This was not the end of Trull's struggle. Chances are it was only the beginning. But in the business Trull's in, confidence is nine-tenths of the battle.

"Everything else is classroom work and getting your mind to accept what you've learned. Pro football is a very complicated business," he says. "You can look at the play books, study films and use the things you've learned over and over in practice, but if you can't come to the line of scrimmage in a regular game and call the right play then you'd better pump gas for a living."

When Trull came out of Baylor in the spring of 1964, he received a package deal from Oiler owner Bud Adams that totalled right around \$150,000. In return for his instant wealth, he had to take a lot of jeering from the older, less affluent men on the roster. "It's not easy to run a team when the veterans are a little resentful of you," Trull says.

"In practice," Trull says, "occasionally one of the veterans would remind me that I was calling the wrong play. Charlie Tolar, the fullback, was the best about it. He'd sort of shuffle his feet and clear his voice. Then

he'd tell me we ought to use such and such a play.

"I'd be mad at myself for making a fool of myself in front of the guys who'd played pro football so long. If a quarterback doesn't know what to do he's got no business even being out there."

Blanda was the No. 1 quarterback when Trull's rookie season started. Trull was the student, the quarterback of the future. "Blanda's been very pleasant to me," Trull says. "We aren't big buddies or anything like that. But when we sit on the sidelines while the defensive unit is on the field, he gives me little tips."

In college, Trull played a pro-type offense at Baylor, whose coach, John Bridgers, was once an assistant with the Baltimore Colts. You'd think that would have given him a big edge, but it didn't.

"Oh, sure," he says, "you learn how to run a pro offense and that helps. But the biggest thing a young quarterback has to learn in the pros is how to read the defenses. You can have a great arm, be a fine runner and have a great head. But if you can't read the defenses in the pros, you're in trouble."

In San Antonio during an exhibition game against the Denver Broncos, Trull says, "We were down on their goal line. The quarterback is supposed to call the defense before he starts the play when he's down inside the other team's 20. I looked up and saw that the Broncos were in what we call a 'Gap-8' defense. Instead of calling the defense, I forgot and went right into the play."

The Oiler linemen, unalerted, blocked for a standard 4-3 defense. A Denver linebacker, playing up close, came crashing through and sent the Houston ballcarrier sprawling for a six yard loss. The Oilers, faced with a fourth down and seven situation, went for a field goal.

"On the sidelines, George took me aside and reminded me—very politely—what I should have done," says Trull.

The Oilers' backfield coach is Sammy Baugh, one of the greatest quarterbacks of them all. If Trull is hard on himself, Baugh takes a more benevolent attitude.

"He learns awfully quick. You never have to chew him out about the same thing twice. He's going to be one of the great ones. I mean that. He's got everything, including confidence. I've never seen anyone make such progress in his rookie year as Trull has. He's almost ready to step right in now."

Trull, though, feels it might take a mite longer.

"I think I can do a creditable job right now," he says. "I've learned what to expect generally from each team's defensive backfield. San Diego plays with their cornerbacks toward the inside. New York lines up outside with the idea that they'll move their defensive backs inside when the receivers start running their patterns."

"I've learned things like that."



**SPECIAL SECTION:
THE PRO FOOTBALL
QUARTERBACK**

TRULL, Student

By Wells Twombly

HOW DOES IT feel to be 24 years old, bright-eyed and eager, your coaches calling you "the best No. 2 quarterback in the National Football League and better than some No. 1's we can name"?

How does it feel standing on the sidelines, game after game, and if you play at all it's when the game becomes lopsided?

"Sometimes," says Baltimore's Gary Cuzzo, who goes through this, "it's hard to feel you're really a part of the team. But that's a feeling I must resist. If anything should happen to Johnny Unitas they'll be looking to me."

Gary Cuzzo, from Glen Ridge, New Jersey, and the University of Virginia, is a handsome, articulate young man (Phi Beta Kappa) who, if fate had otherwise dictated, might well be playing first string for quite a few other pro football teams, including both of New York's. But Gary stands in the considerable shadow of Unitas, the best of all quarterbacks, and waits as patiently as he can for the day when he will replace the 32-year-old veteran.

Johnny U. probably has no more avid booster than Cuzzo, who makes it plain that in his opinion a pro club that alternates quarterbacks is inviting disaster. "You must go with the one best," says Gary. At the same time he rebels inside because he wants to play.

"One thing I'm sure of," he emphasizes. "I don't want to be a career No. 2 quarterback."

"I hope nothing happens to John. All the Colts feel that way, naturally. Unitas is my friend; I've learned a lot from him. But if I were satisfied to be No. 2 all during my career I wouldn't be much of an asset, would I? I'd lose my team's respect, Unitas' respect, my own respect."

Physically, Unitas and Cuzzo are built almost alike—6-1 and 195 pounds. There are many other similarities, too, so many, in fact, that a reporter recently remarked, "There must be some difference."

"Yes," said Gary, "eight years."

One similarity is that both Unitas and Cuzzo were signed as free agents. Undrafted by any pro team, Cuzzo signed with the Colts after leaving Virginia. He doesn't know why he wasn't drafted. "Bill Elias was my coach the last two years at Virginia," he says. "He kept assuring me that I'd go in an early round, like perhaps the fifth."

"I couldn't understand why I wasn't picked at all. Maybe it was because Virginia wasn't a big winner, but I doubt it. Maybe it was because Elias didn't play the pro style offense, but I doubt this, too. I suspect it was because the word was passed that I was going to be a Rhodes scholar and wasn't interested in pro ball."

"It's true that I was invited to try for a Rhodes scholarship but I was more interested in enrolling in the Yale School of Medicine. But first I wanted to play

pro football because while I was at Virginia I had seen Norm Snead, Glynn Griffing and Roman Gabriel—all high draftees—and I said to myself, 'if they can do it, so can I.'"

Elias, now Navy's coach, eventually telephoned Keith Molesworth, director of player personnel for the Colts, and recommended Cuzzo. Baltimore coach Weeb Ewbank contacted Cuzzo in New Jersey as Gary was setting out for the Blue-Gray and Senior Bowl games.

"We wanted to sign him in case he did anything in those games," Molesworth admits. "He did. Gary is one of the most intelligent players I've ever seen. If anything should happen to Unitas, we wouldn't be afraid to go with Cuzzo."

Gary has set a general deadline as far as becoming the Colts' No. 1 quarterback is concerned. He has completed one year of dentistry at the University of Tennessee and needs three more to become a dentist like his father, Pasquale Cuzzo. "Then I think I'll add two more years to specialize in orthodontia (braces). I hope to be No. 1 quarterback before I graduate."

As a reserve, Cuzzo's pre-game preparations are elaborate, intense and they impress the Colts. He studies films, consults Unitas, takes notes at meetings and talks football with close friend Raymond Berry.

"I work just as hard as if I were going to play a whole game," Gary says. "If you don't think that way, forget it."

Don Shula, who succeeded Ewbank as coach, is not a believer in burdening a non-playing quarterback with the telephone job on the bench. "My first year—1963—I did it," Gary says, "but after a while it got repetitious. Worse, I couldn't see the game for making notes. But I didn't ask Shula to take me off the phone, he just did it. Coach said, 'Stand beside me.' A taxi-squad member is our phone messenger."

"This way—Shula's way—I can follow the game and sometimes help Unitas spot changing defenses, just as he helps me whenever I play. I know I sound immodest, saying 'help Unitas,' but when a passer has got to turn the ball loose in 2.8 to 3 seconds he can't possibly see everything the defense is doing."

So, Cuzzo sits in reserve, watching and waiting. And he doesn't complain. He does, in fact, look for the humor of his situation. The day after the Colts' opening-game victory over the Minnesota Vikings in 94-degree weather—a victory brought about by Unitas—Cuzzo was principal speaker at Baltimore's Quarterback Club luncheon. It was brought out during the luncheon that some of the bigger Colts and Vikings lost as many as 17 to 20 pounds. A guest raised a questioning hand and Gary recognized him.

"How much did you lose?" asked the diner.

"Four pounds during the pre-game warmup," Cuzzo said. "But during the game I gained back two pounds."

**SPECIAL SECTION:
THE PRO FOOTBALL
QUARTERBACK**

CUOZZO, Reserve

By Francis Stann





SPECIAL SECTION:
THE PRO FOOTBALL
QUARTERBACK

MEREDITH, Leader

By Gary Cartwright

THE COLLISION sounded like a water buffalo crashing through peanut brittle thistle. Snort, snap, wheeze. Dallas Cowboy quarterback Don Meredith, affectionately known to Blue Cross as "Stork Legs," clattered pitifully to his knees, his hand moving to his stomach where crimson ate across the belly of his white jersey. As Meredith's hand dampened red, Sam Huff's homicidal face drew white; the Washington Redskin line-backer was about to be sick.

Eyes set like frozen marbles on Huff's, Meredith gritted, "That's fine, Sam, just fine. I'm coming right over you on this play."

That he neither did nor intended to was below the point: Meredith, the quarterback, was re-enforcing Meredith, the leader, with the one weapon still available in the Cowboys' disastrous 1964 National Football League season—a sense of humor.

Besides, the crimson stain was nothing more personal than the chemical fluid of a heating pad taped there to balm a ruptured stomach muscle sustained early in a horror series known as autumn, 1964.

"If Meredith wasn't our leader before," Dallas coach Tom Landry said last December, "he became our leader this season. I have never seen such a display of courage. He did the job for us when no other quarterback in football would have walked on the field."

Meredith is a natural leader in unnatural surroundings. He started in 1960 as a rookie quarterback on a rookie football team in a rookie NFL city. This start was complicated by the fact that Dallas was where he set NCAA passing records as an SMU All-America.

Eddie LeBaron, a veteran and a respected leader, alternated with Meredith at quarterback for two years. In November, 1963, Landry told Meredith: "You're my quarterback."

"I was the leader but I didn't feel like it," Meredith admitted later. "I didn't believe Landry . . . or let me put it this way: I didn't think Landry believed in me. It was the start of the next (1964) season, when Eddie retired, that I realized I was it."

Meredith, who had never led the team in anything except training rules violations, reported to Thousand Oaks, California, a few days early. He hardly smiled. He was simply business. This flip, finger-snapping, poet-philosopher-blithe spirit of a hometown hero, this man who had been known to sing "I Didn't Know God Made Honky Tonk Angels" in the heat of action, was now austere as a Tibetan monk. "This is a new Meredith," Landry observed at once. "This is maturity."

But there were still problems. "I could see I wasn't getting over to the team," Meredith explained later. "You remember the word for me . . . lackadaisical. That was just my way. I can't wear a long face and be somber. But some players didn't understand this. They thought

I was carefree, unconcerned (and you know my heart was breaking under this clown's costume?) . . . worst of all, they thought I was unprepared. I knew the game plan backwards, but the problem was making everyone know I knew. Make them trust me. That's why I made an open and obvious expression of my desire. It took work and concentration. I'm naturally gregarious but I had to pull away from the team as individuals. I had to become a loner. Yes, ensign, it's a lonely life here on the bridge."

Maybe this self-discipline would have worked on its own, but fate had yet to break Meredith in order to rebuild him. ("Without a hurt the heart is hollow" . . . they say that in a song Meredith warbles in folksy baritone.) In the fourth pre-season game, against the Packers, Ray Nitschke clattered into Meredith. Don went out with a torn knee cartilage. A minimum of six weeks, doctors advised the Cowboys who were then stranded without an experienced quarterback and had to borrow retired John Roach from a local real estate agent. Meredith was back two weeks later, playing the entire season opener against St. Louis.

With a torn knee and, in sickening sequence, a separated left shoulder, a sprained right ankle, a bruised left thigh and a ruptured stomach muscle, Meredith played all except two games. In one relatively healthy stretch he directed three straight victories, a Cowboy first. Injuries bottled the Cowboys. One after another, they dropped off. Meredith stayed. "If he can stand the pain," Landry would say on Tuesday, "he'll start Sunday. Of course he can't work out all week." By the eighth game the booing stopped. It's hard to jeer courage.

"You know why I kept playing?" Meredith asked. "Because to demand sacrifice, you must sacrifice. I have never thrown a player off the field for dropping a pass or missing an assignment, but I've ordered a lot off for not trying. This is a luxury a football team, and especially a quarterback, can not afford."

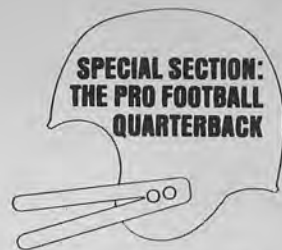
Late last season a veteran Cowboy pass blocker, one of the walking wounded, missed a defensive end and got Meredith dumped on his bandages. Missed? The way you miss a rattlesnake ten yards down the road. "You yellow dog!" Meredith shouted in front of the entire team. "You didn't try to hit him." The blocker looked shot: "Don, I hurt!"

"You think that's something original!" Meredith said, dropping his voice before ordering the man off the field.

After the game Meredith approached Landry and handed him a personal check. It paid up the non-blocker's contract for the year. Landry didn't take the check but he took the request: the man never played again.

The Cowboy coach refused to discuss the incident. But he did say, "Meredith is the leader," and additional elaboration seemed silly.





SPORT'S HALL OF FAME

LUCKMAN,

T-Formation Pioneer

By Ray Robinson

FROM 1939 THROUGH 1950, with time out for World War II, Sid Luckman was the Chicago Bears' gay deceiver. As the first great T-formation quarterback, Luckman led the Bears to four world championships. Without Luckman the Bears still would have been big and bad, but not necessarily victorious. With him they were pro football's pre-eminent team for more than a decade.

Tough, unyielding and multi-talented, Luckman had the arm, as well as the spirit, to lead the Bears. He passed probably as well as any man in history. He completed more than half his pro passes and 139 went for touchdowns. In a game against the New York Giants he threw seven touchdown passes—a record that has been tied but never surpassed.

Passing, of course, has always been the T quarterback's ultimate weapon. But Luckman's skills didn't end there. He could punt. He was a punishing blocker and an effective tackler. And his instinct for passing made him a fine pass defender. Most of all, Luckman was a leader.

"Sid had to be familiar with over 1000 different assignments and formations of every player on the team," says Bears owner and coach George Halas. "When he first came with my club he learned these formations overnight. I'll tell you, it astounded me! Having this fellow at quarterback was like having another coach playing on the field. He was the greatest play-director I have ever seen. I don't think I can ever recall a time Sid called the wrong play."

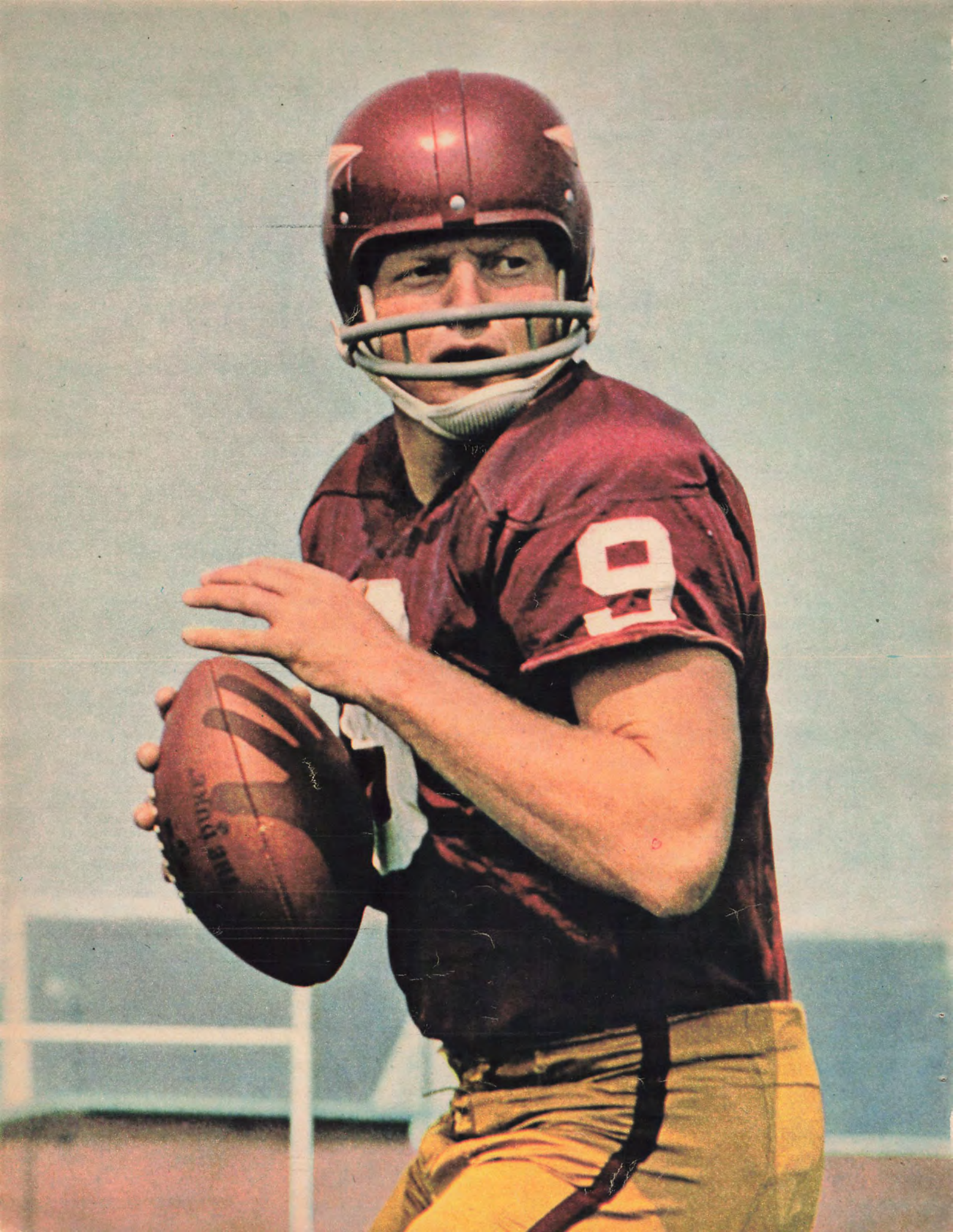
The most remarkable thing about Luckman's success under Halas' system was Sid's complete redevelopment as a ballhandler and passer. At Columbia, Luckman had always played the single wing, which required deception by the entire backfield. In the T-formation deception was just as important, but now the quarterback was unquestionably the key man. On any single series of plays he was expected to hand off or fake deftly; to roll out; to lateral; to pass long and short; to run if necessary. And every play had to be selected with the purpose either of setting up the enemy or catching it off guard.

The fact that Halas chose Luckman to lead the way in this exciting new era was in itself a surprise. A more logical candidate at the time might have been spectacular Davey O'Brien of Texas Christian. O'Brien had set all kinds of national and Southwest Conference passing records, but Halas went after Sid.

"It was a hunch more than anything else," Halas insists. "I guess maybe it was a question of size. Sid was about three inches taller than Davey. That advantage in height means an awful lot when you're under the center."

Luckman has always maintained that Halas' faith and determination in him "made me what I became." Which may be true, but not any more so than Sid's own faith and determination. "I've never seen a player work harder than Luckman," says Halas. "When others left the practice field he stayed on. He practiced ballhandling, pivoting and faking by the hour. In his room at night he'd stand in front of the mirror and watch himself. He became great at it because he put in about 400 percent more effort than the average athlete (—▶ TO PAGE 77)







JURGENSEN,

Pocket-Passer:

"Even LBJ Needs Four Seconds"

By Berry Stainback



SONNY JURGENSEN was laughing. He had visited the apartment of Redskin teammate Fred Williams, who always kids him, and now Jurgensen had Williams. "You should see that place," Sonny said. "It's done in Early Trash." His expression was that of a man who had just

been informed the delicacy he'd bitten into was a chocolate-covered roach. The grin popped out again. "Fred has a big picture of Custer's Last Stand on the wall. It's an old beer ad. Hanging crooked. He told me he had indirect lighting—a neon sign across the street shines in."

Jurgensen laughs like a happy patriot, his white-on-white teeth glistening, his reddish hair shining, his blue eyes flashing. There are intervals when Christian Adolph Jurgensen is not grinning or chuckling or laughing. These may stretch on for as long as 15 minutes. Usually he is laughing at himself and his own problems. For example, most people would regard the fact that their watch had been stolen as a time for luck cursing. Sonny found it a time for fun, with the help of considerate teammates like Fred Williams.

"The watch had 'Happy birthday, Sonny' on the back," Jurgensen said, "and Williams kept telling me he was having a hard time scratching it off. But he said it's okay now—it says 'Happy birthday, Fred.'" He laughed. "When I finally picked up another watch the guys yelled, 'Oh, goody, let's see what we have to work with this time. That other watch's running down.'"

Timmy Brown, who knows Jurgensen well after their years together with the Eagles, says, "Jurgy's a heckuva quarterback and a heckuva guy. And with his sense of humor he could've been a comedian. He would've been a heckuva comedian, too."

His sense of humor is Sonny's most engaging characteristic. But his most endearing characteristic is his intense concern for and the obligation he feels to other people. His personality may be the most remarkable in sports.

We met Jurgensen on a Friday at practice, after which the Redskins were introduced to fans at their annual pre-season luncheon. "And here," said coach Bill McPeak, "from Duke University, is the man who came to us in the Jimmy Carr trade: Sonny Jurgensen." No one laughed louder than Jurgensen. A team meeting followed, then Sonny drove to WMAL-TV to tape the first of his weekly shows. "This is a bad week," he said apologetically. "We just got in from training camp Monday, I've had to make appearances all week, this luncheon, practice. I haven't even had time to get my clothes

pressed. And the season opens Sunday—a big game for us. We've been thinking about the Browns for two months. I haven't been able to sleep all week." He parked his burgundy Cadillac convertible at the station and said, "This is a 30-minute show and we have no script." He shook his head. "I'm glad I got Sam Huff and Bobby Mitchell for the first one." He seemed worried.

Sportscaster Mal Campbell showed the commercial Sonny had done for Ourisman Chevrolet. We asked Jurgensen why he didn't drive a Chevy. "Why should I?" he said, grinning. "The owner drives a Rolls-Royce."

Then they ran the highlight films from exhibitions to begin rehearsing their comments, and Jurgensen's worry was plainly invisible. "This is your game against the Colts, Sonny," Campbell said. "What happened?" "We just didn't get going that night," Sonny said. He looked at Huff and that playful grin came out. "The defense didn't do the job. The coach told us they'd hold 'em to 17 points and they gave up 31." Campbell said they had some shots showing Mitchell not only catching passes but blocking. "Blocking?" Sonny said. "Hold it, I'd like to discuss that. Who's he blocking?" Bobby Mitchell looked at the screen and said, "Hit 'em, Mitchell!"

When they were ready to start taping, Campbell said, "I'll introduce you by saying, 'Here's your host. . .'" "Norm Snead," Sonny said, grinning. "Standby," the director said, "tapes are on in the studio." Jurgensen's head instantly fell over on his shoulder as if he were sleeping, then snapped up wide-eyed, like a man who's been told the President's outside asking to meet him. But Sonny is so smooth and relaxed that once he was actually on camera he did an excellent job.

On Saturday morning Sonny drove us to D.C. Stadium. He said it would be a short practice, mainly for the special teams. Since Pat Richter was still hospitalized, we asked who would punt. "Ron Snidow's been working all week," Sonny said. "On fourth and long we had considered throwing the ball way down field for an interception." He grinned.

Jurgensen, whose locker was next to second quarterback Dick Shiner's and one away from Huff's, chatted with Sam's two sons. Then tackle Joe Rutgens, another early arrival, came over and Sonny said earnestly: "Joe, did you know Art Modell (the Browns' owner) told Edward Bennett Williams (the Redskins' president) at the luncheon yesterday that he'd have to do something about getting you to keep your shirt in? He said it looks bad."

"What?" Rutgens said.

"He wasn't kidding," Sonny said. "He said we're out there putting on a show and he wants you to dress like a football player." Rutgens looked concerned now and Jurgensen couldn't keep it up. The grin popped out. "If you don't tuck in that shirt they're gonna get you for impersonating a football player." It was obviously very difficult for Rutgens to keep his jersey tucked in over one of the game's finest bellies.

Jurgensen pulled on sweat pants, a T-shirt that seemed to have been broken in by Rutgens (and Jurgensen has one of the game's finest smaller-man-variety bellies) and a rubber jacket. He went into the coaches' room and we talked to Dick Shiner, who had developed amazingly in his second year as a pro quarterback.

"Just watching and listening to Sonny has been a big help to me," Dick said. "He knows all the defenses so well. He tells me how the various defensive players react, what to expect from certain linebackers, if they have a quick pass drop or what. He knows how the half-backs play, whether they follow his eyes or follow keys."

While the kickoff and kickoff-return teams drilled, Jurgensen played catch on the sideline with Shiner. It was apparent, watching Sonny, that you were seeing a great natural athlete. He passes the ball with a fluid ease, straight overhead off his right ear: stride, flick the wrist, follow through and a brown line spirals true.

When he was an Eagle coach, Lauri Niemi called Jurgensen the team's best athlete. Sonny was a high school football, basketball and baseball star in Wilmington, North Carolina. The Philadelphia Athletics offered him a contract when he finished high school, and he could've taken several college basketball scholarships. At Duke he was a fine quarterback and even played defense. "Safety," he said. "I just played way back. I even had trouble covering the coaches." They say Jurgensen plays golf well enough to go on the pro tour. He also plays tennis, ping pong, pool, squash and handball. "I don't play handball any more," he said, grinning. "It stings your hand. Why punish yourself?"

Since 1961 he has been among pro football's top quarterbacks. Last year he was the third-leading passer in the numbers game known as the NFL's official ranking. The league does not rate quarterbacks; it rates passing efficiency. Jurgensen was behind Bart Starr and Fran Tarkenton, with Johnny Unitas ranked fourth. Most experts rate Unitas and Jurgensen as the league's best quarterbacks, in that order.

Although as a runner Jurgensen is rather grotesque, his overall coordination is an asset when he has to stand in that sometimes amorphous pocket and duck clotheslines and dodge huge bodies. In doing so, Sonny has gotten off some unbelievable passes, including one with his left hand and another behind his back. No other quarterback can say that.

When practice ended, Jurgensen, Huff and Mitchell waited around in the oppressive heat on the field to tape CBS television's "Countdown to Kickoff." Sonny was asked to throw a pass to Huff, who would catch it running toward the camera for openers. "I'll give him one of these," Jurgensen said to Mitchell, throwing an end-over-end ball that Huff was lucky to hold.

One of the maintenance men some 50 yards across the field hollered for Jurgensen to throw him the ball. Sonny turned and threw it.

After the taping he went into the dressing room and stepped on the scale: 208 pounds. Then he showered and took his valuables from the trunk. "Hey, they left my watch!"

We drove to the Redskin office, where he had to buy some tickets for friends. "I had something very nice happen this morning," he said. "Bobby and I were named co-captains. Sam and Rutgens were named defensive captains. It's a privilege and an honor."

As we left the ticket office a man parked across the street made a U-turn and said, "I'm from Philadelphia, Sonny. Can you get me two tickets?"

Jurgensen didn't simply brush off the guy. He explained that the game had been sold out for a month and that there wasn't an extra ticket to be had. He said he was sorry. The man thanked him and drove off. Sonny not only has respect for human beings, he has

regard for them. These are two very commendable, but very different things. Most people would trade a helmetful of respect for a chin-strapful of regard.

At Jurgensen's building the doorman let out the cold air on us, we got into the elevator and went down. "My apartment is subterranean," Sonny said. "You have to jump up to commit suicide." He laughed. "That's a Woody Allen line."

He apologized for the unmade bed, saying his maid had left while he was in Europe. He began straightening up and handed us a paperback book from his night table: *The Wit and Humor of Oscar Wilde*. "He's got some great sayings and great philosophy in there, like this one (he pointed to a cover line): 'I can resist everything except temptation.'" He grinned.

Jurgensen finished making the bed and said, "If I keep this up I'm gonna make someone a wonderful wife." He said he was the only Redskin staying in that building: "You've got to kind of isolate yourself as a quarterback." He refused to go into this, fearing it would make him seem aloof. But he did say a quarterback had to remain somewhat apart from his teammates so he couldn't be accused of showing favoritism to anyone.

With the Eagles, Jurgensen received considerable criticism for allegedly throwing too much to Tommy McDonald. They were very close, rooming together on the road every season except 1960 when Sonny paired off with Norm Van Brocklin preparatory to replacing the retiring Dutchman. Jurgensen was tremendous in '61, his first full season as a regular. He set two league passing records (most completions: 235; most yards gained: 3723, which still stands) and tied another (most touchdowns: 32). But the team fell from a half-game out of first to last place in '62 and '63, and could dissension be far behind?

At that time Jurgensen reacted to the criticism without anger or bitterness, saying, "They look for faults when you lose. They try to lay their finger on it. That's natural. But look at the injuries we had." Now he laughs about it: "Four ends broke arms that year ('62) and one broke a leg. Who'd they expect me to throw to, the guards and tackles?"

When we drove to a restaurant for lunch, Jurgensen grew quiet; he said he'd been thinking about third-down and first-down calls. He spent the rest of the afternoon going over the Cleveland defense at his apartment. That evening he moved into the Windsor Park Hotel with the rest of the team, attended a meeting and was in bed by 11.

Sunday morning broke hot and humid again. After breakfast Sonny went back to his room to study for 45 minutes. Then he drove Shiner, safetyman Paul Krause and linebacker Bob Pellegrini to D.C. Stadium. Jurgensen and Shiner talked about the Browns' defenses for a while.

Sonny was taking a long, back route to the stadium to avoid going through town and the guys said it was better. "Next game we'll come in a Rolls-Royce," Sonny said, his grin filling the rear-view mirror. "The owner at Ourisman told me I can use his car any Sunday. We'll get Stevie at the hotel to drive and we'll sit in the back of the Rolls with our briefcases." He laughed. Everyone agreed that was the only way to arrive for a game.

The Redskins came out first for the warmup, which seemed unnecessary in the 96-degree heat and humidity. They wore only T-shirts on their upper bodies. We kept wishing Sonny would run over and stand next to Rutgens so his belly wouldn't look so prominent. But he didn't and all we could do was silently boo the thin boy who fed him warmup balls.

The first quarter was half over when the Redskin offense finally took the field. On the first series you had a feeling that Washington fans weren't going away happy on this afternoon. Defensive end Bill Glass intercepted a pass.

Ironically, it was the perfect call, a flare to the speedy Taylor with the 6-5, 255-pound Glass having coverage all the way because linebacker Galen Fiss blitzed inside. If Jurgensen had gotten the ball over the end's head, Glass would've had to chase Taylor down the open sideline. Nice try. But Fiss was in on top of Sonny, who

had to unload instantly, and the throw did not clear the leaping Glass. He tipped the ball, held the rebound and fell down in a puddle of happiness.

That's how it went for the Redskins offense. Glass gave rookie tackle Jim Snowden a terrifying lesson in pro football line play, harassing Jurgensen all afternoon. Rookie guard Don Croftchek had troubles, too, and Jurgensen ended up with a fine view of the sky above, the grass below from supine and prone positions. The surprising thing was that he never was thrown for a loss. He gets back in the pocket quickly and releases quickly. He hates to eat the ball for a loss and he knows how to dump a pass without getting called for intentional grounding. Later he was to say he thought he threw a bit too quickly a few times under the fierce rush. But the receivers just weren't getting open much, and when they were Sonny often overshot them . . . or they dropped the ball.

The best Jurgensen could do was take the team within point-blank field-goal range twice in the second quarter. Bob Jencks, who had kicked eight out of eight in exhibitions, missed both.

Late in the third quarter Shiner started warming up on the sidelines, and McPeak walked over to Jurgensen. "Bill said he wanted to put Dick in there," Sonny said later. "And I said, 'Don't be afraid. That kid can throw the ball. Maybe he can get something going.'" Then Jurgensen patted Shiner on the backside, told him to relax out there and picked up the earphones that are the standard face masks for the quarterback who is not playing. He had completed only nine of 21 passes for 124 yards. The fans had booed him and now they cheered as Shiner came in.

Afterward, McPeak closed the locker room to writers while he spoke to the team in a very loud voice. Then Bill stepped into his office and said, "We played better in our first scrimmage in training camp than we did today offensively. Shiner didn't get any more cooperation from the rest of the team than Jurgensen did, so he didn't do much either."

A half dozen reporters gathered around Jurgensen, who sat in his skin on the grey stool in front of his cubicle. Foot-long red scratches striped the left side of his back, the nail prints from clutching Glass hands. When he leaned over to grab the 18-inch-high tape can that had been filled with ice water for him, the stripes stretched and he needed only a hunk of bread to qualify as a seaman under Capt. Bligh. And he sat there for nearly an hour answering every question. Some were foolish, many were repetitious as other writers came in later. Sonny, disappointed, dejected, but no less amiable than he was before the game, sipped the water and spoke frankly. Although the grin was gone, there was humor, sardonically directed at himself.

"It's embarrassing to come up with an effort like that after preparing for someone for so long," Sonny said. "The first thing we thought about when we got to camp was the opener with the Browns. This was the game. . . . Hell, you get yourself up . . . and then give a performance like that. We felt we were ready. Sam and I were talking about it last night. We were thinking about it all week. Every night, thinking about third-down plays . . . and none of 'em worked. We'd make a mistake or I'd throw the ball lousy. It has to be the worst day I ever had, the worst game I ever played."

Someone asked him if he was surprised when Shiner was sent in for him. "No," he said, "sometimes a change helps. I wasn't doing anything. Hell, I made King Hill a national hero in Philadelphia. I'll do the same for Dick."

The reporters thanked him and left as Shiner returned from the shower. "Remember these days, Dick," Sonny said. Shiner smiled.

There were only a few players left in the room when Sonny came out of the shower. "It's frustrating," he said. "You keep trying, groping, searching out there for something that'll work. You try to find just one pattern that'll pull you out, that'll get you that first down." He shook his head. "You lose your sense of continuity. And nothing works."

There were about 50 kids waiting by the gate. An attendant came inside and Sonny asked him if there was

another way out. There wasn't. "I don't want to go through that now," he said. We walked into the empty stands and sat down. He kept trying to figure out what had gone wrong, why nothing had worked, why all that preparation, all those thoughts about first-down plays and third-down plays had been wasted.

Then two teenage boys came over and one of them said quietly: "Rough afternoon."

"Yeah," Sonny said. "I couldn't make a third-down play all day—and that's the play you have to make."

An usher came by and said, "You win a few, you lose a few, Sonny."

"You've got to play better than *that* just to lose," Sonny said.

The kids didn't want autographs, they just wanted to interview Jurgensen. They interjected a question between ours every now and then, and Sonny answered them just as if they were writers. "Do you know how many yards we got rushing?" he asked us. "Twenty-four. *Twenty-four yards*," he said. "You can't do much with that. There was always that split second of something that was off. . . . We had that weakside screen set to go (everyone seemed to have done his job) and Wiggin (except one) was right in my face . . . and I had to throw it away. It was always something."

We asked him about a third-and-12 situation early in the third quarter when he'd thrown six feet over the head of Smith, who'd turned in across the middle only about five yards deep. "He was supposed to run a deep square-in, 14 or 15 yards, but he ran his own pattern," Sonny said. "I was looking the other way trying to hold Costello (the middle linebacker) on the strongside and I looked up and there's Smith *right next to me!*"

"Did you ask him about it?"

"He said he was trying something different." Sonny rolled his eyes helplessly.

"What'd you say to him?"

"I told him you *can't* do that!" The emphasis sounded comic. He got up and walked back toward the gate saying, "I'll call you if we can get through."

When we finally left, there were still 15 kids waiting for autographs. The temperature and humidity were still in the 90s. Jurgensen stood in the sun and signed for every youngster. By the time he reached the car the front of his shirt was soaked with sweat under the jacket. "Take care, kids," he said as we pulled away.

"On a day like this you feel like crawling in some hole." Once he would've crawled in some bottle. "No," he said, "there's no chance I'll take up drinking again. You have your ups and downs, but you don't return to old bad habits. Just forget it and start thinking about Dallas (the next opponent). . . . You shoulda heard what McPeak had to say to us before you came in—and rightly so."

"What can you say to guys when they're trying?"

"They're paying me money to throw touchdowns—what else can he do but chew you out? You have to chew guys out when they make mistakes. I have to."

Although Timmy Brown had told us about some memorable chewings from Jurgensen with the Eagles, it is hard to visualize a guy with Sonny's good-natured personality chewing out people.

"If they don't do their jobs," he said, "I can't do mine. It's that simple. You get on guys, trying to get 'em to block, to hit somebody. You stay on 'em, but. . . ."

Jurgensen said he had found it tough breaking in as a leader after Norm Van Brocklin since they had different personalities. "The basic things in leadership," he said, "are keeping the team going, keeping your poise and calling your plays with authority. They have to believe in you. That's what's tough when you're having a bad day."

"A game like today is the part of pro ball that's toughest. It's great when you win—but it eats you up inside when you lose. You have to be bigger than it is. I'm going home now and try to think things out. Meditate. . . . I just like to be alone and analyze what happened. I'm lousy company when we lose. I don't even have dates the day of a game because I'm such lousy company if we lose. Even when we win, if I have a bad game I think about it, so I just don't date after a game." (This

was quite a sacrifice for Sonny Jurgensen, handsome young bachelor quarterback and good friend of attractive young ladies everywhere. But the sacrifice was characteristic of his concern for other people; he would be bad company for them.) "The worst thing I did today," he said as he stopped at our hotel, "was show up."

The following afternoon, Sonny was waiting in the dining room when we walked in. "You know," he said, and the grin was back, "when you win, everybody's your friend; when you lose, they don't know you. See that guy sitting behind us? He's one of the owners of this place. Usually every time you see him he's real friendly, he comes over and chats and jokes. He went by just before you got here and he said, 'Hi.'" Sonny laughed and shook his head. "You can go out on a Thursday and have one beer in a guy's restaurant and he'll thank you for stopping in. And if you win it's fine. You lose and he'll say, 'No wonder that SOB lost—he was drunk!'" His grin dissolved. "You've got 60,000 critics and no private life."

He talked a bit about yesterday's "utter frustration," then said, "But that's just one game that's past tense. We lost our first game in 1960 to the Cleveland Browns and went on to win the championship. We just have to count off yesterday as a lousy day."

Jurgensen bought all the Washington papers on the way up to our hotel room. He sat in a chair and began reading game stories as we questioned him. Angelo Coia and Mitchell had told us that the reason there had been so many dropped passes early last year—which had cost the team several ballgames—was that Jurgensen threw so much harder than George Izo. Sonny, new to the team anyway, had missed most of the exhibition season with an injury and the receivers had trouble getting used to his passes.

"I do zip the ball more than George," Sonny said. "But there's no excuse for dropping a ball, just as there's no excuse for missing a man in the open if you have time to throw it to him. It was frustrating, but they drop 'em sometimes, and you miss 'em sometimes. Nobody's perfect. The thing you work for is the highest degree of consistency. And at present I'm wondering which way my consistency's running." He grinned.

He opened a newspaper, read a while and said, "I don't know what this guy's talking about. Look at this." The writer said Jurgensen had an off day both on the field and on the phones, that the only information he got was when he had tuned in a Philadelphia radio station and heard about Norm Snead leading the Eagles to an upset over the Cardinals. We asked Sonny if he would talk to the writer about this.

"No, I won't say anything to him. He was just trying to get some humor in his writeup, I guess. I don't knock people. Even when I left Philadelphia I didn't knock anything. The writers there tried to get me to rap the organization, the administration . . . they wanted me to holler sour grapes. But why should I?"

"Yeah, you wouldn't even knock the fans," we said. "Honestly," you said, "they've been great and they deserve a winner." That was pretty funny."

Sonny laughed. "The fans pay to see you win, and if you don't they complain. They were somewhat indifferent at times." The grin opened a wide gash in his face. "They weren't real understanding. They didn't understand certain idiosyncrasies." He laughed loudly.

Philadelphia fans have a habit of booing their best men, as witness what they've done to Richie Allen and Jurgensen. No wonder Ben Franklin spent several years in Europe.

Jurgensen read another newspaper account of the game and said it was very fair. It's not surprising that writers like him, the way he accommodates them. "I figure if you're gonna talk with 'em when you win," Sonny said, "you might as well talk with 'em when you lose. You don't want to be rude and make an ass of yourself. Hell, I was ashamed of the way I played; it was obvious. But if the guys come down to see you, you owe it to 'em to answer their questions."

We asked about his reaction to the trade from Philadelphia and he dropped the paper. "I was shocked," he said. "The Very Nerve Of Them!" He chuckled. "I was

shocked because I'd just discussed all the personnel with Joe Kuharich (the coach-general manager who'd just taken over the Eagles). It was a blow to my pride. But it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Why? Because of the way things were in Philadelphia: my personal life—I was getting divorced—and the complete disintegration of the team. Again, who's blamed but the quarterback.

"Washington offered a new start for me, and you don't have a chance like that very often. Especially a chance to come to a team that was rebuilding and working under a fine staff headed by a man like Bill McPeak."

We wondered how Kuharich had explained the trade.

"You ever talk to Kuharich?" Sonny asked. "He's kinda hard to understand. He talks in double talk. That's why it's hard to say what he said. I really don't know. He double-talked for 20 minutes and when I left I still didn't know where I'd been traded." The grin came out.

Jurgensen said he had no animosity toward the Philadelphia Eagles. "They put up with me for seven years . . . and vice versa. So many guys leave a team and they all holler," his voice whined, "the players, the coaches, the owners. . . ." Why do it? If they don't want you, go some place else and play. I'll admit there was dissension among the players and coaches, among the administration and everything. They had to make changes."

After the shock passed, Sonny was actually relieved at being traded. He said McDonald, Retzlaff and Brown made up the Eagle offense and with Tommy gone it would've been tough. He also said there would've been a conflict of personalities between him and Kuharich, and that it wouldn't hurt to get away from the booing in Philadelphia, either.

Timmy Brown had told us about the booing of Sonny, saying, "Jurg's a very sensitive guy even though he doesn't show it. He'd always act like the boos didn't hurt him at Franklin Field. The crowd would start on him before the game and he'd just grin and say, 'Well, here it is again, fellas.' It was really hurting him, but he acted like it wasn't. That takes a helluva guy, really."

"It bothered me," Sonny admitted. "The boos bother everybody. You can't understand it." He feels he does understand it now that a guy he knows who's read some psychology has explained it to him. "These are frustrated people who have failures in their jobs all week and I'm more or less their," he paused for the word, "therapy. They expect me to overcome all their problems and when I don't they take it out on me. I feel sorry for them. Hell, they booed me out of the stadium one day I threw five touchdown passes."

"People used to hustle to their seats to boo me," Sonny said, grinning. In 1963, after he and his wife separated, Sonny lived with a fellow, Ron Reichmann, who sat in a box with a group that booed Jurgensen all the time. Reichmann had been an athlete and he tried to explain to them. Then one day he told Jurgensen, "You did something wrong and they all started booing. And I booed with 'em. It was fun."

"It's an accepted thing in Philadelphia," Sonny said. "I took my boy to practice one day and he had on a little jersey with 'number nine, Sonny Jurgensen' on the back. When we got off the bus a bunch of kids booed him." Sonny chuckled.

"You know, they introduce the offensive team if you win the toss. So the official would come over with the coin and say, 'Heads or tails?' I'd say, 'Toes.' Because I didn't want to be introduced. We lost every toss at home the last year I was there."

Smiling, Sonny stood, walked to a bed and stretched out. "That's all part of being a quarterback," he said. "They booed Charlie Conerly out of the stadium in New York, then turned around and gave him a car. It's part of the game. . . . It's not the best part of the game." He chuckled. "It becomes a joke after a while. Of course, I cry a lot, too." They booed him and Mitchell after Washington had lost those games early last season. It perplexed them. "We asked to be separated during the introductions," Sonny said, "so we could see who was getting the loudest boos. We didn't know where his ended and mine began."

Sonny Jurgensen, you have to say, is a remarkable individual. That is the only word for him. No matter how people treat him, what they say, do, or write, his only outward reaction is to laugh.

"No," he said, "I don't show my emotions about myself publicly. Last night I left the stadium quietly and went home alone. I try not to show my emotions because it's a sign of immaturity . . . to holler and scream and alibi. But I say what I think is right.

"What others say about me," Sonny said, sitting up on the bed, "whether they're right or wrong, I accept it. I accept the ignorance of others. It's a matter of personality. If you can live with it and it doesn't eat your insides out, it's all right. Which is better, to let it out and get it over with or let it gnaw away at your insides?"

"Which is better?"

"I don't know. It bothers me, yes it does. No, I've never reached the point where I've had to let it out. I just continue to suppress it."

His wonderful ability to laugh has been his release.

"I've never thought about it enough to say it's a release for me, but I guess it is," he said. "It's not a conscious thing, just an automatic response. I've always liked to laugh."

His sense of humor has been both a boon and a bane for Jurgensen. After a fine rookie performance in '57, in which he led the 0-5 Eagles to victories in four of their next five games, the team traded for Van Brocklin and Jurgensen developed a cauliphone ear and a sore backside. It was not easy sitting on the bench for three years. "They gave him a lotta bad stuff when Van Brocklin was here," Timmy Brown said, "and Jurgie just learned to laugh on the outside and hurt on the inside. They wrote about him as strictly a happy-go-lucky guy without really knowing him, and Sonny just went along with the program."

"It's difficult when you play behind a Van Brocklin and know there's no way you can get on the field," Sonny said. "I just tried to relax and be one of the guys. I did everything they asked me to, but I also had fun."

And Van Brocklin labeled him "a clown." When Sonny took over the team he became a little more subdued, but he didn't try to alter his personality. He was perceptive enough to know that a quarterback couldn't be two entirely different people on and off the field. He found a middle ground. He also found that his observations of others during his early years with the Eagles provided insights into leadership.

"Every player's an individual and you can't holler at all of 'em," he said. "Some guys you have to approach differently. With new players, sometimes you attack them the wrong way. McPeak and I discuss this. I didn't jump on Snowden yesterday. I just told him to stay in front of Glass a little longer." The grin popped out. "Even LBJ needs four seconds."

Jurgensen, who was 31 on August 23, opened a paper and said, "Oh goody, let's see what my horoscope says today." He laughed and read: "'Avoid carrying business worries home with you.' I wonder what yesterday's was? 'Stay under the covers—do not get up.' Hey, let's turn on the television," he said.

Although the Eagles finished last in '62, Jurgensen had another good season. He led the league in total yards gained passing (3261) and average yards gained passing (8.91). The following year he was mostly out with injuries. Despite the bad start with the Redskins when so many passes were dropped, Sonny did well in '64, including a five-touchdown day passing against the Eagles in Washington. He's had many big days—five touchdowns in a game three times, 33 completions in one game and he's the only man ever to gain over 400 yards in a game more than once (he's done it three times). He's gained more than 300 yards in a game 12 times, including three last year.

He said he enjoyed beating the Eagles twice in '64. "They were still booing me," he said. "Even after we won they yelled. 'Take that bum back to Washington, McPeak, we still don't want him.'" He admits that his personal image in Philadelphia didn't help his popularity. When the team abruptly fell apart and his marriage shattered, too, people began seeing him in too

many clubs on too many nights. He was drinking pretty good then, though not nearly as much as people said. He wanted to be out with friends and forgetting the dissolution of the team more than he wanted the booze. But, as he says, if he had one beer and the team lost (which it did most of the time), the word was he was stoned.

"I wasn't subtle," he said. "You can't give 'em ammunition. They'd holler from the stands: 'Go back to the tap rooms!'" He grinned, cupping a hand to his mouth: "It's Sunday—they're closed!" When I left Philadelphia the bartenders all wore black arm bands." He laughed.

He has many funny lines on the subject, but he isn't proud of his "old bad habits." After a period of intensive self-analysis, he realized he had to change and he did. He quit drinking a year and a half ago. "I took on a new image," he said. "I suddenly had a different outlook on life with the new opportunity."

McPeak told us he'd never been worried about Jurgensen's playboy reputation in Philadelphia. "He's been a very well-behaved man here," McPeak said. "He's conformed to all the rules and done everything we've asked of him, so I don't care what his reputation was."

The Redskins lost their first three games this season waiting for their young linemen and new running backs (George Hughley, Bob Briggs, Danny Lewis and Rick Casares, who was hurt in the first game) to get with the system. The line will have to be solid if the Skins are to have an offense. Jurgensen is a pocket-passer in the classic tradition and he needs those four seconds, LBJ agrees.

"I learned to stay in the pocket from Van Brocklin," Sonny said, "to stay on my feet and try not to be forced out. Because then you're exposing yourself. Pro football is a game of specialists—blockers, tacklers, runners, kickers, pass catchers, passers. . . . Any time they make me do something I'm second best at, they're defeating me. I beat people throwing, not running."

At least the kids should love him in Washington for some time, because he always takes time to sign their autographs. He said it's his obligation. "Some of the kids can't even read the name you sign. But if you can do something for a kid, it doesn't cost you a thing. It doesn't cost you a thing to be polite, even if it's inconvenient at times. Some day they won't want your autograph and then it'll be a different story. It's such a part of my life now, I don't know if I'll miss it or not. But it is good to get away once in a while."

This he almost did when he went to Europe last summer for an Air Force coaching clinic. "I have to be the only quarterback ever booed in Berlin," he said. "I have that distinction. What other quarterback's been booed there? Hitler? Did he play? All of us in the clinic were introduced at a baseball game and they clapped for everyone except me. There must've been a bunch of service guys from Philadelphia. I can't believe my popularity carried that far. But sometimes I sit and wonder—what makes me different?"

After four days with Jurgensen, and with some program called "Match Game" ("I'm very big on this") sputtering from the television, we asked him to sum up his philosophy. "Give me a few minutes to think of one," he said through a smile. It faded and he said, "There are ups and downs in life, and you have to be big enough to accept the disappointments and frustrations when you're down, be big enough to overcome them. And you have to accept them when you're up and remain the same person. My life is an open book, more or less, and you have to accept the obligations and limitations your popularity places on you."

As for the future, he said, "I want to get the most I can out of football, play as long as I can and make it a means to an end. I hope to come out of it with something going for myself, in real estate, or television if I'm good enough, or maybe even in coaching. I think I may be interested in coaching on a pro staff. I'd just like to lead a normal life, go to the games on Sunday . . . and boo like hell, scream, holler, second guess. . . . Lead the normal life of any other frustrated person." Sonny Jurgensen got up off the bed. He was laughing.





A Sundown Kind of Pitcher

By John Devaney

High noon. The gunfighter walks down the duckboard sidewalk. The sheriff stops him. "Be out of town by sundown, gunfighter," says the sheriff.

"And if I'm not?" says the gunfighter.

"I'll have to kill you," says the sheriff.

Sundown. At one end of the dusty street, the sheriff. At the other, the gunfighter. Slowly they walk toward each other. This is sundown, a time to kill or be killed.

—Climax of any number of westerns.

Al Worthington is a sundown kind of pitcher, and this story is about him and how he came out of the bullpen in game after game last season—over 60 altogether—to pitch the Twins out of trouble and into the World Series. A sundown pitcher goes into a game in the late innings, the eighth or ninth, his team locked in a tight struggle, maybe ahead by a run, maybe a run or two behind. Most often there are runners on base, no one out. A sundown pitcher's job is to keep that game close. Get 'em out of there before they score a run; if they score that run, as often as not, you lose. It's a kill or be killed kind of job.

A lousy, thankless job. With not much of a future. Sundown pitchers, to start with, are often older men—Al is 36—the kind who don't flap in a crisis. But after pitching in game after game with men on base, last of the ninth, score tied, crowd screeching—I got to get this guy out of there!—the pressure roots down to the nerve endings.

Most of them hate their jobs; they envy the higher-paid, glory-soaked starters. "A starter pitches a good game and everyone shakes his hand and he can go out that night and enjoy himself," says Johnny Klippstein, the Twins' other sundown pitcher. "The starter knows he won't pitch again for three or four days. A relief pitcher, he'll throw in the bullpen for three innings, then pitch two innings to nail down a game, and they shake your (→ TO PAGE 82)





TOMMY NOBIS

"HIT 'EM

RIGHT IN

THE

GOOZLE"

*The University of Texas
linebacker hits hard, works
hard and practices hard.
He's aiming for a job in pro
football and, says Vince
Lombardi, "Atlanta just has to
take Nobis number one"*

By STEVE PERKINS

WHEN TOMMY NOBIS was a kid growing up in San Antonio, he played tackle football on the unpaved road in front of his house. In those games, he recalls, "I was a gung-ho quarterback, and when baseball came around I was the catcher. Catcher, quarterback—same thing. I got to be where the action is."

The Nobis preference for being where the action is will no doubt make him a rich young man after this season's NFL-AFL contract war. Green Bay coach Vince Lombardi put it simply: "Atlanta (which selects first) just has to take Nobis number one. He's the best football player in the country."

That opinion is nearly unanimous. After the 1964 season, Nobis, then a junior, was picked by Southwest Conference sportswriters as the best linebacker in the league for the last 20 years. The University of Texas All-America is already the yardstick by which rival coaches measure their running backs. In describing the courage of a 155-pound runner, Baylor coach John Bridgers once said, "He'd try to run over Tommy Nobis. I'm not saying he would, but he'd try."

Few people have run over Nobis, and fewer still have enjoyed trying. He is an awesome obstacle—6-2 and 225, topped by bristly orange hair, like the lights on the University of Texas tower which glowed with 21 victories in 22 game nights his first two seasons. It has been observed that even his freckles have muscles. His head rises from a 19½-inch neck. His features seem to have been forged on an anvil.

But he is no toe-in-the-dust cliché of the big, dumb football player. He is articulate about football, and capable of drawing a laugh. After he spoke to a Dallas luncheon crowd last spring, an alumnus congratulated him and expressed surprise at his speaking ability. "Well," said Nobis, "what did you think I was—just another pretty face?"

Nobis finds little humor in football, however. He approaches the game with solemn dedication. His high-school teammate, Dick Cunningham, who went on to Arkansas, recalls that "before a game, when some of the guys would be kidding and talking, Tommy would be over in a corner by himself concentrating on the game, figuring about the other

SPORT

team and what he was going to do."

Texas knew Nobis was something special soon after he arrived on campus. Following the freshman team's opening loss to Baylor, coach Pat Culpepper was walking back across campus when he saw a familiar figure in the twilight ahead of him, plodding along with head down.

Culpepper rushed to catch up and he saw that it was Nobis and that Nobis was crying. Culpepper told him to cheer up, the season wasn't over yet, and Nobis replied that he didn't think the team had given its best effort.

Culpepper decided then that Nobis would be playing a lot of football for Texas. "Not only that," Culpepper told Darrell Royal and the coaching staff, "but you ought to see how he hits people—high. He just flattens 'em."

Nobis, who does few things without design, says, "That's how my high-school coach taught me—hit 'em right in the goozle (chest)."

Even the noble Nobis neck is not entirely a gift of natural growth. "I do a lot of work on my neck between seasons," he says. "Your first contact is with your head, especially on the goal line. When you're two yards from a touchdown, the guards get close to the ground and you're both gutting it."

Nobis was anything but a typical freshman. When the mid-term vacations came around that year, he remained on campus to get in shape for spring football practice.

Working with such dedication, Nobis has been a starter since his sophomore year and has helped Texas to its superb seasons. "Around here," he says, "when we talk about a successful season, we mean winning them all. A 9-1 is not a successful season."

Perhaps Nobis' most shining hour, at least in the national spotlight, came last New Year's night when unsuccessful Texas (9-1) defeated national champion Alabama in the Orange Bowl. Nobis made four consecutive tackles at his own goal line in the fourth quarter to preserve a 21-17 upset.

The freedom of two-platoon football has not deluded Darrell Royal where Nobis is concerned. "I've got to use him on offense, too," Royal says. "I get nervous when he's over on the sidelines with me. He's the best football player I've ever had."

Ernie Koy, now with the New York Giants, recalls that Nobis was always in the lineup at guard for Texas when the Longhorns got near a goal line. "Our big play was the power sweep to the right," Koy says, "and it was awful comfortable to know you weren't going to have any penetration on that right side when Nobis was there."

Nobis, who is frank about his talents, maintains that he lacks speed (last clocking: 6.0 for 50 yards), but no one has accused him of lacking quickness. Linebacker Malcolm Walker of Rice, who played against Nobis two years, singled out that quality: "Nobis goes immediately with the flow of the play. He gambles. If he's right, he's got a jump on the ball. If he's wrong, he still manages to recover and get back to the other side and make the tackle. He's always where the ball is."

Perhaps the best description of a Nobis tackle was offered by his teammate Butch Hubbard after a long afternoon of scrimmaging: "The difference in getting hit by Nobis and other people is that when Nobis hits you, you don't get up as quick."

Notices such as these have not been wasted on the pros. Girding for the signing battle with Atlanta, or whoever does draft Nobis for the NFL, are the New

York Jets. On a blackboard in a Jets' conference room are written the names of college players who are likely pro prospects. At the top of the list, written in larger letters than the rest, is Tommy Nobis.

Nobis is proud of his dedication to football. (His only other interest is water skiing on Lake Austin, where he worked for a boat shop last summer.) "Football has always been a big thing with me," he says. "I didn't live in the best neighborhood in San Antonio, and I went out of my district to go to Jefferson High School, because it had a good team and good coaches. I'd catch a bus at five a.m. to get there, and after practice it was 8:30 at night when I got home. But it was worth it."

"After the Arkansas game last year (14-13), I was awake most of the night, replaying it and trying to think what we could have done better. The next couple of nights, too. Boys who study law and engineering, they stay up nights studying. And they'll be successful because they work at it. Well, football is my business, and if I study it, it's because I want to be successful at it. I hope to coach some day. They say a person has to have a goal. Football is my goal and that's it."

"Some people say school comes first, then football. With me, football comes first, then school, because football is my business, like the law student and the engineer. If I'm not going good in my studies, I say to myself, 'Listen, if you flunk out, you can't play football.' Then I'll buckle down and study all the harder. Football drives me to it and makes me do it."

And puts him where the action is.





EXCLUSIVE!

Ex-World Series Star In Jail:

In the 1954 World Series he batted .364. Less than a decade later he was in a Houston jail

"I don't want to sound like a crybaby. The only person to blame is me. I'm the one in jail"

"I got off. I killed a man, and the next day I was playing ball like nothing had happened"

"I think I was saying that evening: 'Will somebody please catch me before I hurt someone' "

"I hope by the time I get out of jail, it'll be a different Hank Thompson. It better be"

HOW I WRECKED MY LIFE—

The number on my white shirt is 174819.

There is nothing about a number like that to remind you of a man who played nearly 1000 big-league baseball games, and who once walked off with a check for \$11,147.90, before taxes, after the New York Giants walloped the Cleveland Indians in the 1954 World Series.

But then there's nothing big-league about where I am now, or the shirt on my back.

I'm in prison.

On July 13, 1963, I held up a liquor store at gunpoint in Houston. I took \$270 from the cash drawer. The police picked me up the same night. Three months later I began serving a ten-year term. With time off for good behavior, with time off because I am a trusty, my discharge date from the Ferguson Unit of the Texas Department of Corrections is October 9, 1968. With the approval of the Texas parole board, I could get out sooner.

Then I'll start all over again. I'll be 40 years old this December 8. They say life begins at 40. It better, for me.

The armed robbery of the Houston liquor store was not my only mistake.

—HOW I HOPE TO SAVE IT

By HANK THOMPSON

with Arnold Hano

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I've been arrested seven times.

One time I killed a man.

I was in reform school when I was 11.

Warden Jack D. Kyle, who runs the Ferguson Unit, says this about convicts—a convict is a man who has run wild.

He's talking about me. At least he's talking about the "me" who entered prison in 1963, who was arrested for holding up a bar in 1961, who was arrested for punching a woman in 1959, who was arrested for stealing a car in 1958, who was arrested for homicide in 1948, and who was arrested twice back in 1937, once for taking jewelry from a car and once for truancy. Who began drinking when he was 15, and was soon an alcoholic.

I hope to God—and I pray every Sunday in the Chapel of the Prodigal Son, here at the Ferguson Unit—that it isn't the same man any more. When I get out I'm going to have to walk down streets with liquor stores and bars, and I'll have a choice—walk past them, and live, or walk into one, and run wild again. You might say the count on me is two strikes. I've got one swing left.

I don't want to sound like a crybaby. The only person to blame is me. So if I blame drink, *I'm* the guy—Hank Thompson—who did the drinking. If I tell you I came from a broken home—my parents were separated before I started school—so did millions of other kids, and I'm the one in jail. If I tell you my father beat me with a strap, and he, too, had a drinking problem, I'm in jail, not my father.

Don't ask me to blame society, or the fact I'm a Negro in a white world, or the fact I have a grade-school education, or the fact I was washed up as a major-leaguer when I was 31 years old.

I'm the one who kicked society in the teeth, and maybe you won't believe me—but it's the truth—I'm glad society has started to pay me back.

I was born Henry Curtis Thompson, in Muskogee, Oklahoma, on December 8, 1925. We moved to Dallas, Texas, when I was an infant. My father, Ollie Thompson, was a jack of all trades, mainly a railroad worker, but always a man who liked his whisky. My

HOW I WRECKED MY LIFE— —HOW I HOPE TO SAVE IT

CONTINUED



When he starred for the Giants, Hank triggered happy home-plate scenes with his power-hitting and he made acrobatic plays in the field. Hank hit 129 home runs in his major-league career. Once he hit .302.

mother, Iona, was a soft woman who couldn't say no to her kids. She was a cook and a domestic. My folks broke up when I was five or six, and got divorced soon after.

So I had one parent to raise me, and she left for work at six a.m. and got back at six at night. Which meant my sister Florence was supposed to watch me, but I would sneak off and play ball. All I wanted was to play ball. They made me go to school, but I played hooky.

Even when I didn't play hooky, I'd get my ball-playing in. I remember those spring days in Dallas when it stays light pretty late, and I'd get out of school at three and head for the ball diamond. We'd play ball until the sun went down, and the streetlights would go on, and we'd keep on playing, eight, nine o'clock. Who needed supper? (And who was going to do his homework anyway?)

Those were the happiest days of my life.

I never was a big kid. But I always was good enough to play with older, bigger kids. Baseball was the only thing I've ever done well. A man's got to be able to do something well, to keep his head up. I never was good in school. But I always could hit a ball, field it, throw it.

Still, ballplaying didn't keep me out of trouble. I was always on the streets of Dallas, instead of in school, and when some kid snitched jewelry from a car, the police decided I did it. So I was arrested when I was 11 years old, but they finally believed me when I said I didn't do it. I didn't. Then they turned around and got me on a truancy rap. The next thing I knew I was sent off for six months to Gatesville Reform School, 115 miles from Dallas.

That's a long way from home for a kid.

I was treated decent at Gatesville. Let me put this down. I've never been mistreated in jail, either in reform school or county jail or city jail or the Texas state penitentiary.

One thing I learned at Gatesville. I had to obey the rules. I got up at a certain time, ate at a certain time, made my bunk a certain way. I suppose I could have rebelled. But they held a carrot in front of me. At



The day the Giants clinched the '54 pennant, Thompson, left, had three hits, Monte Irvin, right, had two and pitcher Sal Maglie, center, allowed only five hits to beat the Dodgers, 7-1. In '54, Hank had 36 RBI.

HOW I WRECKED MY LIFE— —HOW I HOPE TO SAVE IT

CONTINUED



In 1947 Hank came to the majors for the first time—with the St. Louis Browns. Only two Negroes had come to the majors ahead of him and, he says, some teammates made their prejudice against him very obvious.

Gatesville, I played on the first organized baseball team I'd ever seen. For that, I'd have swept every corridor and made every bunk.

When I got out, I had to spend a year with my father. I guess they figured it would be good discipline.

I hated it. He and I didn't get along. I cut the wood and mowed the lawn and did the dishes and didn't play ball, but it wasn't good enough for my father.

So he'd beat me.

The way he beat me was humiliating. He made me drop my pants and underpants, and he'd whip me with his belt across the bare buttocks.

I went back to live with my mother. I didn't go to school. I hung around the ballpark where the Dallas Steers played in the Texas League, and after a while I asked to throw batting practice or shag flies. They let me. Somebody saw me and asked me to play with a Negro team in Dallas, and pretty soon I was a local hotshot. On Saturday nights I'd go to dances in Dallas, and drink wine. I was 15.

Near the end of the summer of 1942, B. C. Sorrell, of the Kansas City Monarchs—one of the great Negro teams of the day—suggested I try out for the Monarchs the next spring. World War II was sucking up ballplayers. Still, I figured Sorrell was kidding, and I didn't think any more about it until early in 1943 when William Dismuske, traveling secretary of the Monarchs, wired me \$25 to get down to New Orleans for spring training.

I asked my mother if I could go (it didn't matter what she said) and she said, "If you want to go, go."

I went.

In New Orleans, the Monarchs stayed at the Hotel Page. There was a bar downstairs. After workouts, the players would sit around the bar and drink beer. I hadn't graduated to hard liquor, but I found you get a good buzz on from five or six beers.

It was a fast life. Satchel Paige was on that Monarch team. So were Buck O'Neil, Willard Brown—later he and I would go up to the major leagues, together—and Connie Johnson. They were grown men, and they acted like men. And I tried to act like them.

I was 17.

I played right field for the Monarchs that first year, and I batted .280-.285. I figured next year, when I knew the pitchers better, I'd have an even bigger year.

There was no next year in baseball for me. I was drafted into the Army in March of 1944, and I got out on June 20, 1946. Once again I found an institution where you were supposed to obey the rules. It wasn't easy. Once I got word from one of my sisters that her baby had died. I asked permission to go to the funeral. My commanding officer turned me down. I went anyway. I was AWOL for two days. I got bawled out, but that was all. I began to drink whisky in the service. I'd go into town and buy rotgut, \$7 a pint, \$12 a fifth. In Little Rock a bunch of us got drunk and got into a fight, and I ended up in the stockade overnight.

I learned to handle a gun in the Army. I shipped overseas with the 1695th Combat Engineers, as a machine gunner. We were in the Battle of the Bulge, holding a position with our .30-calibre machine guns, keeping the Germans boxed in a village. For three days I had maybe six hours sleep, total. But the Germans finally surrendered, some 3000 of them.

If there was a moment in my life I did something for society, that was it. But you can't make three good days balance off the rest of a man's life.

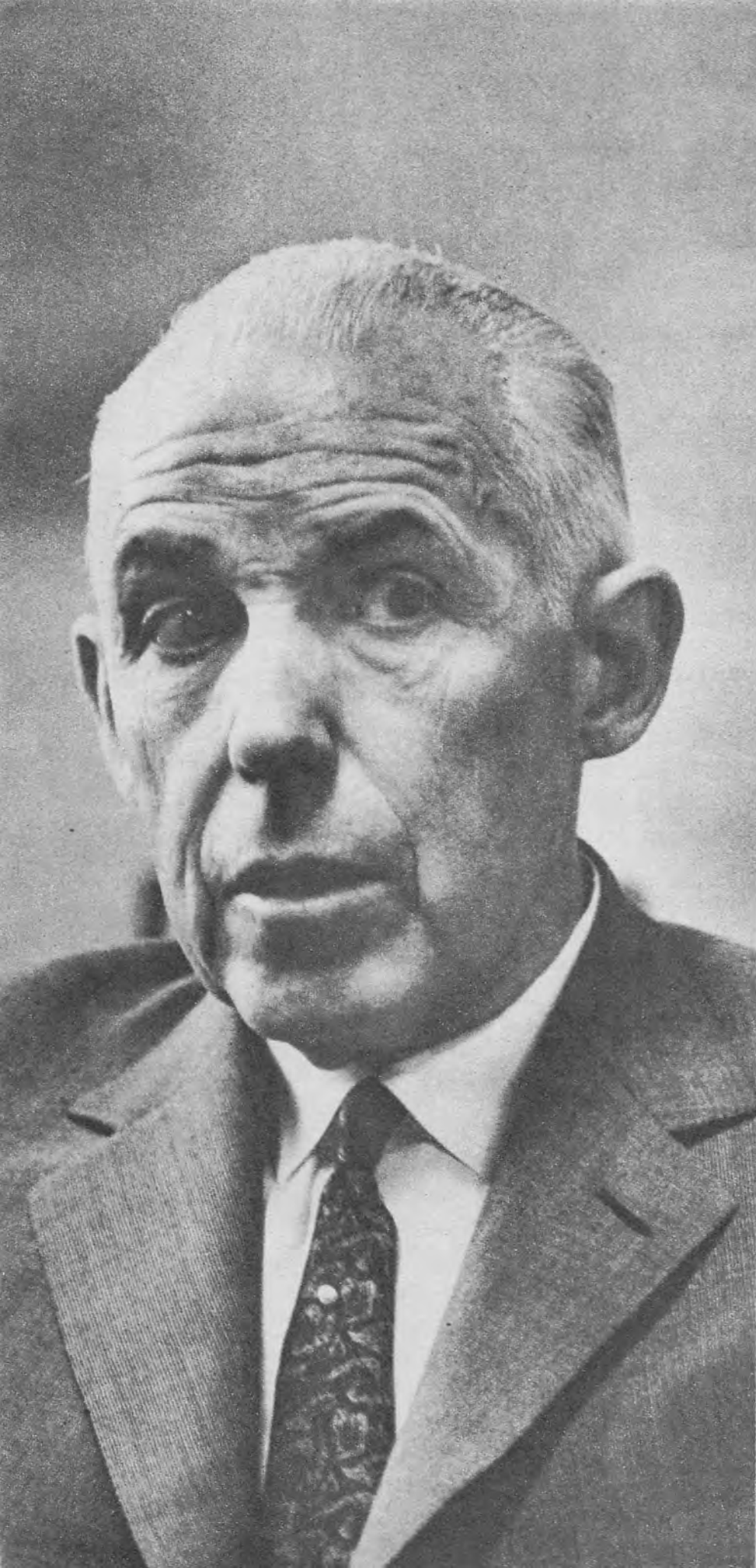
I got out of service—a sergeant—in June of '46, and rejoined the Monarchs. We won the pennant in the west, but in the playoffs the Newark Eagles beat us, four games to three. A couple of guys in the Newark lineup could hit the ball. Monte Irvin and Larry Doby.

Then I had myself a ball. I joined up with Satch Paige and other Negro players, to barnstorm against a handpicked major-league team, headed by Bob Feller. This was the gravy train. My share was \$7500 for 17 days' work. Actually we played more than 17 games. We'd play a game in New York in the afternoon, and one at night in Baltimore. Each team had a private plane. Segregated luxury!

That winter I played ball in (—→ TO PAGE 95)



"I'm the one who kicked society in the teeth, and maybe you won't believe me—but it's the truth—I'm glad society has started to pay me back. I hope to God I'm not the same man. You might say the count on me is two strikes. I've got one swing left."



SOUND OFF!

CLARENCE CAMPBELL:

A HARD LOOK AT THE CHANGES IN HOCKEY

*The NHL president
talks back to his critics
here. He defends
and explains the league's
expansion format,
he discusses other important,
major controversies*

By STAN FISCHLER

UNTIL RECENTLY, the National Hockey League had been known as the square league of professional sports. Despite unbelievable attendance figures (teams play to an average of 94 percent of their seating capacity), despite being limited to a relatively small area between New York and Chicago, despite the growing popularity of the sport all over the United States, the six-team NHL had refused to consider expansion. Then last winter, the "Young Turk" element of the Board of Directors pushed through legislation which opened the way for a new six-team division. Finally, big-league hockey seemed ready to catch up to its rival sports, which have made expansion the hallmark of the Sixties.

Clarence Sutherland Campbell has been president of the NHL since

SPORT

1946. Before that he was a referee, Rhodes scholar and Nuremberg Trial prosecutor. In his 19 years as head of the league he has been involved in many controversies and many crises. He has not always been a popular figure but even his severest critics agree that he has ruled hockey firmly and well.

President Campbell has held contrary opinions on expansion. First he was against it, then he was for it. Now it is his duty to blueprint the most ambitious and most revolutionary project in the history of the NHL. How will he do it? How also will he deal with such other major problems as rule changes, referee-baiting, and challenges from the Russians? We asked Clarence Campbell if he would be willing to answer all the hard questions dealing with these problems. He said he would, with no ground rules, no restrictions. We set up the tape recorder and went to it:

Fischler:

Mr. Campbell, how soon can NHL expansion take place?

Campbell:

The deadline for expansion under our present plan is 1968 and, quite frankly, I believe it will take that long to get the buildings and organization in shape. It's possible it will take place a year sooner, but not sooner than that. The condition is that we get six acceptable cities, properly equipped. As of now, that is a minimum requirement.



Fischler:

How many applicants do you have now?

Campbell:

We have six, for sure, and in all probability we'll soon have eight or nine. We should keep in mind there is no deadline for applications. We don't shut the door at any particular time. If we find there is a favorable development a year from now we might

very well turn to it than to one we receive in the next month or so.

Fischler:

Which cities rank one-two as the most likely to enter the expanded NHL?

Campbell:

The cities which are best prepared at the moment are Los Angeles and St. Louis because they have buildings that could accommodate NHL teams. And they are major-league cities.

Fischler:

Which other cities are likely candidates?

Campbell:

If you're going to expand to the West Coast then San Francisco would be a logical choice. It has two buildings—the Cow Palace, which has the possibilities for internal conversion adaptable to hockey, and the new Oakland Community Project, a 14,000-seat building, and a very up-to-date structure. It will be finished sometime in 1966. Then, there's a strong movement for major-league hockey in the



Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Their experience in baseball and football seems to indicate that hockey is possible at the major-league level even if it isn't at the minor-league level. A logical addition in the West because it has a great tradition, a wonderful record for sports support is Vancouver. Also it has been pledged \$5,000,000 in funds for a new building and we have people who are interested in acquiring a franchise who would be prepared to take up debenture bonds or whatever is necessary to build the building properly. Then there's the further possibility of expansion into the Southern clime with a brand-new building going up in San Diego having 13,000 or 14,000 seats.



Fischler:

Why do you want the six new teams in a division of their own?

Campbell:

The new clubs, handicapped as they will be, should be in a division by themselves initially. This is very important. If you're going to attempt to add two or three or four new teams, or by some method mix them up with new clubs, you'll insure the failure of your experiment from the start. All you have to do is look at the standings in baseball to demonstrate that this is true.

Fischler:

What kind of playoff system would you have?

Campbell:

That's a matter of some uncertainty. I would think they primarily will be within the two divisions first and then an ultimate playoff between the winners of the two divisions. That's the way I visualize it at the present time.

Fischler:

Under that system the winner of the new division's playoff is likely to be slaughtered by the winner from the present league?

Campbell:

This could happen. I think in all likelihood there would be a notable disparity in ability in the first year. But, with a little bit of luck one team in the new division might develop faster than the others and prove to be a worthy competitor. We have seen that in the American Football League where certain teams have developed so fast they would be fair competition for teams in the National Football League. It's possible that such a development will occur with the new division so it wouldn't be so imbalanced after all.

Fischler:

Will there be any regular season inter-league games between teams in the two divisions?

Campbell:

Yes. There will be a minimum of two games each at home and two away. In other words, Chicago would host Los Angeles twice in Chicago and would visit Los Angeles twice. Instead of our present system of seven home and seven away games, teams in our present division would play five at home and five away within that division.

(—> TO PAGE 90)

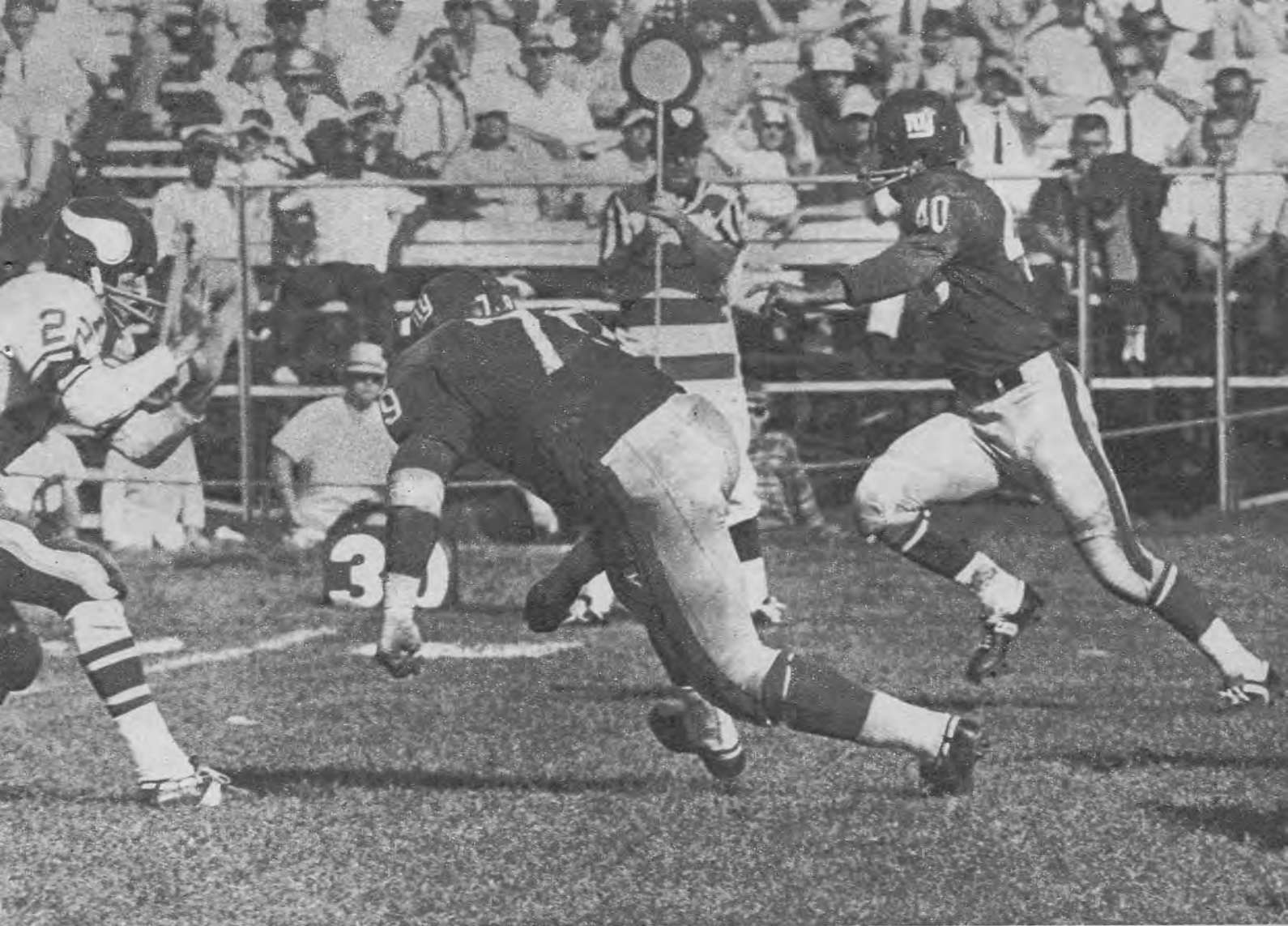
THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, NO. 15

Rosey Brown, Offensive Tackle

He came into pro football unscouted and unheard of, a 27th draft choice who seemed to have little chance of making good. He went on to become an All-Pro at his position, a position talked about in detail here

By Harold Rosenthal





Protecting the passer, *left*, or blocking downfield, *above*, Brown, No. 79, moves with knowledge, skill and instinct.

Photos by Pat Hall

THEY DON'T COME like Rosey Brown any more, at least they don't come to training camp the way he did a dozen years ago. The scene was the campus of Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota, where the New York Football Giants (you had to distinguish then because there were also the New York Baseball Giants) were getting ready for the 1953 season. Onto the scene stepped rookie Roosevelt Brown, dressed in a neat dark suit, white shirt with winged collar and dark fedora. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and carried a suitcase under one arm. Under the other he carried a tightly rolled umbrella.

"He carried that rolled-up umbrella around with him all weekend," says Emlen Tunnell, then a Giant player and now a Giant coach. "I didn't know whether he was a football player or not."

Neither did Steve Owen, then the Giants' head coach. But Brown was 6-3, weighed 245 pounds and had a 29-inch waist, so Owen had to find out. He matched the rookie offensive lineman against Arnie Weinmeister, a mountain of a man who was rated the best defensive tackle in football.

"Steve put him on Weinmeister," says Tunnell, "and Weinmeister almost killed him. Rosey kept going after him even though he couldn't see straight any more and when it was all over he took

a couple of laps around the field. Boy, was he green!"

Just how green Rosey Brown actually was, no one really knew at the time. He was a 19-year-old graduate of Morgan State and he had made the long train trip from his home in Charlottesville, Virginia, wearing the suit his mother had given him as a graduation present. She had also given him a shoebox jammed with food for the trip; none of that train-eating for her son, Roosevelt.

Not that he could have afforded train-eating. "I had ten dollars for the trip," Brown remembers, "five that my mother gave me, five from the Giants. When the porter came around saying it was dinner-time, I said I wasn't hungry. Then I'd climb up into my berth and eat some of the stuff from the shoebox."

Had some Pullman conductor swung the curtains aside on the picture of a 240-pound football player lunching in an upper berth, it could have shocked him right out from under his hard hat.

But Rosey was even greener than that. Recently, while watching television in a Dallas hotel room, he recalled his rookie season. One-dimensional heroes were rising to the occasion, and evil was getting its due come-uppance on "Gun Fight at the OK Corral" as he spoke. He (→ TO PAGE 92)



After years of experience it's easy to prepare for a Michigan-Ohio State game, *below*: boots, stadium blankets, pipe, and, of course, chrysanthemums for the ladies. Preparations by the State team last year also included a defense to stop Bob Timberlake, *rolling out at left*. But the Michigan quarterback still accounted for all the scoring on a touchdown pass, the PAT and a field goal.





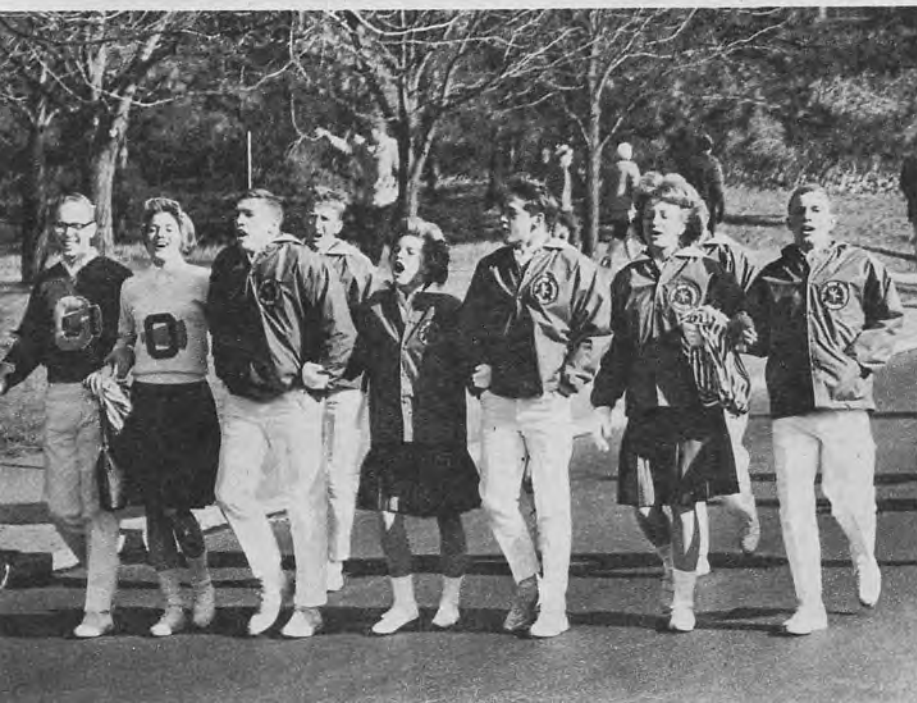
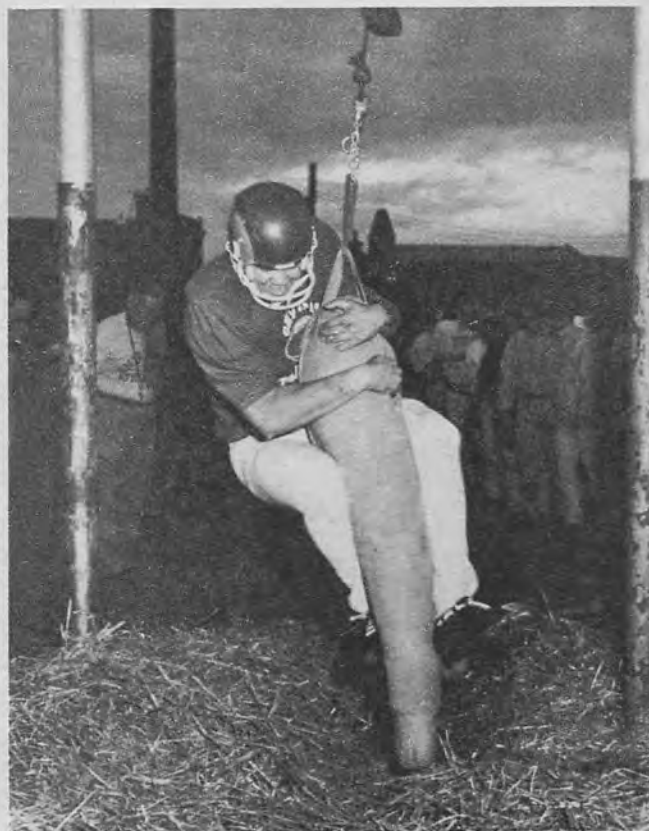
OPERATION HARD NOSE

Photos by Malcolm Emmons

AN OHIO STATE-Michigan football game is not for the meek. Now in its 62nd year, the rivalry traditionally features frigid weather and boiling tempers. It is the last game on the schedule for both teams and is always sold out in mid-summer, long before it's known whether anything besides pride will be at stake. Last year, in the game shown on these pages, the winner stood to gain a lot: a Big Ten title and a Rose Bowl trip.

Tickets were scalped for up to \$100 a pair and a crowd of 84,685 jammed the horseshoe stadium in Columbus. It was no place to be neutral. Ohio State fans sang "We Don't Give a Damn for the Whole State of Michigan." Michigan fans had their own lyrics; they also ended up singing loudest and longest as the Wolverines won, 10-0. Like all Michigan-OSU games, it was a bitter, bruising battle—hard nose college football.

State's All-America defensive back Arnie Chonko, *right*, smashes into a tackling dummy in the traditional Senior Tackle ceremonies the day before the Michigan game. If any fan happens to need firing up, the Ohio State cheerleaders, *below*, or the Michigan Marching Band, *above left*, are sure to do the job. Sometimes the bandsmen feel as though they've been in as big a battle as the football players. A few years ago the Michigan band voted not to travel to Columbus rather than go through the unpleasantries of a preceding trip when instruments were bent and caps snatched off their owners' heads by a few excitable Ohio State partisans.



OPERATION HARD NOSE

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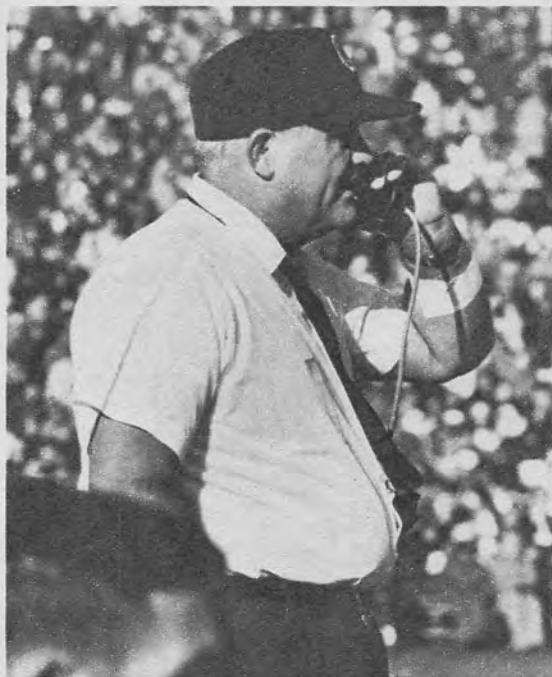


Functional protection against an icy wind.



Ohio State halfback Tom Barrington, No. 25, gained some yardage, right, but most of the time OSU's running attack was stopped by big Michigan linemen like Arnie Simkus, No. 70, and Bill Yearby, No. 75, above. An Ohio State-Michigan game is often settled by the defenses and the '64 battle was typical.





The weather bureau viewed the '64 game with 20-20 vision: 20 degrees, 20 mph wind. It mattered little to OSU coach Woody Hayes, *above left*, who is partial to short-sleeve shirts. "If he can do it," said Michigan offensive line coach Tony Mason, *above right*, "so can I." Michigan head coach Bump Elliott, *next to Mason*, understandably preferred his comfort. After the game Michigan full-back Mel Anthony, *right*, danced with a rose in his teeth. The roses were sent by Michigan coeds and hidden by equipment managers until after the game. Symbolically, Anthony scored three touchdowns in the Rose Bowl. These are the nice things that sometimes happen when Operation Hard Nose is a success.



The Pete Rose Formula

Everyone knows by now that the Reds' second-baseman is called "Charley Hustle." This is a report on why Charley hustles

By Vic Ziegel

Color by Malcolm Emmons



PETE ROSE reached into the bowl for a piece of sugarless chewing gum. At least, it looked like sugarless chewing gum.

"Look," Rose said, dropping the gum on the floor. "This is first base."

Now, Rose was reaching into a locker and his fingers curled around a full cup of soda. At least, it looked like a full cup of soda.

"And this," Rose said, moving the cup to the left of the sugarless first base, "is gonna be second." Rose drew a line a few inches to the right of the full cup of second base. He shook his head and drew another line closer to the cup.

"See that," he said, looking up to make sure a reporter knew what was going on, "that's where Maz plays. He plays everybody almost up the middle. I think I'm gonna start doing that, too."

Pete Rose, emerging student of the game of baseball, began truly conquering his subject in 1965. If the Cincinnati Reds had won the '65 pennant, he might have been picked as the League's most valuable player. If the Cincinnati Reds had won the '64 pennant, he might have been praised, at best, as one of the men who had helped make it possible.

Everyone knows about Rose. He dives into second base on simple force plays. He (→ TO PAGE 86)

Swinging a bat or diving for a ball in the field, Pete Rose plays full fury. He learned his formula from his father: "My father watches football, he gets mad everytime they call a fair catch."

SPORT



JOHNNYGUN

John Havlicek's style has earned him a colorful nickname. It has also kept Boston on top in the NBA

By ROY McHUGH

Color by Malcolm Emmons

JOHN HAVLICEK is Red Auerbach's kind of basketball player, the very prototype of a Boston Celtic. "He comes off the bench," says Auerbach enthusiastically, "and he shoots, shoots, shoots."

Auerbach, unbathed in mystique, has a simple approach to the game. The most successful of coaches—his Celtics have been champions of the National Basketball Association for the last seven years—he is also the most permissive. Indeed, permissive may be too bland a word. Auerbach is aggressively permissive. "Don't let them insult you," he once said to Havlicek. "Take your shots even when you're missing."

So Havlicek follows orders. Now in his fourth year with the Celtics, he's a wavy-haired, slant-eyed, spindly-legged concentration of energy, tall enough at 6-5 to play forward and quick enough at 205 pounds to play guard. Auerbach uses him as a swing man and a sixth man. "When the club isn't going good," Auerbach says, "you need a fast, hustling kid to put in there." Havlicek is a fast, hustling kid. And he shoots, shoots, shoots.

But shooting—shooting from the hip—is an offense against the inculcated morality of basketball and you hear it said in the NBA that Havlicek has no conscience. "He'll be going down the floor on a fast break," objects a scandalized believer in self-sacrifice, "and if the defense is back, he stops and fires a 30-foot jump shot." When the Celtics played the Cincinnati Royals last February 5, Havlicek, in 37 minutes, scored 38 points, 30 on field goals. He did it by taking 42 shots. No Celtic before him, not Tommy Heinsohn nor Sam Jones nor Bob Cousy nor Bill Sharman, ever took more than 39 shots in one game. (—→ TO PAGE 79)



DRESSED RIGHT FOR SPORT RON HUNT

The New York Mets' all-star second-baseman shows off the latest in winter styles. But wherever Hunt is, a bat is close by, too

PHOTOS BY BUD GUYON

SUMMER is Ron Hunt's time of year. That is, he earns his living when the sun is hot and the grass is green and the sport holding everybody's attention is baseball. He is, of course, the multi-skilled second-baseman of the New York Mets, the best player the club has ever had. Though the summers by and large have been sad for the Mets, Hunt has helped sprinkle in some happy moments.

Winters, Ron Hunt relaxes. And the photos on these pages show Ron Hunt and teenager Doug Donovan dressed for a relaxing weekend of winter sport and socializing.



Above, Ron wears a hooded "animal" coat of rugged pile, quilt-lined with Kodel fiberfill, GOLDEN FLEECE. Doug wears Orlon-wool sportcoat from P&S Clothes by PICARIELLO, Oxford shirt by ROB ROY, designer tie in Creslan by ANGELO LITRICO. Both wear durable press trousers of Zantrel rayon blend, MASTER TROUSER. Right, Laplander boots by B.F. GOODRICH, hose by ESQUIRE SOCKS.





Left, Doug wears ROB ROY velour shirt, Ron wears BRENTWOOD shirt, sportcoat of Orlon and wool by PRO, UNLTD. Chukka boots by THOM McAN, hose by ESQUIRE SOCKS. Below, ski-pajamas by WELDON, cushioned-sole Jiffies by ESQUIRE SOCKS, madras-bagged shoe-shine kit and paisley wallet by CANTERBURY, ice skates by MAC GREGOR, baseball gear, RAWLINGS, Old Spice Lime Cologne and After Shave Gift Set, SHULTON.





RON HUNT *continued*

Above, Doug and Ron wear the hottest thing in year-round sports slacks—the new white jeans by WRANGLER. These come with big, bold belts and are worn real low-down. Doug's snap-fastened split cowhide jacket with sherpa-type lining is by GOLDEN FLEECE, his waterproof pull-on-boots by B.F. GOODRICH. Ron's weather-proof foam-backed cardigan sweater of Kodel and wool is by BRENTWOOD. Right, for relaxation, the footwear with the white slacks: comfortable brushed pigskin Possums by THOM McAN, the footwear with the dark slacks: THOM McAN's calfskin Hi-Loafers. Socks: BURLINGTON's Top Brass, made of Orlon and nylon.





Left, Hunt is wearing new Henley-styled sweatshirt and corduroy durable press trousers. Doug has on regulation-style sweatshirt and crisp pair of reverse twist durable press slacks. Both the sweatshirts are of Creslan and cotton by BASSETT WALKER. Doug's "Stag" slacks of Orlon and Avril and Ron's Trimcuts of Kodel and cotton corduroy are Sta-Prest by LEVI STRAUSS. Below, Ron pins "Greatest Athlete" medal (by CANTERBURY) on Doug. Ron wears an Indian madras shirt and Doug wears a zipped-up corduroy turtleneck pullover, both by KAYNEE Honor Man. Both wear slim-cut Continental trousers with looped waistbands, Western pockets. They're Press-Free of Zatrell rayon blend by H.I.S.

ALL PICTURES TAKEN AT ONCHIOTA CONFERENCE CENTER AT STERLING FOREST, TUXEDO, NEW YORK





*Jim Brown and then
Ernie Davis wore uniform
No. 44 at Syracuse.
The man wearing it now is
in their tradition*

FLOYD LITTLE'S GIFT

By LARRY FELSER

Color by Malcolm Emmons

MANLEY FIELD HOUSE is the center of Syracuse University's athletic activities. Tucked away in a remote corner of the campus, it has all the charm of an atomic reactor. The lobby conveys the warmth of a cargo plane; the corridors are early Pentagon. And the mood of the various coaches and office workers gives the impression that college athletics can be a grim business.

One rainy afternoon last June, a secretary turned away from a pile of press releases on her desk to contemplate the gloom outside.

"Go ahead," said a voice from the doorway. "Get outta here. Take the rest of the afternoon off."

As he talked, Floyd Little smiled. So did the secretary. A bit of brightness amid the gloom. Floyd Little, who last year was the best sophomore football player in the school's history, brightens many days for the athletic-oriented at Syracuse.

Ben Schwartzwalder, the school's football coach, walked into the room. He fingered a key hanging from an orange ribbon around Floyd Little's size-17 neck.

"This the key to the city?" Schwartzwalder asked.

"Yuh, yuh," said Little with a chuckle.

"More than they ever gave me around here," said Schwartzwalder.

Val Pinchbeck, Jr., sports publicity director, explained to a visitor that the ornament was the Orange Key, symbol of the junior men's honor society. "As far as I know only about a dozen are awarded to sophomores," he said. "It's a Big Man on Campus thing for combined achievements."

An assistant coach, Joe Szombathy, entered the office. "We're going to run the highlight film," he was told.

"Floyd come to see the Kansas game?" asked Szombathy.

Little and the coaches laughed. The Kansas game was Little's one-man show.

The film projector was snapped on and the action of the Kansas game flashed on the screen. Though Kansas halfback Gayle Sayers had received most of the pre-game interest, he was hardly prominent in the film. Little was. In the first quarter, Little went around left end from the Kansas 19. He got a block

at the line of scrimmage, faked to the outside, cut to the middle, brushed off a tackler and was in the end zone.

A dozen frames later he was off again, this time for 55 yards. He started off tackle, then funneled up the middle, bouncing from defender to defender across the goal line.

"I think if you ran the play back slowly," said Ted Dailey, the defensive line coach, "you'll find about 11 Kansas players either had a hand off him or a chance to tackle him."

Syracuse got close to the goal again and Little scored from a yard out. Later, Little scored from the three. Sayers was just another anonymous Jayhawk by the time Floyd scored his fifth touchdown, climaxing the most dramatic debut anyone had ever made in the Syracuse stadium. Scoring No. 5, Little went off tackle from the 15. Three steps beyond scrimmage he seemed to list to his right, like an overburdened sailboat. He glided into a group of defenders. Off one, off another. Acceleration. End zone. Syracuse won, 38-8.

The film rolled on. Holy Cross fell, 34-8. UCLA was shut out, 39-0, with Floyd racing 91 yards for the longest punt return in Syracuse history. Penn State lost, 21-14.

George Fair, Syracuse's best defensive end, walked into the room. He waved his hand in disgust and turned to leave as he heard the Oregon State game was to be shown.

"Nothin' to see in that besides Floyd's run," Fair said over his shoulder. Oregon State had won, 31-13.

"Here it comes," said Dailey.

Syracuse broke from the huddle. There was a closeup of Little getting into his stance. From the waist down, because of incredibly bowed legs, he resembled a wishbone. Wally Mahle, Syracuse quarterback, took the snap, straightened up and lobbed a pass about five yards over the middle to Little. Both sides of the Oregon State defense collapsed on Little as he cut down the center of the field. The run was restricted to a path no more than ten yards between the waves of tacklers. It looked like the wagon-train boss running a Sioux gantlet in an Alan Ladd western. The Beaver safeties appeared to close the gap at the 20-yard line. But there was the acceleration again. Then the end zone. (→ TO PAGE 31)



Color by Fred Kaplan

Joe Bellino's Struggle

Fred Kaplan

The Navy star had been away from football for years and was now getting a pro tryout. But his uppermost thoughts weren't about himself

By Al Hirshberg

THE DAY was steaming and the little room at Andover Academy, where the Boston Patriots were training, was like a Turkish bath. Hands clasped behind his head, Joe Bellino lay in shorts on sweat-soaked sheets, talking in a voice slightly hoarse from the last stages of a summer cold. His eyes, blue as the sea he had just left, reflected the troubles that had dogged him in the few weeks since he'd finished his Navy hitch and joined the Patriots.

"Some people say I can't make it," he said softly. "They say I'm too old and too small, that I've been away from football too long."

Bellino is 27, 5-9 and 185 pounds. Except for a couple of semi-pro games while home on leave in 1963, he hadn't touched a football in five years. In 1960, he'd won the Heisman Trophy as the best player in college football, he'd been an All-America halfback at Navy, he'd been the star of the '61 Orange Bowl. But that was simply history.

"O.K.," he said. "So I'm no kid. And no giant. And five years away from football."

He unclasped his hands and sat up. He shifted his phenomenally muscled legs, spread one hand wide, so the thumb and forefinger almost formed a straight line, then pressed hard on one leg just above the knee. There was no give, no dimple, not even a dent. He looked up.

"I'm not worried about my legs," he said. "All I have to know is if I can do the things I used to do, start fast, stop, dodge, cut, turn, twist, fake."

"Can you?" I asked.

"I think so. It's hard to tell. So much has happened. So much is happening."

He shrugged, and spread his hands wide.

"I should concentrate on football," he said. "But I keep thinking of my wife—and wondering—and worrying—"



Bellino, catching a pass in practice, above, was used as a flanker by the Patriots at first, then was switched to running back. "I'm primarily a running back," Joe said.

Joe Bellino's Struggle

continued

Fred Kaplan



Joe showed speed running for passes, right, and dedication listening to Holovak, left.

Bellino's pregnant wife, Ann, was in and out of the Boston Lying-In Hospital while doctors tried to save the baby that was due. The couple had one child, but a second had been still-born and there were doubts about the one coming because of the Rh negative blood factor. Injections, transfusions of the fetus and other treatment had transformed Mrs. Bellino's pregnancy from a happy hope for the future into a nightmare of pain and discomfort and apprehension.

It was all written on Joe's features that stifling day at Andover as we sat in his cubicle after practice. His face was clouded, his eyes half-closed, his mouth turned down at the edges. When he smiled it was with the sadness of resignation, not the joy of good humor, a quick, mirthless fleeting smile, a facial characteristic rather than the expression of a mood.

There was no happiness in Joe Bellino that day, and there would be no happiness in Joe Bellino for a good many days to come. The troubles of his wife at home in nearby Winchester were foremost in his mind, but he had other burdens to carry then, too.

Making the ballclub, for example.

"Football is my business now," he said. "And no man wants to be a business failure. I didn't sign with the Patriots as an experiment. I came to play."

When Willie Mays was a rookie, his manager, Leo Durocher, said of him: "He come to play." Now, Bellino had come to play. The difference was that Mays had everything going for him and Bellino had so much going against him. His age. His long absence from football. His worries. Nagging little injuries that kept him from going at top speed. Precedence.

Glenn Davis, Army's Heisman Trophy winner, tried pro football after serving his military stretch. He had a good year with the Los Angeles Rams in 1950, slipped badly in 1951 and dropped out of pro football in 1952. Bob Anderson, a brilliant Army halfback who once played against Bellino, tried it. After three years in the service Anderson signed with the New York Giants. But he had a bad knee and didn't even come close to making it. There were others, too.

"I don't think of the men who failed," Bellino said. "What happened to them has nothing to do with me. I think only of myself."

"What about injuries?" I asked.

Bellino had reported to the Patriots with a sore arch on one foot. It had hampered him during the first week of practice, then, after a good week of workouts he had hurt a hamstring muscle. That had kept him off the field a week and a half and threatened to keep him off longer.

"The injuries will heal," he said. "They're annoying but not disastrous. The big question is if I can help this team, and where."

"Where do you think you can help most?"

"I'm primarily a running back," Bellino said, "but it's not for me to decide where I can help most. That's up to Mike Holovak. He's trying to put a big-league football team together, and I want to be a part of it. But I don't know how long he'll go along with me. He's been very understanding so far, but I haven't been able to do much. If I don't produce soon I can't blame him for giving up on me. Outside of my wife's condition, that's my biggest worry right now."

(—> TO PAGE 94)

THE SPORT BONUS REPORT

COACH'S CORNER

By **HARLAND SVARE**

Head Coach, Los Angeles Rams



How do you protect the passer?

In setting up protection for the passer in professional football, we feel we have $3\frac{1}{2}$ seconds to get the pass off. That's cutting it fine, to be sure, but you have to do just that. There is not much margin for error in this game. The receivers have to have time to run their patterns, but once they have run them, the passer has got to get the ball to them. From four seconds on, the defensive linemen are going to be in on the passer and the defensive backs are going to catch up to the receivers.

Let's make one thing clear at the beginning. I believe in a passer throwing from out of the pocket, the so-called "cup." If the passer has good protection, he can scan the whole field and he can throw properly.

In our system, every man has an assignment. We put big men on big men. Our two tackles and guards take the defensive ends and tackles. We try to force the ends wide, to make them rush in a wide circle. We try to con-

tain the tackles on the line. Our center has to take the middle linebacker if he rushes or stand firm to shore up the front part of the pocket if the linebacker doesn't rush. Usually, two of our backs take the other two linebackers. If one of the backs has to go downfield as a receiver, our tight end has to take the linebacker. No one should be caught napping by a "red-dog" rush. Every man has an assignment. If the linebackers don't rush, we ask our backs to get out of there and they become potential "safety-valve" pass-receivers. We tried holding them in to bolster the pocket, but they just got in the way of the linemen.

The secret to successful pass-protection is hitting the defensive man quickly, keeping your feet and staying with them. The most important thing is quickness. The blocker has to hit the man in front of him to break up his momentum. You have to pick up the red-dogging linebackers as close to the line of scrimmage as possible. Years ago, the blockers planted their feet and waited for the rushers. The rushers ran right over them. Now, the blocker knows he has to pop him quick. These aren't blocks in which you try to knock a man down because you can't afford to gamble and let him get by you. These are blocks in which you try to impede the rusher and ride him out of the play.

The cup is formed naturally. As the blockers hold the rushers out and force them wide, the quarterback drifts back and plants his back foot at eight yards. As the defenders begin to break loose and circle in at the quarterback from behind, he steps up one stride into the pocket that has been shaped. Here's where size helps. The tackles hung up on the line throw up their arms. When you have big, tall rushers as we do, the quarterback has trouble seeing the downfield situation. He has to find a receiver and then find a channel, an opening in the line, through which to throw. We don't want our quarterbacks to be thrown, to have to "eat the ball," unless it's unavoidable. We prefer that they throw the ball away or hand it off to someone. No one likes the long loss. And no one wants a bruised-up quarterback.

Talk To The STARS

PHIL RIZZUTO: How would you compare the New York Yankees' infield of 1965 with the infield of 1950?

—Roger Lee, Spartanburg, South Carolina

RIZZUTO: It is difficult for me to compare the Yankee infield of 1950 with that of today. In the first place, I was part of that 1950 infield along with Gerry Coleman, Johnny Mize, Billy Johnson and others and that could make me a little prejudiced and, in the second place, the 1965 infield wasn't always intact. Trying to be objective about the whole thing, I would say that the 1950 infield had an edge at bat while the present infield has a defensive edge. I mean, of course, when the present infield is Pepitone, Kubek, Richardson and Boyer. When the 1965 infield is intact, I don't think I've ever seen a better defensive unit. Boyer, of course, is perhaps the best third-baseman I have ever seen and that is where the present quartet takes the edge on the 1950 infield. If you are talking only about the defensive abilities of

Do you have a question you'd like a favorite player to answer? Send it to "Talk To The Stars," *SPORT Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

the two infields, then I would have to give the edge to the 1965 array. If you include hitting as well as defense, I think it would be fair if I said they were equal.

DAVE DE BUSSCHERE: How would you compare the mental and physical pressures endured by a professional basketball player to the pressures endured by a major-league pitcher?

—Denis Gibbons, Acton, Ontario, Canada

DE BUSSCHERE: You have a different kind of strain with the two games. In basketball, it's more strenuous; it's harder on you physically. This is because of all the running up and down the court and because of the body contact. The danger of injury is greater. But the pressure in baseball wears on you mentally; it builds on you over the season. And for a pitcher, playing every fourth day, preparing is more of a mental pressure. You have to concentrate on getting yourself up for the one game in four you play.

Inside FACTS *By Allan Roth*

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL of the nine National Basketball Association coaches, Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics, is the only one who never performed in the league as a player. . . . Blanton Collier, coach of the Cleveland Browns, is one of the three National Football League head coaches who did not play pro ball (Wally Lemm of St. Louis and Vince Lombardi of Green Bay are the others).

Lionel Taylor of the Denver Broncos is the only pass-receiver in the history of pro football who has had more than two 75-reception seasons, performing this feat in each of the last five years, with totals of 92, 100, 77, 78 and 76. . . . The only player in NFL history to catch at least 75 passes in two different seasons was Tom Fears of the Los Angeles Rams, with 77 in 1949 and 84 in 1950. . . . Charlie Hennigan has had two 75-reception years in the AFL for the Houston Oilers, with 82 and 101 catches in 1961 and 1964.

With Wilt Chamberlain leading the NBA in scoring in each of the last six seasons,

usually by a run-away margin, the chief interest in the scoring race has been to see who would be the runner-up. . . . Five different players have finished in the No. 2 spot, behind Wilt, as follows, starting with the 1959-60 season: Jack Twyman, Elgin Baylor, Walt Bellamy, Oscar Robertson and Jerry West. . . . Chamberlain's smallest margin was 242 points over West last year, and his biggest was 1534 over Bellamy in 1961-62.

In his previous nine NFL seasons, Johnny Unitas has never led the league in the passing ratings or in percentage of completions, and he finished in the runner-up spot only once in each department, in 1963. . . . He is the only regular NFL quarterback who has completed at least 50 percent of his passes in every one of his pro seasons.

Oscar Robertson has shown remarkable consistency in most departments in his five NBA seasons. . . . He has finished second once and third four times in the scoring race, with yearly averages of 30.5—30.8—28.3—31.4—30.4, for a 30.3 lifetime average. . . .

Fan Club Spotlight is on page 6

STRENGTH is probably the most important thing a pivot man can have going for him today. I say it's 70 percent of it. Sometimes a boy who is a skinny 6-8 will be an All-America in college and won't be able to cut it in the pros. Strength is usually the answer. If you want to be a pivot man these days, or even a forward or corner man, you'd better bring a good set of muscles with you.

The emergence over the past ten years of men who are not only tall but tremendously strong has completely changed pivot play in basketball. The old, classic concept of the pivot man is gone. It's no longer possible to come out in the high post, the area above the foul line, take a pass from one of the guards and then have them split off you. If they got inside they'd probably have the shot shoved back down their throats by one of those giants underneath.

So we play it altogether differently. We work set plays with picks and screens, but at the same time we are always at liberty to free lance if the opportunity presents itself. When our guards bring the ball up court, I wait low, or near the basket, on the side opposite the ball. That's so I'll have room to break toward the ball and take a pass. We're always looking for a situation where we'll get a smaller man on us.

My own best offense is based on moving—short, quick moves inside that will give me a step on the man playing me. If they can get the ball in to me on the pivot—and if I have that step on my man—I can either stop and take a ten- or 12-foot jump shot or drive on my man.

These are the two basic shots for today's NBA pivot man—the jump or the drive and stuff. It may look as if we're showboating when we stuff the ball in the basket. I suppose there is an element of showmanship in it, but the real purpose of it is to make sure the ball gets through that maze of arms around the basket. If you put the ball up in the air around Bill Russell, for example, there's a good chance he'll block it. That's why we stuff.

The hook shot is nowhere near the dominant factor in the NBA that it was in college. The way the pros sag on defense—drop off their own men to help out in the middle—and as big as all the men on the front line are today, they'll block that shot on you, so you have to more or less refrain from shooting the hook in the pros, although I do use a sweeping hook where you take an extra step to get open and then sweep the ball with you toward the basket.

The important thing to remember is that you never play the pivot the same way twice in a row in the NBA. The kind of moves I use to get open depend on whom I'm playing against. And—this may surprise you—nobody plays you the same way every night. They work variations off the fundamental principles.

The fundamental principles of defense are the same, of course, in the NBA as anywhere else. You try to stay between your man and the basket, stay aggressive and use your size to advantage. I weigh 240 pounds and I need every ounce of it to survive—offensively or defensively—the way they play the pivot in the NBA today.



HOW TO PLAY THE PIVOT

By
WALT BELLAMY



TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH

A KID WITH A KICK

RIVALRY AND COMPETITION have always been major components of the rapid world of William Walker Jr. When Bill was in grade school, he would run in the snow against his classmates and win "about three quarters of the time."

His record has improved. At the rate Bill is traveling now he soon may find his only competition to be that immutable rival—the clock. As a senior at Dwight Morrow High School in Englewood, New Jersey, track-team captain Walker is rated the top scholastic sprinter on the East Coast, and before the year is out he could be the best in the country—at any level.

His climb into big-time competition began when he was in the seventh grade. Running a 100-yard dash against Sam Perry, current co-holder of the indoor 60-yard record, Bill won in a sensational 9.8 seconds.

The list of sprinters he considers his rivals is impressive, and though the competition is friendly it is nevertheless fierce. Of all the rivalries, the most productive have been with Julio Meade of New York's Andrew Jackson High School, and John Moon, one of the nation's top dashmen.

The rivalry with Meade developed naturally out of the annual New York-New Jersey competition in major schoolboy meets. Meade beat Walker two straight years in the 220 in the Englewood Memorial Meet, and beat him in the same event in the Eastern States championships when both were sophomores.

Going into last year's Eastern meet, Bill established beating Meade as his only goal. "It was practically all I thought about or talked about," he says. "I went to the dentist the week before the meet to have some fillings done. He gave me gas, and when I woke up he told me that I had kept repeating, over and over: 'Beat Meade, beat Meade'."

In their previous encounters, Bill ran the 100 before the 220, while Meade competed in just the one event.

This time, however, Walker concentrated on the longer race, and in the finals, running in lanes around a curve, Bill got the best start of his life and caught Meade right out of the blocks. Bill won in 20.9 seconds, the second-fastest high school 220 in history.

The rivalry with the other fellow, Moon, began when Moon beat Walker in an invitational 100 last year. Then Moon beat him again in the New Jersey AAU indoor 60, and called Bill a young boy, up and coming, "trying to make the big time all at once." In the Jersey outdoor AAU meet, Bill got his revenge on Moon, hitting 21.5 against a strong wind to whip the older runner.

Although the sprints are his first love, Bill is a diversified runner, competing where he thinks his team needs him most. He has run the quarter-mile in 48 flat, and though he rarely practices with hurdles he has hit 14.2 for the 120 highs and 19.2 over the 180 lows.

While he is looking forward to more high-level track competition, there are other goals that occupy his mind as well. "I especially enjoy working with young boys and girls interested in track, and I would like to go into coaching as a career," he says. In addition to his training, Bill spent last summer working three days a week on a Recreation Department youth opportunity program, helping many underprivileged youngsters get acquainted with the world of track.

His parents have guided him and take an active interest in his track career. But Bill's decisions are for the most part his own. "When I was younger, my parents talked of my being a doctor or lawyer. When I told them I was interested in coaching, they said it was fine with them, as long as I would work hard for it."

The Olympics are Bill's big dream, but he feels he could enjoy track without the possibility of the Olympics. "I run for enjoyment, the way some people play checkers," he says. But few people play checkers the way Bill Walker runs.

DAVE MERKOWITZ

SPORT'S HALL OF FAME: LUCKMAN, T-FORMATION PIONEER

(Continued from page 35)
is willing to devote."

The effort Luckman put forth under Halas was impressive, yet it was only typical of the way Luckman had played the game since he was a boy. As a youngster in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, Sid didn't always have a football, so he'd substitute a tin can in his games on the asphalt streets. Soon he learned that football could be even more fun playing with a real ball on the grass in Prospect Park. Then came his days at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn where he developed into one of the most celebrated schoolboy athletes in New York City history.

He was swamped with offers from colleges all over the country, yet finally chose Columbia, a school which hadn't entered into the frantic chase. In fact, Columbia coach Lou Little had never even made the short trip from upper Manhattan to Brooklyn to see Luckman play. They met, instead, when Luckman went to Baker Field to watch Columbia practice. Little and Luckman talked for several hours that day and it was the beginning of a strong friendship.

It took courage for Sid to select Columbia, because there were certainly dozens of schools noted for more superior football. Also, Luckman knew that Columbia's commitment to academic excellence would force him to study long and hard. Sid was not a top student, so he bypassed freshman football to concentrate on his books.

It was obvious in the fall of 1936, Sid's sophomore year, that the one-season layoff hadn't affected him a bit. He became Columbia's regular left halfback and Little couldn't say enough about him. "I think he's one of the best passers in the game right now," the coach said. The next year Columbia won only two games out of nine, but there were times when Luckman was more remarkable in defeat than most players are in victory. Luckman's triple-threat skills seemed to shine even more because of his teammates' ineptitude. Army coach Gar Davidson called him "the perfect football player" after Army barely managed to avert an upset against Columbia, 21-18.

Luckman's public image was at its peak, but in private he was going through deep torment. A prosperous family trucking business was on the verge of collapse and for many weeks Sid thought seriously about leaving school. Finally he decided to stick it out—a fortunate decision for himself and for Columbia. In the first two games of his senior year Sid led the Lions to victories over Yale and Army. Against Yale he completed ten of 17 passes, including two for more than 50 yards each. He also did all the kicking and punting, played defense and ran 20 times for 103 yards.

There was a limit, however, to the miracles even Columbia's one-man team could perform. Against Syracuse the Lions were beaten, 13-12, and Luckman was outshone by Syracuse's great Wilmet Sidat-Singh. Despite all this, it was, perhaps, the most significant game of Luckman's college career. George Halas had been in the stands that day and Luckman had impressed him greatly. After

the game Halas turned to Columbia's sports publicist, Bob Harron, and said, "There's a boy I'd like to have on my club."

Harron grew excited at the prospect of Sid playing for the Bears and he wanted Halas to know that Luckman was not only a fine football player but also a poised and respectful young man. "I can only remember one time when Sid lost his head playing on this club," said Harron, "and that's something when you take the kind of weekly beating he does (Luckman had his nose broken at least three times at Columbia)."

The incident Harron had in mind occurred when Bill Crowley, an official, made a decision Luckman didn't like. Sid glared at him, muttered a few words and turned away in disgust. Immediately after the game Luckman, still in uniform, went to the officials' dressing room. "Mr. Crowley," Sid said in his soft, low voice, "I'd like to apologize for what I said."

Halas listened intently to Harron's story, deeply impressed by Luckman's deportment. "This boy's a man all the way, isn't he?" said Halas.

Luckman's apology to the official was typical, and so was his final game at Columbia: Sid was magnificent in defeat. It was Thanksgiving morning in Providence, Rhode Island, but Luckman had little to be thankful for. At the end of three quarters Columbia trailed Brown, 36-7. Then, Sid and his passing arm took charge. He threw three touchdown passes in the last 15 minutes to make at least the final score respectable. Luckman's last-ditch efforts had given him a total of 20 touchdown passes at Columbia. But he was hardly consoled by the fact as he sat in the locker room after the game. His entire body ached from the terrific pounding he had taken all season and the thought of pro football was the furthest thing from his mind. The way he felt at the moment, he would never play another game.

George Halas, however, thought differently. He wanted Luckman and made the necessary arrangements with the Pittsburgh Steelers, who would pick earlier than the Bears in the NFL draft. The Bears, instructed Halas, would give the Steelers an end, Ed Manske, in return for the Steelers' first draft choice. And the Steelers' choice, of course, had to be Luckman.

In the summer of 1939 Halas had the rights to Luckman and visited Sid at his home in Brooklyn. "He told me of his desperate need for a quarterback," recalls Luckman, "and of his conviction that I could fill the bill. Finally, I agreed to give it a try. The bumps and bruises had healed and I was starting to get the old itch again. But let's be honest. Even when I agreed to sign with Mr. Halas, who could ever have dreamed that I could have the kind of career in pro ball that I did? It would have been too fantastic!"

But "fantastic" is what it was. In his second year with the Bears, Sid led them to the Western Division title. It was the first of five under his leadership. He so quickly earned the respect of his teammates that, as columnist Jimmy Cannon wrote, "they always acted as if he was their kid brother. They considered any game



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in which his pants were dirtied to be one in which they malingered."

It's hard to imagine any team taking their football any more seriously than the Bears did during that 1940 season, but they still managed to squeeze out a few extra ounces of hatred for the NFL championship game with the Redskins on December 8. The two teams had met earlier in the year and the Redskins had won, 7-3. The Bears were angry because they felt the officials had robbed them. The Bears insisted that on the final play of the game pass interference hadn't been called on Frank Filchock of the 'Skins.

THE Redskins, led by owner George Marshall, rubbed it in. They belted "cry babies" at the Bears and also pointed to an apparent Bear weakness. "They're strictly a first-half ballclub," said Marshall. "They give up."

Halas, never a man to bottle up the latent hostilities and grudges of his boys, gave Marshall and the Redskins plenty of advertising space on the Bears' bulletin board. Every time a newspaper printed a Redskin taunt, the statement was tacked up without comment. The Bears weren't forgetting their homework, either. Halas had them watching movies of the losing game against Washington over and over again.

When they embarked for Washington they were an assemblage of grim-faced assassins. Gone was the good-natured kidding that usually accompanied such trips. "You could sense," Luckman recalls, "that something tremendous was going to happen."

It did. On the first play, Sid used a slant off tackle. He discovered that the Washington defense had remained unchanged from the first Bear-Redskin game. On the second play Sid faked to Ray Nolting and handed off to Bill Osmanski. Bill broke loose down the sidelines for a 68-yard touchdown run.

As soon as the Redskins got the ball Sammy Baugh began throwing. He got his club to the Bears' 26-yard line and then stepped back to throw to end Charlie Malone who was all alone on the two-yard line. The throw was near-perfect, but Malone dropped it when the sun suddenly blotted out his vision.

If there was any turning point that triggered the ensuing massacre, that was it. Luckman drove the inspired Bears from their own 20 to the Redskin one-yard line on 16 successive ground plays. Washington men kept looking for the pass and Sid made them wait. On the 17th straight ground play, Sid sneaked across the goal-line.

By halftime the Bears had scored twice more, the fourth touchdown coming on a pass from Sid to Ken Kavanaugh.

At the start of the second half Halas kept Luckman on the bench and Sid remained there as the Bears rolled up the score almost at will.

For Halas it was like thumbing his nose at Marshall and the Redskins. No second half team, eh? Well, we don't even need Sid any more, Halas' actions implied. He didn't. At the end it was 73-0, the most one-sided game in pro football history.

Although Luckman played only 30 minutes on that unforgettable afternoon, he was the Bears' key man. "No field general ever called plays more

artistically," said the New York Times. "He was letter perfect."

That was Luckman's greatest day as a play-caller; his greatest day as a passer came on November 14, 1943, in New York's Polo Grounds. Over 56,000 people, many of whom had seen Sid play at Erasmus and at Columbia, were on hand. They had come out to honor their favorite hometown player prior to his departure for the wartime Maritime Service. Before the game Sid received a \$1000 war bond from a Brooklyn group and another one from his teammates. Sid was gracious enough in his thanks for the memory, but it was during the game that he made the occasion most memorable.

Only a few weeks earlier, Baugh had thrown a record-breaking six touchdown passes in one game. Baugh had always been ranked ahead of Sid as a passer. Many of Sid's supporters insisted he threw a superior long ball, with Baugh being better at the shorter, or bullet-type pass. But the record books favored Baugh.

Luckman started his siege on Baugh's records that day against the Giants with a quick touchdown pass to end Jim Benton from the four-yard line. Touchdown pass No. 2 was to Connie Berry for 44 yards and No. 3 was to Hampton Pool from 27 yards out. Dante Magnani broke up the aerial monotony for a few moments by running 30 yards to the four, with Harry Clark going over on a cross-buck.

Sid was at it again shortly after, with a fourth scoring pass to Clark from the 33-yard line. The fifth was to Benton from the 15-yard line.

Halas pulled Sid from the game as he had done in the 1940 rout of Washington. But this time it was against the crowd's wishes. "We want Luckman, we want Sid!" the fans shrieked. They soon got him.

On his third pass after returning to the game, Sid tied Baugh's six-touchdown record with a three-yard scoring pass to George Wilson. It was near game's end when Sid put over the record-breaker. Fading way back and nonchalantly inspecting the Giant defenders, he threw softly but accurately to Pool, who had caught the first TD pass of the day. Hemmed in by two Giants, Pool reached into the air, seized the ball, then bulled over the goal-line for the few remaining yards. Touchdown pass No. 7 and Luckman's "thrill of a lifetime."

SID had other great moments when he returned from active duty.

Perhaps the most satisfaction came in the 1946 NFL title game. He practically abandoned the pass against the Giants, and scored the title-clinching touchdown on a 19-yard bootleg. It was the only time he carried the ball all year.

In 1950 Sid experienced another memorable moment—one which he'd just as soon forget, but can't. He had just been through a minor operation, and, at age 34, he knew he was nearing retirement. The brilliant ex-Notre Dame quarterback, Johnny Lujack, was primed to take over.

But Sid still wanted to give it one more try. "He is a boy with heart and head," Lou Little used to say when Sid was at Columbia. "He has the kind of courage you dream about on the football field."

So Sid asked Halas to let him play against the Detroit Lions. "I wanted to see if I could still make it go,"

recalls Sid. "I wanted to be boss in that huddle again."

On the second play after Sid entered the game, he called for a pass. As he faded back, a Lion belted him from his blind side and knocked the ball loose. The fumble was recovered by the Lions, who quickly converted the break into a touchdown.

As Sid trotted back to the Bear bench, a crescendo of boos, hisses and catcalls descended from the Wrigley Field stands. In all Sid's years with the Bears he'd never been subjected to such a reception in Chicago.

Sid huddled under a blanket, perhaps more to fend off the boos than the crisp weather. Halas walked swiftly to his side and hugged him. "Don't worry, son," said Halas, "you've done more than your share to make them happy."

Then, as if it had all been a terrible wrong that had to be set right in the end, Halas put Sid back in the game.

"This time," Sid recalls, "with more than a touch of satisfaction, 'I ended up throwing a touchdown pass. And when I came out of the game they were all standing and cheering for me.'"

Sid still retired at the end of that 1950 season, taking with him a set of achievements that would be surpassed but not forgotten: 1744 passes; 904 completions; 14,683 yards gained passing; 139 touchdown passes.

The Sid Luckman of today, age 49, is the perfect post-grad commercial for professional football. He is a respected businessman in Chicago and a family man with one boy, 23, and two girls, 21 and 18. Estelle, the girl Sid married in 1939, has been his one-and-only sweetheart since his touch-football days in Brooklyn. Their home is a North Shore suburban estate.

Sid is the Vice President of Sales for the Cellu-Craft Products Corporation, converters of cellophane and other packaging materials. He is known as a wealthy man, and Irv Kupcinet, a Chicago columnist, once labeled him "a millionaire." "Although some ex-pro stars who married heiresses and big money-making career women may be wealthier," says another friend, "Sid is probably the most prosperous of all the self-made ex-pro stars."

Unlike many athletes who turn into Colonel Blimps after their active days are over, Sid keeps in playing trim. He weighs close to 195 pounds, slightly less than when he was with the Bears, but approximately what he weighed at Columbia. He works out in a Chicago gym a couple of times a week.

His ties with Columbia and the Bears have never been severed. On several occasions he has returned to Columbia to assist the backfield coaches with aspiring passers and T-quarterbacks. Each time he has refused to accept money for his services, telling Columbia officials to "do what you think is best with it."

SID provides the same free-of-charge services as a special coach with the Bears, but not always with the most pleasant results. Some of the fulltime Bear assistant coaches have grumbled when Luckman has returned his checks to Halas. "Are we supposed to coach for nothing, too?" they've moaned. But this reaction to Luckman's personality has been one of the few discordant notes in an otherwise impeccable career as a public figure.

A man who has had his troubles and has known bottomless despair and grave family misfortune (the death from cancer of a 34-year-old brother, Dave, nine years ago, was "the greatest sorrow" of Sid's life), Sid now, as always, tries hard to be a warm and gentle man.

"He always used to make it a point to sit next to some unknown, third-string guard on the train or bus," says Bill Fay, a Bears' publicist. "He wanted the respect of others and to be a leader among his fellow players. He earned all that by his behavior."

JOHNNYGUN

(Continued from page 62)

"John, baby," said Sam Jones, "it was bound to happen to you someday." John baby smiled broadly, which is characteristic of him. "I'm more or less of a quiet person instead of being more or less of an extrovert," he has said. But if Havlicek is an introvert, he's a happy, sociable introvert, the eligible-bachelor type. Admiring teammates sometimes address him as "Mr. Eastern Airlines," a tribute to his excellent relations with some of Eastern's most presentable young hostesses.

And though Havlicek shoots 30-foot jump shots without a pang of remorse, he really does have a conscience. Havlicek's conscience is a blocky, balding, unsmiling extrovert named Arnold Auerbach. It is Auerbach who does not have a conscience. "One of the biggest faults I had when I came in the pros," Havlicek says, "was my tendency not to shoot. I was looking for chances to pass, to start a play. But that changed—fast. Auerbach kept insisting I shoot."

The nickname droppers who called Heinsohn "Tommygun" have taken to calling Havlicek "Johnnygun." Havlicek smiles at that, too. "Bill Russell," he says, "would rather have me take the shot than him take the shot. K.C. Jones would rather let me shoot. But if Sam Jones is in the game, I'd rather give the ball to Sam."

The Celtics as a whole, says Larry Costello of the Philadelphia 76ers, get more uncontested shots than any other team in the NBA and Costello explained why a long time ago: "Auerbach tells them when they get a shot, shoot it. There's no hesitation. They don't ever worry about waiting for a rebounder to get in position." There was disapproval in Costello's tone and perhaps more than a touch of envy.

Basketball players who restrain themselves—who "take the good shot"—develop a strong feeling of virtue. And when virtue is unrewarded while lack of virtue pays off in championships, they are forced to re-examine their values, which is painful. Auerbach heavily condones lack of virtue.

"When you see the basket," Auerbach says, "it's like in the old days—'when you see the whites of their eyes, fire.' If you feel in your mind it's a good shot, take it. Basketball is a game of touch, and as long as it's a game of touch a lot of things can happen."

One example of the things that can happen was Havlicek's hot streak in the seventh and deciding playoff game between the Celtics and 76ers for the Eastern Division champion-

Sid has always been self-effacing and even somewhat withdrawn. But where the Bears are involved he's willing to have the spotlight thrust upon him for a brief moment. Every year at the Bears' annual party in Chicago, Sid Luckman, the living Bear legend, a member of both the collegiate and pro football Halls of Fame, is there.

"He always comes," says one of his old associates, "but he's not much of a man for partying. He says hello to everybody, and then when things are just starting to heat up he slips out

ship of the NBA last April. "At the start," Havlicek remembers, "I was horrible. I missed my first six shots and Red took me out. He put me back in and I missed two more. Then I hit seven in a row." In the third quarter, Havlicek scored 15 points.

Auerbach had no idea, he says now, that Havlicek missed his first six shots. He didn't know and he didn't care. Scornfully, Auerbach says, "A guy who lets something like that affect his confidence is a guy who will never make it in pro ball."

Havlicek's confidence seems firm enough to survive the traumatic dangers of missing six shots or 60. "I have confidence in everything I do," he asserts. So far, nothing in Havlicek's experience as the greatest all-round athlete ever to come out of Lansing, Bridgeport and Adena, Ohio—add up their populations and Havlicek is still a small-town boy—has given him cause to feel otherwise. Basketball and baseball were Havlicek's only sports at Ohio State, but with serene self-assurance he planned a career in pro football. Although it turned out to be a mistake, he still feels the mistake was the Cleveland Browns'.

The Browns drafted Havlicek for the 1962 season as a gamble. Four years earlier he had been an all-state high school quarterback and in Ohio such reputations endure. The Celtics had drafted him, too, but though the NBA season starts in October, two months before the National Football League season is over, Havlicek never doubted that he could smoothly change uniforms in midstream. On the contrary, the idea enchanted him. When Havlicek decided after high school that his major interest was basketball—"It's a question of taste, like preferring steak to baloney," he explained—35 college football coaches, including Woody Hayes of Ohio State, had to peddle their baloney elsewhere. The way the Browns sliced it weakened Havlicek's sales resistance, however. "My curiosity got the best of me. I had to see what I could do in pro football," he admitted long afterward.

He went to the Browns' rookie camp, where it seemed to the coaches that he was better at catching a football than at throwing one. Later, as a flankerback, he scrambled through five weeks of pre-season practice. He sat on the bench during one exhibition game and played inconspicuously in another. Nobody ever threw him a pass. The Browns at last elected to keep four receivers and Havlicek was the fifth. Rather than cut a veteran—or cut Gary Collins, an All-America end of the season before—they cut Havlicek. He was disappointed and hurt—and surprised. "I still feel I can catch a football as well as anybody they had," he maintains.

and goes home early."

And every Sunday, during the long pro season, Sid Luckman is on the sidelines with Halas. No matter where the Bears are playing, he makes it his business to be there at game time, even if it means flying thousands of miles to be on hand.

This Sid Luckman is 30 years older than when he was an underclassman at Columbia, but he's still the same man Lou Little sized up the first time he saw him: "He had class written all over him."

— ■ —

His ability to catch a basketball kept the Celtics from losing the 1964 Eastern Division playoff and in fact is the reason the Celtics are still the world champions. With five seconds to play in the seventh game, they led the 76ers by one point, 110-109, but Hal Greer of the 76ers was preparing to throw the ball in from out of bounds, near the Celtics' basket. Greer was to pass to Chet Walker, hustle around a pick set by Johnny Kerr, take a return pass, and shoot. It would be a 15-foot shot from the side—the kind Greer can make with his eyes shut—and Wilt Chamberlain would be waiting under the basket to guide the shot in if it needed guiding. But Havlicek, covering Walker, anticipated the play. As Greer lobbed the pass, Havlicek, whose back was to Greer, whirled completely around and leaped for the ball. He controlled it for an instant with the fingertips of one hand and flipped it to Sam Jones. Jones then passed to Havlicek and the game ended. George Kiseda, writing in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, called it Boston's most spectacular heist job since the Brink's Robbery.

There were other noteworthy post-mortems. Hal Greer said, "I didn't see Havlicek. I don't know where he came from." Bill Russell didn't know where Havlicek came from, either, but he was powerfully glad that he came from somewhere. For the Celtics had had the ball out of bounds just before Havlicek's steal, and Russell, putting it in play, had thrown it into a support wire connected to the backboard. This gave the 76ers their chance. "I had goat horns this long," Russell said, holding out his arms in a prodigious wingspread, "but Havlicek came to the rescue." Russell felt so good he was thinking up lines for the newspaper reporters. "It went right down to the wire, didn't it?" he said.

Dolph Schayes, the coach of the 76ers, said, "Havlicek won the game. He hit the key shots and he made the key steal." Havlicek himself said, "You have five seconds to put the ball in play. I thought the pass would be made immediately to Chamberlain, but Russell was guarding him closely and when three seconds elapsed I felt the only play they could make was to Chet Walker. I was watching both men, Walker and Greer, and as Greer threw the ball I sort of saw it was going to be short. So I jumped." Red Auerbach was so dazed that 30 minutes after the game he had not yet remembered to light his usual victory cigar.

Months later, Auerbach said, "You can't help but have a gratified feeling toward a kid who makes a big play, but you don't overlook the whole ball club to congratulate him. K.C.

Jones was the one who made Greer throw the bad pass. He was guarding the guy pretty tough. He was almost as responsible as Havlicek."

Auerbach spoke these words as he drove from suburban Wellesley Hills to Boston. The Celtics had been practicing that day in Wellesley Hills. Until the NBA season starts, their training camp every year is the tree-shaded campus of a business college called Babson Institute, where a \$100,000-a-year capitalist like Russell might someday be in line for an honorary degree. Auerbach was glaring at the traffic ahead of him and trying to discuss Havlicek in appreciative, yet non-inflationary, terms. Most Celtic rookies put in a year on the bench, but Havlicek, in 1962-63, played as much as the regulars did. Why?

"In other words," Red Auerbach answered accusingly, "you want me to tell you all of his good points." Of the sixth men and swing men Auerbach has coached, Frank Ramsey was by far the best known before Havlicek. How do they compare? "When you ask a question like that," said Auerbach, "you're intimidating who is the better ballplayer."

Having foiled two attempts to dig up dirt, he proceeded to an analysis of Ramsey and Havlicek. "They're different types," he said. "Both are swing men and so on, but Ramsey was a smart, scheming sort of ballplayer and Havlicek is a better shooter, a better defensive man." Auerbach puffed at his cigar, looking truculent. "The success of a Havlicek or a Ramsey," he said, "is partly dependent on having a great center. Otherwise, you might not gamble on the height you're giving away."

Auerbach meant that when Havlicek plays forward he is guarding a taller man, often a much taller man. Because of Russell, who can drop off his own man to block a layup shot by somebody else's man and who does enough rebounding for two or three or five, it is feasible to let a Havlicek play forward. It is also effective. Chet Walker agrees with the general opinion that Tom Sanders of the Celtics is the best defensive forward in the NBA, yet, paradoxically, he would rather be guarded by Sanders than by the smaller Havlicek. "Once I get the ball I can maneuver against Sanders," he said during the playoffs in April. "Sanders makes it tough for you to get it. Against Havlicek, I can get the ball, but he's so quick he can recover before I make my move to the basket."

HAVLICEK, for his part, would rather play against the tallest of forwards than guard Oscar Robertson, or guard Jerry West. "You don't try to stop them, you just try to wear them out," Havlicek says. And he detests the assignment of guarding that undersized pest, Johnny Egan. At Ohio State, he automatically guarded the other team's high scorer, big or little, exclusive of pivotmen. Defense was his specialty at Ohio State. He and Jerry Lucas were there at the same time, and on offense, he says with no rancor, "everything revolved around Jerry—everything was based on the pivot play." In his senior year, thanks to his defensive ability, Havlicek was an All-America (*United Press-International*). When Ohio State lost to Cincinnati in the National Collegiate Athletic Association's 1962 championship game, Havlicek guarded

Ron Bonham, who is now with the Celtics, and Bonham rates Havlicek "the best I ever played against." Cincinnati's game-winning strategy that night was to cancel out Havlicek with Bonham. "He sort of loafed around in center court," Havlicek remembers ruefully.

"What they wanted to do was keep me out of their offensive patterns and away from the boards." Until Ohio State went into a zone press near the end of the game, Bonham's contribution was a paltry two points, but Ed Jucker, the Cincinnati coach, had correctly perceived that with Havlicek neutralized, Ohio State's defense would be the least of his problems.

Auerbach, by common acknowledgement, wins NBA championships with his defense. It forces ball-handling errors that enable the Celtics to launch their all-consuming fast break. However, defense with the Celtics is a lazy man's job unless you're Bill Russell or a guard, Havlicek thinks. "All I have to do against a forward," he says, "is block him out. I'm not too interested in getting the rebound, because if I block out, Bill Russell will get it. In college I'd block out and go for the rebound, too. When you're playing guard, though, defense is tougher. Guards are much quicker and have more room to maneuver and most of the picks are coming up behind you."

HAVLICEK scored less in college than he does as a pro, and there is nothing mysterious about it. He shot less in college. Even as a sixth man, he led the Celtics in scoring two years ago and was second to Sam Jones last season.

Havlicek averaged 18.3 points a game last season and he did it without any practice. The explanation for this was a bad knee, which Havlicek brought back from a tour of equatorial Africa sponsored by the State Department. To the ordinary exotic dangers of Africa—lions, crocodiles, sleeping sickness—Havlicek was impregnable, but on an outdoor asphalt basketball court in a place called Bamako, Mali, his knee suddenly buckled as he was demonstrating the Celtics' fast break. It troubled him all through the season and he never put on a uniform except when the Celtics had a game.

In the NBA, there were two things that Havlicek had to learn—to play the backcourt, which took an effort ("I'm still not the world's greatest ballhandler," he says), and to wind himself up on the bench. Winding himself up was second nature, although when Havlicek first became a Celtic the bench was as foreign to him as Bamako, Mali. In high school, from his freshman year on, he had been in the starting lineup, and his career as a substitute at Ohio State had spanned only one game.

Havlicek lived in Lansing, Ohio, but went to high school in Bridgeport, three miles away, a not very pretty steelmill and coal-mining town across the Ohio River from the West Virginia panhandle. He continued to go to high school in Bridgeport when his family moved to Adena, "out in the country." His father, Frank Havlicek, the son of a Czech immigrant, is a butcher in a relative's general store (groceries, feed and grain, hardware, clothing, shoes). Frank Havlicek had no time for sports. But young John's life was baseball in the summer, foot-

ball in the fall, and basketball in the winter.

Woody Hayes kept in touch while Havlicek was a senior in high school. Havlicek, although not in the market for three yards and a cloud of dust, considered the coach "a very fine person."

At their last discussion, Hayes made a proposal: "If you won't come to Ohio State for football, why don't you come for basketball?" Havlicek himself had been thinking along those lines. He made up his mind after teaming with Jerry Lucas in a series of high-school all-star games. "Five members of that all-star aggregation went to Ohio State," Havlicek says as if quoting directly from his scrapbook.

It was not an all-star aggregation in the eyes of the public, but a one-star aggregation. Yet, far from resenting the attention Lucas got, Havlicek felt honored to be on the fringe. "I knew in advance the same thing would happen at Ohio State," he said. "I didn't mind it at all. Jerry and I were very friendly. We were roommates in the dorm his first year." Tournament games and all, Ohio State averaged two defeats a season with Lucas and Havlicek on the team, winning the NCAA championship when they were sophomores and finishing second to Cincinnati the following two seasons.

Red Auerbach scouted Havlicek twice. "He didn't look especially good," Auerbach volunteered between Wellesley Hills and Boston this fall. Auerbach takes a casual approach to scouting. As the team that wins the championship every year, the Celtics draft behind everybody else and Auerbach is resigned to getting leftovers. "When you have the last choice like that, you're not particular," he said. Asked to summarize what he saw in Havlicek, Auerbach spoke vaguely: "He was a hard-nosed kid, he was well-coached, he had good fundamentals. See, Havlicek was a kid that, playing second fiddle to Lucas—well, he's not gonna get the ball that much. Anytime anything happens, the ball's gonna go to Lucas. Well, you can't see too much in one or two games, so you talk to a lot of coaches and you look for the basic fundamentals . . ." Auerbach's voice trailed off.

"Then it's guesswork?"

"More than guesswork," Auerbach said. The cigar went into his mouth and came out again. "Yes, it is guesswork, at that," he said. "It's guesswork. I've got to go along with that. You see a kid play a couple times, what the hell makes you so sure? Maybe he had a bad ankle that night. Maybe he didn't eat right. What the hell makes you so sure?"

Maybe Havlicek had a bad ankle when Auerbach scouted him at Ohio State. Maybe he ate baloney that day instead of steak. But the following September, at Babson Institute, Auerbach instantly recognized him for a pro—"a pro from the day he joined us."

"I could tell in five minutes," Auerbach said. "You can scout more watching a scrimmage than watching a game. Was I surprised? I was surprised all the way."

Havlicek wasn't surprised. "I never had any doubts about making it," he says. "I felt the Celtics played my type of game."

They did. And vice-versa.

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FLOYD LITTLE'S GIFT

(Continued from page 69)

Around Syracuse, that 55-yard trip is now referred to reverently as "The Run." For Floyd it had been a long time in the making.

At the age when most football-minded youngsters are executing their first head-and-shoulder fakes in the school playground or racing into asphalt end zones, Floyd Little was hiding under the bed in his New Haven, Connecticut, home. A Negro, he had noticed as a small boy that the rest of his family had complexions much lighter than his own.

"I figured they hated me because of it," he remembers. "I just couldn't stand to mix socially. I stayed in the house, hid under the bed and watched television. I guess I watched every TV program they ever put on the screen. That's why the neighbors gave me the nickname, 'television kid.'"

He also was a grammar school dropout in the fourth grade. A case of ptomaine poisoning forced him to repeat the grade. This, and the fact that he prepped an extra year at Bordentown, New Jersey, Military Academy before entering Syracuse, explains why he is a junior at the age of 23.

To help support his mother, a widow on social security, Floyd became New Haven's youngest entrepreneur. "I just hustled," he says. "I sold papers, worked as a stock boy and averaged around five dollars a day shining shoes."

Then in the seventh grade the boy next door, Al Rogers, introduced Little to sandlot football. "I had been hiding under the bed a long time by then," Floyd says.

"I played in the line. I liked coming up to make the tackle. But I was still working and I had to watch that I didn't ruin my clothes. So I wasn't too tough in those days."

He got a lot tougher in the next few years, becoming one of the best half-backs Hillhouse High School ever produced. But when he finished his junior year he was faced with the depressing fact that his age, 19, made him ineligible for football the following autumn. His grades weren't guaranteed to get him into college, either, but his coach at Hillhouse, Dan Casey, had a solution. He wrote to a dozen prep schools. He also wrote to Notre Dame. Notre Dame wrote back suggesting Floyd try prepping at Bordentown.

At Bordentown Little's personality underwent a marked change. He was put in charge of a military platoon and was elected captain of the football, basketball and track teams. He learned he had to temper his introspection and start speaking out.

"Before, I never wanted to leave home," he says, "but then at Bordentown it seemed I never got home at all. My family started calling me 'big shot.'"

UNDER the disciplined atmosphere, Floyd became strong enough academically for 47 schools, including West Point, to try to recruit him. Syracuse was particularly interested. "There's a kid from New Haven I'd love to get," Schwartzwalder confided to a friend in January, 1963. "His name is Little. He's so smooth that when he walks in the snow he doesn't leave footprints. But I'm afraid we're

going to lose him to Notre Dame."

However, Schwartzwalder had a hole card named Ernie Davis.

"Ernie was always my idol," says Little. "A lot of people thought that Jim Brown influenced me into going to Syracuse. But Brown was of a different era. He didn't mean that much to me. When I visited Syracuse in late fall of '62, I saw films of Ernie. But when I met him I was even more impressed. It wasn't just his being an athlete. It was his whole character. He had this casual way of speaking. He was so unaffected. He'd come and visit me. There was no big entrance like you'd expect from an All-American. He'd just walk in and say, 'How ya doin'?'"

Davis and Schwartzwalder made several visits to the Little home in New Haven. Floyd wasn't the only one who was impressed. He has three sisters and Ernie captivated them with his low-key approach.

"If that's the type they turn out," his oldest sister Betty told Floyd, "then I'd like you to go to Syracuse."

But Little has a strong sense of responsibility and he had always understood Notre Dame was his financial sponsor at Bordentown. Because of this he felt morally obligated to go to South Bend. Late that spring, however, the dean of students at Bordentown assured him that the academy itself had absorbed his expenses and he had no obligation to Notre Dame.

"From that moment on," says Little, "I felt independent."

A FEW days later, Little recalls, "I was working out on a field near Bordentown. This kid comes up, drinking a Coke. He says, 'You hear about Ernie Davis? He died.' I thought the kid was making a terrible joke. I got mad. I was gonna hit him. My dad died of cancer when I was six, but I really had no knowledge of leukemia. I saw Ernie at Christmas and he was as healthy as I was. But the kid convinced me it was true. I sat down and got sick. Right then I knew I was going to Syracuse."

Syracuse issued jersey No. 44 to Little—the same number worn by both Davis and Brown. And Little carried on in the tradition. He averaged eight yards per carry and led the freshman team in rushing, pass receiving and scoring. Then, in spring practice he won the starting left half-back position on the varsity and, as a sophomore, gained 828 yards.

The best previous yardage total for a Syracuse sophomore was 686 by Davis in 1959. Floyd averaged 5.6 yards per carry. He led the team in pass receiving with 16 catches for 248 yards. He was the leader in punt and kickoff returns and he scored a dozen touchdowns. He totaled 1686 yards by all manner of offense, an average of 168 per game.

"But I didn't have a good year," he says. "I really didn't start coming until the seventh game, against Pitt. I started seeing my cuts, started seeing the blocking angles, got my moves. Before that, it all seemed too much to handle."

Then, just as he started feeling comfortable, illness struck. He was far below par as West Virginia upset Syracuse, 28-27, in the final game of the regular season. By the time LSU defeated the Orange in the Sugar Bowl, he was almost 15 pounds under

his normal weight of 197.

Shortly after the season ended he entered the school infirmary for a tonsilectomy. "That was the toughest part of the whole season," he claims, in mock horror. "Getting your tonsils out is like being inside the ten with no blockin'. When I came out of that ether, I just drew up the sheets and said goodbye to everybody. I never had such pain."

The pain was about gone when Schwartzwalder visited Little in the hospital. "You'll be a step faster," said the coach, "without those heavy tonsils."

Speed is one ingredient of Little's success. Says Little of his running style: "It's just a gift. I have three different speeds and premeditated moves. I like to get close to you, at arm's length, and then make my cut at a 45-degree angle. I can do it at top speed. The idea is to try to look into the defender's eyes, to see if he'll flinch, and then juke 'im. If you watch his eyes, you'll know if there's enough time to cut."

He also has an explanation for the shape of his legs.

"I was walking at eight months and my body was too heavy for my legs. As a result I ran on my ankles. Now I've got exceptionally strong ankles. A sprain lasts only a day. I take knocks on my legs that would keep other guys out for a game or maybe a couple of games. In the Penn State game last year, one of their guys twisted my ankle in a pileup. But it didn't bother me. It was like isometrics."

Floyd, too, has some theories about the tedium of football practice. "I believe in going 100 percent hard in every practice," he says. "In our practices I think I work twice as hard as anyone else. I lose about six to ten pounds liquid weight in each session. That's the only place to get your timing down."

Improved blocking was his big objective in spring practice last May. He played single wing tailback at Bordentown ("Everybody is in front of you, even the referee, so I didn't get much work on blocking there.") and as a result blocking was the least polished part of his game.

IN Syracuse's unbalanced line system the backs get frequent blocking opportunities. Last year Floyd was called upon to support-block on big linebackers like Pitt's 230-pound Marty Schottenheimer. With him, it isn't just a question of getting in the linebacker's way.

"Blocking is the most personally satisfying thing about football," he says.

Notions like these and his constant good humor bring Little close, personally, to Schwartzwalder. The coach's relations with Little are entirely different from the ones he had with Brown and Davis. Brown was aloof, defensive and almost cold. Davis was warm, but withdrawn. Little explains the reasons for his bond with Ben:

"Coach and I have the same sense of humor. We're at ease. We get along. We're winners."

And says coach Floyd Ben Schwartzwalder of Floyd Little: "He has that good name."

Little was nearly drawn into conflict with Schwartzwalder and other college authorities in the spring of 1963. A militant civil rights group in Syracuse circulated a petition, de-

manding that the university sever relations with Richmond and any other intercollegiate opponent that maintained a policy of segregation. Syracuse itself was a pioneer in good racial relations with its own athletes, long before athletic equality was nationally fashionable, and several of the football players signed the petition. Little, just finishing his freshman year, signed too.

"I was the last to sign," he says. "And I didn't want to. As far as I'm concerned it's all over and I hope the school feels the same way. I just want to play football."

Little's football skill has thrust him into the spotlight, of course, and he has reacted with poise. A while ago a man cornered him at a reception and began insinuating that Floyd was not at Syracuse for scholarship alone. "I heard Army was after you," said

the man. "I heard Notre Dame was after you. I heard just about every school on the West Coast and the Big Ten was after you. Just how did you get to Syracuse?"

"By airplane," said Little, ending the conversation.

"Floyd is the most poised sophomore I ever met in my life," said California quarterback Craig Morton after an All-America banquet last fall.

"But don't forget," said Little with a grin when someone told him of Morton's compliment, "I'm the oldest sophomore in college history."

His teammates kid him about his age. George Fair accuses him of having dropped out of school to fight in World War II. Another player claims Floyd was Andy Robustelli's high-school teammate.

The kidding stops on the field. There is nothing funny about his ath-

letic talent—in track as well as football. Little ran in an indoor track meet last winter with just two days of practice. He won the 160-yard dash, the broad jump and the high jump. He has done 6-5 in the high jump and more than 23 feet in the broad jump. He ran the 100 in 9.7 when he weighed more than 200 pounds. It was suggested he devote his spring to preparing for the Penn Relays.

"I'm a football player," he answered. "Track is just a curiosity."

Floyd hopes to play professional football and he has another, more immediate goal. In the lobby of Manley Field House is a huge oil portrait of Ernie Davis. Below it, in a small glass cabinet, is Ernie's 1961 Heisman Trophy. Before he leaves Syracuse, Floyd Little would like to put another one right next to Ernie's.

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A SUNDOWN KIND OF PITCHER

(Continued from page 42)

hand. But you'd better be ready to pitch tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. And if you don't get them out tomorrow, they forget quick about that game you saved today."

Yet they have a fierce pride in what they do. Midway through the 1965 season, the Twins moved Jim Perry out of the bullpen into the starting rotation. Later, a reporter said to Worthington: "Perry did a good job after they promoted him to starting."

"Promoted!" The word exploded out of Worthington. And then he laughed. You might as well laugh as cry, someone once said, but to a sundown pitcher there's nothing second class about what he does.

Understand that a sundown pitcher is not the ordinary relief pitcher. He is a sub-specialist in a bullpen that more and more is being filled with sub-specialists. "Today's baseball," says Hal Naragon, the Twins' bullpen coach, "has become a battle of bullpens. If your starter gets knocked out early, you need someone—usually a hard-throwing young fellow—who can hold off any more scoring until your hitters can close the gap."

"To get even, though, you may have to pinch-hit for your pitcher in the sixth or seventh inning. Now, if you're close, you need a good short man, who can hold them for an inning or two."

"But maybe he puts a man or two on base. He's a righty and a left-hander comes to bat. Now you need a lefty-against-lefty reliever—or a righty-against-righty if the batter is righthanded. This kind of relief pitcher is in a groove against hitters who bat from his side."

"He may pitch to one batter, maybe two. If he does his job—and the game is still close—then you bring in a guy like Worthington."

It's now sundown time: late innings, victory or defeat riding on a single pitch, a time to kill or be killed.

Those who know the job shake their heads when they talk about it. "People look at Al's record," says Twin pitching coach Johnny Sain, "and they see he's pitched only 80 innings or so all year. They say: 'What an easy job.' They don't know that he's warmed up for two or three innings in another 50 or so games. In two of

every three games we've played, he's thrown maybe 30 pitches in the bullpen, and in one of every three games he's come in to throw 20 or 25 in a game."

In mid-September, Worthington's pitching arm (his right arm) ached so badly he could barely lift a fork with it; it was the first sore arm of his career. "In the last two weeks I haven't had two days off in a row," he said matter-of-factly in an Alabama drawl. "And when I wasn't in, I was throwing in the bullpen. It's taken its toll. And that last game was the end."

That last game pretty much clinched the pennant for the Twins. In it, they beat the White Sox, 10-4, to open an eight-game lead with less than 20 to play. The Twins' starter, Jim Kaat, was knocked out in the seventh, but Worthington held off the Sox with only a run the rest of the way.

Yet, his record showed no evidence of his work that day. It was unchanged: ten victories, seven defeats, 13 saves. Kaat got the victory and because Worthington hadn't pitched with the tying run on base, he didn't get a save.

After a much closer game, earlier in the season at Chicago, a reporter said to Al: "Too bad you didn't walk a man, Al. That would have put the tying run on base, and you would have gotten a save."

Worthington shook his head, overwhelmed by the nonsense of the system.

At least half of his official saves gave victories to Kaat. "I know Al saved six or seven for me in 1964," says Kaat, "and he's saved at least as many this year. I remember one game early in the year. We were winning, 2-1, in the eighth inning. Then I loaded the bases with one out. In comes Al. When he got to the mound I said to him, 'If you get out of this, I'll buy you a steak dinner.'"

"The son-of-a-gun, he did get out of it, and we won the game. Ever since, whenever he came in to relieve me, I'd say: 'Get out of this, Al, and I'll buy you that steak.' And he's gotten out of it every time. Not once this year did Al give up a lead for me."

"But he still hasn't taken me up on that steak dinner. Maybe I'll send him some beef this winter, but I'm so

far behind now I'd have to send him half a steer."

Worthington looks like he could put away half a steer. He's 6-2 and 205 pounds, with blocky shoulders, a burly chest and a square-chinned face. His reddish crewcut got him the nickname "Red" early in his career, but he dislikes the nickname, and he usually signs his name "Allan Worthington." He dresses immaculately: collar, stiffly starched, suit pressed, always wearing a tie. Morning, noon or night he has the pink-cheeked, crisp look of someone who has just stepped out of a barbershop.

Last September, with the Twins a few games away from clinching the pennant, SPORT sent this front runner to Boston to see Worthington. In the coffee shop of the Hotel Kenmore, Al sipped a glass of milk and talked about the season.

"I think the most satisfying game I pitched all year long," he said, "was one against the Indians. They had beaten us twice in the series, and this was a game we figured we had to win. Mud [Jim Grant] was pitching for us, and he was going along real good, winning 4-0, up to the ninth inning. Then they jumped on him, someone hit a home run, the score is now 4-2, and in comes Worthington."

He laughed quietly, mimicking a radio announcer. "Colavito promptly greets Worthington with a double. Whitfield goes out to the first baseman, Colavito moving to third. Alvis strikes out, but the next batter gets a hit to shortstop, Colavito scoring to make it 4-3. The tying run comes up, but Worthington finally gets the third out and we win."

"I remember as I came off the mound, Mud ran out to be the first to shake my hand. That was nice, but that wasn't the reason the game was so satisfying. It was satisfying, I think, because Mud had pitched so great, and I'd had the chance to save the win for him."

A pro was admiring the work of another pro.

Worthington has been in the big leagues, off and on, since 1953. But only in 1965 did he learn what it's like to pitch for a big-league winner (he was on the 1954 champion Giants, but only as a benchwarmer). "You play a different game when you're in first place," he said. "When you're on top, every out becomes a big out."

"Like in 1964, when we finished in sixth place, I'd pitch the seventh, eighth and ninth innings. If I got

them out, good. But if I didn't, it didn't mean much on a losing club.

"This season, when we were in first place almost from the start, Sam [manager Sam Mele] was saving me for one inning, maybe one out. Usually the last inning, the last out. Game after game it was like that.

"I never respected the Yankees as much as I did this season. For years they've been playing the winners' kind of baseball: Every out a big out, every hit a big hit, every inning a big inning. That's a terrible pressure, and my hat's off to them for playing under pressure like that all those years."

But Worthington, a sundown pitcher, knows a thing or two about playing under pressure. In some ways he prefers the pressure. Because Mele had saved him mostly for crucial games or tight ones, I asked, "For a change, wouldn't you like to pitch in a meaningless 10-1 affair?"

"Well," he said, "for me, pitching in a 10-1 game is easier but it's harder, if you can decipher that. I mean it's hard pitching when I got a big lead or when I'm way behind. It's hard for me to get myself up, to concentrate on each pitch, the way I do in a 2-1 game."

Until this year Worthington had been unhappy as a reliever. "I've got accustomed to it now," he said. "But it is the hardest job in baseball. The only one that rates with it is pinch-hitting.

"The big thing about pitching is consistency. Regular work, regular rest. You pitch one day, rest three or four, then pitch again.

"But in the bullpen, pitching is everything but consistency. You pitch two or three days in a row, or you go six or seven days without pitching at all. Then—bang—they throw you in there and say, 'Get that man out.'

"You always have to be ready. The starting pitcher, he knows when he will pitch—down to the exact hour. The reliever, he doesn't know from one day to the next, one inning to the next, one batter to the next."

A little later I talked to Jim Kaat. "There is no doubt in my mind that relieving is tougher than starting," Kaat said. "One day you may have good stuff on the ball and they don't use you. The next day you may have nothing, but if they call down for you, you got to go in there."

Johnny Klippstein talked about a mental hazard. "When you get up to throw," he said, "you have to want to get into the game. That's part of being a good pitcher. On the other hand you got to be hoping that the pitcher, who's your teammate, doesn't get knocked around. So one part of you wants to go, the other part of you wants to stay, and that's no attitude to have when you're trying to get ready."

Such two-headed monsters of the mind don't seem to bother Worthington, though, says Klippstein. "He knows how to get ready. I think only once or twice this season did he go into a game without good stuff."

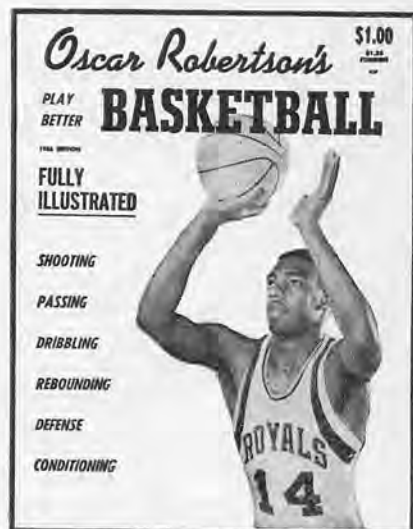
Worthington is a rarity among pitchers: his fastball is a natural slider. It drops and curves into left-handed batters and away from right-handers. That natural gift, though, has been both a curse and a blessing for many years.

Raised in Birmingham, Alabama (where he still lives with his wife, Shirley, and their four children), Worthington attended the University of Alabama for three years where he

"It Helped Me More Than Anything Else I've Ever Read"

wrote one youngster. And he pretty well represented the consensus of opinion—from players, coaches, fans, and sportscasters everywhere—about Oscar Robertson's **Play Better Basketball**, first advertised in this magazine in January, 1965.

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pitched for the baseball team, played end for the football team, and became a fervent fan (his fellow pitchers in the bullpen call him "bear" because he's often praising the wonders of Bear Bryant and his Alabama teams).

In 1951, he left college to pitch for Nashville. In 1953, the Giants purchased him, and after winning nine games and losing five at Minneapolis in the American Association, he came up to the Giants in July. He made his debut by shutting out the Phillies, 6-0; five days later he shut out the Dodgers, 6-0.

"When Al would throw that natural slider," says Wes Westrum, who was his catcher, "the ball would dip and curve, and batters would say: 'What kind of fastball was that?' Even

when he threw fast to first base the ball would hook like a slider."

But batters began to time the dips and curves and Worthington finished the season 4-8. For most of 1954 and all of 1955 he was back at Minneapolis, laboring to find a second pitch, one that would hook into righties and away from lefties, so he could confound batters looking for the natural slider.

He didn't get that second pitch, but he stuck with the Giants from 1956 through 1959, mostly as a reliever. His best year was 11-7 in 1958.

In 1960, San Francisco sent him to the Red Sox, where his old Giant buddy, Sal Maglie, was the pitching coach. "You'll never pitch in the big leagues," said his old buddy, and the

Red Sox sent him back to Minneapolis.

There he won 11 games. In September the White Sox making a run for the pennant, purchased him. In one week he won one game, saved another—and walked out on the team.

To understand why he walked out, let us turn to a religious pamphlet, written by Al Worthington. It contains what he and other evangelists call his "testimony," and he has given this testimony—he is a fiery speaker—more than 300 times in the past few years in pulpits and before gospel groups all over the nation.

"One night [in San Francisco in 1958], he wrote in the pamphlet, 'my wife and I decided to go hear Billy Graham at a crusade. As I sat there my heart pounded so heavily that I wanted to take both my hands and place them over my heart to keep from disturbing the people around me. But Satan's voice to me at the time seemed almost audible.

"Al," he whispered, 'you know you're a Christian. At home you sit in the third row of the church . . . you often sing about Jesus dying on the cross for you. . . .'

BY this time he had me almost convinced. 'That's right,' I told myself, 'I am a Christian. No need to make a public profession of giving my heart to the Lord. . . .'

After the meeting Worthington went to the home of a minister. They talked for hours. "Suddenly," Worthington says when he makes his testimony, "I began to understand that good works would not get me into Heaven. I began to see that only through God's grace and faith in Jesus Christ could I receive salvation."

He went back the next night to the Graham crusade. "At that second meeting," he says, "I told God I was turning my whole heart over to Jesus Christ. I was trusting Jesus. I was making my break with the world. I was losing my life so I could find it! I awoke the next morning with a great happiness I can hardly describe. It seemed as though all my troubles were on a high shelf, and I couldn't reach them. Suddenly I became aware that I'd been born again. And I knew that Jesus Christ had said: 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

"I knew I was going to Heaven. What else could a man ever want? I wanted to run out and tell the world."

He did run out and tell the Giants, some of whom began to look at him a little queerly. His roommate demanded another roommate. But others, like outfielder Bob Speake, congratulated him. Today there are a growing number of athletes who, in their words, "profess Christ" as Al does.

They include Dave Wickersham, Don Demeter, Felipe Alou, Bobby Richardson and Jerry Kindall in baseball; Bill Glass, Fran Tarkenton, Bill Wade and Raymond Berry in football; Bill Bradley in basketball; Rafer Johnson in track. But none ever did what Worthington did: risk big-league money and fame for religious principles.

Worthington did it not once, but twice. The first time was in 1959, with the Giants and Dodgers locked in a pennant duel. Before a big series with the Dodgers, Worthington heard that the Giants had planted a spy, with binoculars, in the grandstand to

pick off the Dodger catcher's signs and flash them to Giant batters.

Worthington went to his manager, Bill Rigney. "I had to tell him the spying should stop," Worthington has since said. "I had been talking to church groups, telling people you don't have to lie or cheat in this world if you trust Jesus Christ. How could I go on saying those things if I was winning games because we were cheating?"

Rigney according to Worthington, promised the spying would stop (Rigney now says he can't recall any such conversation). In any case the Dodgers beat the Giants out of the pennant and the next spring—1960—Worthington was packed off to the Red Sox, who sent him to Minneapolis.

When he came to the White Sox that September he experienced another crisis of conscience; the Sox, he discovered, were also using the telescope dodge. Again, Worthington risked his job by telling Al Lopez the cheating should stop.

Lopez smiled and said, "Show me in the rule book where it says it's wrong."

Worthington walked out of the clubhouse, packed his bags, and flew home. "I was scared," he said later. "I knew it could have washed me up in baseball. But I put my faith in God. I knew what I was doing was right."

In the spring of 1961, the Sox took back Worthington—but kept him at a safe distance: in San Diego. In 1962, they shifted him to Indianapolis. And despite his 15-4 record at Indianapolis, it seemed he would stay in the minors. Even the Mets, desperate for talent, refused to draft him. "We have enough nuts on the club," one Met executive said.

BASEBALL had found an honest man, and—as is its custom—it put a label on him: A Nut.

The Reds finally drafted him. In 1963 he was 4-4 with a 3.00 earned-run average. But after he got off to a slow start in 1964, the Reds sent him back to San Diego.

There, figuring he had nothing to lose, he began throwing a knuckleball. It was the "second pitch" he'd been looking for. The Twins purchased him in the early summer of 1964. He was in 41 games and had a 1.38 ERA, but errors cost him several games and gave him a record of 5-6.

This spring, pre-season forecasters rated the Twin bullpen weak. They should turn in their charts. The Twin bullpen won or officially saved 53 games by mid-September, well over half the Twins' total. Though starters Grant, Kaat and Camilo Pascual had good years, four of every five Twins' starters failed to finish. Galloping to the rescue were what Hal Naragon dubbed "The Magnificent Seven."

"I named them after a cowboy movie of a few years ago," Naragon told me as we stood in the lobby of the Kenmore Hotel. "There was Al, Klippstein, Billy Pleis, Dick Stigman, Dave Boswell, Jim Perry and Jerry Fosnow. Time after time, especially in the first half of the year, they'd stop the other team cold until our hitters could catch up."

"Al, of course, was our best. What really impressed me was when they'd call down to the bullpen and you knew his arm was tired. But he'd get up and throw."

Worthington came by, and he and I began walking to Fenway Park for the game that night. He mentioned that his big pitch this season had not been the natural slider nor the knuckler, but the curve. "I came in so often having to get one man out or we'd lose," he said. "That was no time to fool around. It seemed like the curve was best."

The talk turned, as it will with Al, to religion. "I want to tell people about Christ," he said. "Lots of kids think that to be successful athletes, you have to drink and curse. If you don't, they think you're a sissy. I say: Look at the athletes who stand up and profess Jesus Christ as their Saviour. People like Bobby Richardson, Fran Tarkenton, Rafer Johnson. Nobody calls them sissies."

At the ballpark a kid asked for his autograph. Worthington handed him a pamphlet titled God's Simple Plan of Salvation. At the bottom was Al's autograph, but the kid stared glumly at the pamphlet and said, "Aw, Al."

In the clubhouse, dressing, he talked about how other athletes do what he called "God's work." For years, he said, Felipe Alou had been telling his brother, Matty, of the Bible, but Matty Alou showed little interest. In the 1962 World Series between the Giants and Yankees, Matty slid into second where Bobby Richardson was waiting to tag him out.

Then, the crowd roaring, millions watching, the dust still settling, Richardson looked down at Alou and said, "Why don't you give your soul to Christ?"

Alou stared, speechless.

Worthington smiled, relishing the story. He was still smiling after the game with the Red Sox, for the Twins had won, 8-5, to clinch tighter their grip on first place. Jim Perry had started, but he ran into trouble in the sixth, and 21-year-old Jim Merritt came in to one-hit the Sox the remainder of the game.

In the clubhouse, a bucktoothed grin on his thin face, Merritt's fingers trembled as he lit a cigarette. "Sure I was nervous out there," he was saying. "It was just like pitching my first game in the big leagues. I'd never relieved up here before. In the bullpen my knees were knocking, my heart pounding, home plate wobbling like crazy. What kills you, you don't know when they'll call you to come in."

WORTHINGTON was dressing at the next stall. Someone said, "You got a new helper now, Al."

Merritt didn't laugh. "You can make money in the big leagues starting or relieving," he said. "But I'd just as soon be a starter."

"Nineteen out of 20 pitchers say that," said Worthington. "And that other one, there's something wrong with him." He tapped his head.

Worthington and I walked back to the hotel. "Out in the bullpen tonight," he said, "I thought of something for your article. It was this: Because of my faith in God, I can go into a tough situation in a ballgame and have real good control of my abilities. Because of my faith in Him, I'm more calm. I don't get as excited as I did before I was saved."

If you're a sundown pitcher, you've got to have something extra inside you, and what Al Worthington has, you can't buy. Not even in bottles.

TARKENTON, SCRAMBLER

(Continued from page 29)
simple logic to me that if the quarterback has any mobility at all, he can get something out of a broken play now and then. At least he owes it to the team to try."

It was not necessarily any code of gallantry that kept the pro quarterbacks planted seven yards behind the line while walls of flesh collapsed on him. The overwhelming opinion then was that it was not only dangerous for a quarterback to move around but bad tactically. Besides, it looked undignified and unprofessional.

In his first year with the Vikings, Tarkenton was not so much concerned with saving his dignity as much as saving his life. He was thrown for nearly 400 yards in losses and learned soon enough that dignity didn't put touchdowns on the board. So he scrambled. The question, of course, is not why but how?

"Pretty wildly at first, I'm afraid," he says. "I'd get involved in a lot of field-reversing and looping 20 and 30 yards behind the line of scrimmage, and some of it was unnecessary."

Somebody once asked him what he was thinking about running aimlessly 25 yards behind the line of scrimmage without the faintest idea whom he was going to throw to and with a posse of 250-pounders snorting on his heels.

"I'm thinking," Tarkenton said with just a wrinkle of a smile, "how bad it would be for me if they caught up."

Van Brocklin used to contend publicly (and some of Francis' buddies on the offensive line used to say privately) that Tarkenton often deserted the

pocket too quickly—that the receiver was open if the quarterback stayed with the play. "I think sometimes that was true," Tarkenton acknowledges, "although I'm sure most of the times I hung in there as long as there was a chance. It's a hard thing for a quarterback to know for certain when he ought to wait one more second and when he ought to get out of there right now if he wants to salvage something."

"Sometimes the receiver is there, all right, but maybe a defensive lineman throws his arm up about the time the receiver breaks open, and the lane is blocked. To every one in the park it might seem that you've got a sure thing there, but the next thing they see is the quarterback scrambling."

"In pro football you figure a quarterback should release the ball within 3.5 seconds after the play starts. That will give your receivers time enough to make a fake or two and break clear. Anything much longer than that will mean one of the pass rushers probably will be in on you."

For Francis, 3.5 seconds is not always enough.

The rap against Tarkenton, if there is one, is that he is tardy in releasing the ball, that he forces himself into scrambling situations by not setting up decisively and throwing quickly. Whatever the merit of that argument, he would not be the celebrity he is today if he let a stopwatch run the Viking offense.

For all of his impulsiveness behind the line of scrimmage, Fran Tarkenton personally has a pretty clear sense

of direction. He is not offended by the sight of dollar bills, and has set about collecting large amounts of them, as a ballplayer, an investor, an advertising representative in his home in Atlanta and from real estate holdings in Minnesota. At 25 he is worth more than \$30,000 to the Vikings on the payroll and ten times that at the gate and on the Sunday afternoon television screen as a combination curiosity and bona fide star.

He had a wide-eyed choir boy look when he entered pro football. Five years later, the sandy-haired boyishness is still there in his face. But this is no schoolboy. Tarkenton is a sophisticate in any company, well-spoken, pleasant and stable. He has given hundreds of hours in the last four years to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and to youth groups from coast-to-coast. He is an articulate, moving speaker, but he does not wear his religion on his shoulder pads.

"A lot of people have the idea that an athlete who practices his religion is something rare," Tarkenton says. "It isn't that way at all. There are a lot of church-goers in the National Football League and I never considered myself anything unusual."

His field leadership does not give off the scent of sulphur that Van Brocklin's did. The Dutchman has transmitted to the young Georgian his fund of knowledge about wrecking blitzes and calling audibles, and in this there is an intimate resemblance between the way Tarkenton attacks a defense and Van Brocklin's own tactics a half dozen years ago.

Between them there is the mutual respect of two professionals, although the Dutchman frequently stings Tar-

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kenton publicly when the Vikings lose. But where Van Brocklin was the glaring dictator in the huddle, Tarkenton runs his team in the fashion of a cool business, decisively but without excessive passion. Van Brocklin was the quarterback classicist, Tarkenton is a kind of renegade.

A couple of years ago there was some question around the league about the strength of Francis' arm, especially on the long-bomb throws. This has evaporated by now. He can throw the deep pass as well as 80 percent of the quarterbacks in the league. As a matter of fact, Van Brocklin has not regarded this as Tarkenton's biggest technical problem.

"Francis will be the best quarterback in the league, absolutely, within a year or two," Van Brocklin says. "I don't think he's gotten the mileage he should out of the short passing game, though. We've worked for a couple of years on getting him set up fast so he could stand out there and whip that ball around, picking the defense apart that way."

Whether by design or otherwise, Tarkenton has preferred to do it with a combination of audible-calling at the line and his light-footed scampering. "I learned pretty early that you're dead if you keep your eyes on the rushing linemen when you start running from the pocket," he says. "You do that and one of them is bound to catch you when you're looking for somebody else."

"The guys to keep your eyes on are the backs and linebackers. They've got some pretty tough decisions to make themselves when a quarterback starts scrambling—when to come up and when to stick with the men they're assigned to cover."

The success of the scrambled pass play, whether manipulated by Tarkenton or anybody else, is not hard to explain.

It is based on the well-established football principle that no defensive back or linebacker can stay with a receiver indefinitely. Given enough time, the receiver is bound to get open.

Once the regular pass routes are broken downfield, everybody becomes a scrambler—the passer, the receivers and the defensive backs. The advantage now goes with the receivers, because they know where they're run-

ning, and the defenders—unable now to anticipate probable patterns—don't.

It was to exploit this kind of situation (and even Tarkenton for all his nerve and musketeering élan admitted it was a reckless, dying-gasp last resort) that he actually called a scramble play in the huddle against the Packers a year ago. "Well, I didn't exactly call it, but I had no intention to stay in the pocket once the play started developing," he says.

The situation: Green Bay led by two points with a half minute remaining. The Vikings stood fourth and 28 to go on their own 40 yard line. The chances of gaining a first down here, to say nothing of the winning score, could be calculated only by a tealeaf reader or CBS' election night vote projection computer.

And the computer almost certainly would have predicted a Packer landslide.

In any case, Tarkenton knew the only play with the flimsiest chance of making the first down was a deep pass close to the sideline.

The Packers knew it, too, and they dropped back the maximum number of defenders and left it to the front line, Henry Jordan, Lionel Aldridge, Willie Davis and Hawg Hanner, to keep Tarkenton occupied on the pass rush. "I knew I wasn't going to have time to get off a deep pass," Tarkenton says, "because I had to weaken my backfield blocking on the play. I just sent the ends deep on some routine long pattern."

What Tarkenton actually was saying, in sandlot language, was: "Everybody run as fast as you can and I'll see if I can throw it far enough."

To do it, he needed time. So from the moment he wheeled back of the line on the snap from center, Tarkenton was scrambling—passionately and desperately, because Davis was gaining on him with each loop and reverse behind the scrimmage.

So now Tarkenton started coming upfield from 25 yards behind. Davis clawed at him once, twice. The second time he scraped Tarkenton's heel.

Tarkenton stayed upright and kept running. More than 30 yards downfield he saw Tom Hall, who had slipped the Packer defense and was standing in privacy past the first-down marker. Tarkenton threw. The ball was on the money. But another

jersey suddenly flashed in front of Hall's. Like Hall's, it was white and it belonged to tight end Gordie Smith.

Tarkenton saw it and gasped. "No, Gordie, no," he moaned.

Smith couldn't hear him, but it didn't matter. Gordie caught the ball for the first down, Fred Cox kicked a field goal a couple of seconds later, and it took Vince Lombardi hours to recover his equanimity.

"That Tarkenton," Lombardi said, "he is an amazing little guy."

There are teams, such as the Packers, which actually spend practice time schooling their defenses on how to maneuver in the hound-and-hares chase when a game with the Vikings is impending. The standard defensive strategy against the scotting young quarterback is to require the defensive ends, working in conjunction with the linebackers, to protect the outside against Tarkenton's wide loops, and to discipline the tackles to guard the inside lanes. But a lot of tackles prefer a basic outside rush, and Tarkenton now and then will get important yardage driving straight up the middle (47 yards in three carries against the Colts).

At least one team, the San Francisco 49ers, fastened the middle linebacker on him all afternoon, but Tarkenton's audibles, featuring trap plays and little check passes, wrecked that gambit.

And what does the world's highest authority on Tarkenton have to say about defending against him?

Van Brocklin doesn't mind talking about it, in a clinical fashion.

"Francis gets into most of his trouble when he swings out of the pocket to the outside," Van Brocklin said. "If he's going to scramble, I'd rather have him do it to the inside. So if I were the defense, I'd push Tarkenton to the side. Sure, he might have a little more time to throw in that situation. But the statistics will show, I think, that when he gets thrown it's mainly when he gets involved running around on the outside."

And Tarkenton's version of a defense for Tarkenton?

"I don't figure," he clucked, "that I'm qualified. I have trouble enough keeping the offense scoring touchdowns without worrying about defenses."

— ■ —

THE PETE ROSE FORMULA

(Continued from page 60)
always hustles—4.1 seconds—to first base after a walk. He will come sliding home on his face. He does all that and other people call him "Charley Hustle"; in the minor leagues they decided he was "Hollywood."

People used to watch Rose play and then they would mumble about him. More often than not the mumbles would come out sounding like "hot dog." Hot-dog base-runners steal bases when their team is leading by six or 14 runs. Hot-dog outfielders catch easy flyballs on the run.

Now, around the National League, they talk about the new Pete Rose. "He went from most valuable hot dog to most valuable player," says a knowledgeable newspaperman. "Now," said Philadelphia manager Gene Mauch, "he's being recognized for what he does and not how he does it."

Rose could always do it. But he batted only .273 in 1963 and dropped four points lower the following year. This past season was his third in the big leagues and his statistics were impressive. Colossal. Stupendous. Mostly, though, they were surprising.

Rose played in every inning of every game. He scored 117 runs. Batting second, he still managed to drive in 81 runs. And, finally, he batted .312, the fifth highest average in the National League.

Maybe all those impressive figures aren't that much of a surprise. After all, Rose holds two batting records of which he is justly proud. There were the 30 triples he hit with Tampa in the Florida State League in 1961. One year later he scored 136 runs with Macon in the Sally League.

There is a story that goes with the triple record and it explains an awful lot about Pete Rose. About "Charley

Hustle." About "Hollywood."

"When I was standing on third base they gave me the ball and I went right over and gave it to my mother," Rose recalled. "She was sitting right to the side of the dugout."

When Pete Rose was playing in his first professional season his Geneva team came to Erie for a series. "He was with them for about a month," says Harry Rose, Pete's father. "It was the first chance I had to see him. After the game Pete introduced me to his manager and he went in to take a shower."

"I remember the manager saying, 'Glad to meet you, Mr. Rose,' and then, in 30 seconds, he told me 25 things wrong with Pete. I'll never forget that."

Other fathers might. Other fathers might laugh it off. Other fathers might even believe it. Not Harry Rose. Harry Rose will never forget that scene because he was stunned.

He may not have believed a word. He might have thought it was just a

little funny. He takes a certain satisfaction now in recalling that the manager was "relieved" before the end of the season.

Harry Rose is an important man if you want to figure out something about his talented son.

"I probably wouldn't have been an athlete," says Pete Rose, "if I didn't have a father like that."

That makes Harry Rose awfully big in this story. Actually, "Harry" is his birth-certificate name, but most people call him "Pete" too. He was a hell of a football player. Ask anybody who watched him. He played semi-pro baseball until he was 38 years old. He played semi-pro football until he was 42. In the middle 30s he was on a team called the Cincinnati Bengals. The Bengals played in the American Conference. Maybe the National Football League played a better game but nobody ever played it harder than Charley Hustle's old man.

"One time," says Pete Rose, "my father kicked off and broke his hip. He crawled downfield to get the guy with the ball."

Think about that scene for a second. Pete Rose runs to first after a walk. He dives with his face. He is a tough baseball player. The old man once crawled down a football field. It doesn't take an awful lot of imagination to see how Pete made it to the big leagues.

"One time one of my sisters needed a pair of shoes. My father went out and bought me boxing gloves instead. When he played baseball I was the bat boy. When he played basketball I was the ball boy. When he played football I was the water boy."

"Some kids are raised on rice and

potatoes. I was raised on athletics. He didn't want me to wear a face guard when I played football. You know how kids in high school wear a teeth guard . . . when he heard about that he said 'a teeth guard? are you kidding me?'"

"My father watches pro football on television. He gets mad everytime they call for a fair catch. They could get one yard, he says, and how many times does a team miss a touchdown by that one yard? They used to say if you tackled my father low, he kicked you and if you tackled him high, he'd straightarm you right in the teeth. But he wasn't a dirty football player."

And Pete Rose isn't a dirty baseball player. All he says is "every little bit helps."

There was a play this season against the Mets when Billy Cowan was stealing second base. "After he slid I was laying on top of him," Pete says. "I had him in a scissors so he couldn't go anywhere when the catcher threw the ball in the outfield. I tried it with Cookie Rojas a few days later and we had the same team of ump's and the ump called it interference. Then he said to me: 'You ain't gonna get away with that twice in one week.'"

The old man got you with a foot or loosened a couple of teeth. Pete Rose will wrap his legs around a guy if it means saving a base.

It was probably always the same. Listen to Pete talk about his old man and then listen to Pete's father. They both come on very strong.

"In one of his last high school games, and he was not nearly the biggest kid on the field," says Pete's father, "Pete caught a punt and there

were three guys on his back. And he was carrying them with him."

The old man remembers another high school game. "He went 30 yards for a touchdown and eight guys had a shot at him. He was squirming . . . straight arm. The school still shows a film of that play as a classic run."

"His last year in high school he looked real good. I wonder what he could have accomplished in football."

Ask Pete about football and he has no doubt about what he might have accomplished. "I think I could be a pro flanker or halfback," he says, picks up speed and adds, "right now."

It won't happen, of course. Pete Rose wasn't the All-Star Game second-baseman because he can make a defensive halfback look ridiculous. Pete Rose is a second-baseman because the baseball coach at Western Hills high school decided he wasn't going to have a not-quite 150-pounder catching for his team.

"All through Little League and the first year of high school I was a catcher," says Pete. "Then the coach said I was too small and he put me on the other end of the throw."

There were two nice things about getting out of high school. The first was the car.

"I didn't have no damn car when I was 16," Pete says. "I remember just before I got out of high school my mother bought me a blue Plymouth . . . cost her a hundred dollars. A 1937 Plymouth . . . didn't even have a front bumper. She called it my graduation present."

The second was the contract.

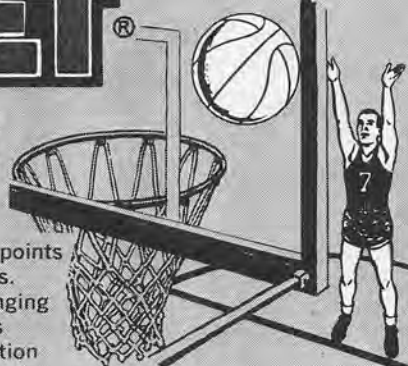
Pete signed for something less than \$10,000. The scout was Buddy Bloebaum, his uncle. "The deal was I had



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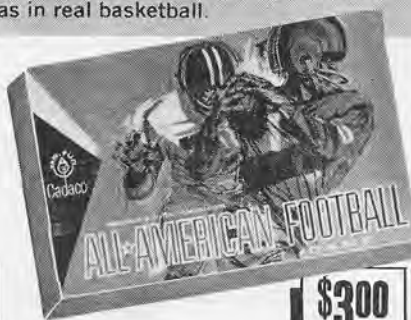
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to make the big club for more than 30 days to get the second half of my bonus. I graduated Friday, signed Saturday and left for Geneva Monday."

"He wanted to leave for the Red ballpark right after signing the contract," the old man says. "He didn't even wanna take any clothes. He'd never been away from home before. He'd never been on a train."

Pete was something less than a sensation at Geneva. He played in 72 games, made 36 errors, hit .277.

The Reds thought so much of their what's-his-name prospect they kept him in Class D ball for another year. But things were happening.

"He started growing immediately after high school," his father says now. "When he was a senior he was 5-9, 155 pounds. He got up to a little over 5-11 and close to 190 in a hurry."

Rose hit .331 that second year and smacked all those triples. The next year it was .330 and all those runs scored. The next year it was the Cincinnati training camp at Tampa. "If I had any guts, I'd put him at second base and forget it," Fred Hutchinson told a reporter a few months before spring training.

So the hotshot from the Sally League came to camp and everybody looked at the gap between Macon and Cincinnati. And then everybody looked at Rose. And then everybody shook their heads. Don Heffner, a coach with the Mets, was managing the Reds' triple A farm at San Diego then. "We definitely expected to get him at cut-down date," Heffner said.

A few days before the last cutdown date Earl Lawson, the Cincinnati sportswriter, sat in a bar with ten of the Reds. Lawson handed out ten slips of paper, ten pencils and asked the group to write down the names of the 25 men they expected to make the squad.

"Out of those ten guys," Lawson says, "only one guy wrote Rose's name. That was Don Blasingame."

Blasingame was right. When the 1963 season began, Rose had a major-league job at second base. Blasingame's job.

Pete had a fine first season. He played in 157 games, scored 101 runs, made the double play like a halfback and was named Rookie of the Year. ("Being a catcher so long hurt me," he tells people now. "That's why I had to learn so much about fielding. You don't get many groundballs catching." Smile.)

The next year the Reds were so worried about Rose's fielding they tried to change his batting stance. They tried to get him closer to the plate.

Rose struggled into June batting .214 and Hutchinson—who was a good baseball man because, among other things, he ignored things like sophomore jinx—stepped in.

"Hutch called me to his office," Rose says reverently because the memory calls for reverence. "I remember it like it was yesterday. 'Pete,' he told me, 'I know you been trying what we wanted you to but it doesn't seem to be working. Go back the way you been doing it.' The next month I got 42 hits and my average up to .281."

But he ended the season at .269 and scored only 64 runs. And he was making the double play more like a flanker than a second baseman.

It was during the off-season that the Reds were faced with some important decisions. Dick Sisler, who

took over after Hutchinson's death, thought it would be a fine idea if Rose were to hire himself off to some winter league and learn something about fielding.

So there was Pete Rose playing second base for the Caracas Lions in the Venezuela League and his manager was Reggie Otero, the Reds' coach.

"I went down there for fielding. I didn't give a damn about the hitting. A lot of American ballplayers just go down there for the money. But I couldn't help myself. After a while I was diving head first into bases. It was like the big leagues to them. I had to go all out."

"And the winter helped my hitting. The pitching's just not as good. Maybe it helped my bat . . . my eyes . . . my wrist. It helped me adjust to the fastball batter."

More important it helped the Reds solve their infield problem. When Rose reported to camp last spring he was such an improved second baseman Dick Sisler had another idea.

The SPORT Quiz



Answers from page 10

- 1 Tony Trabert. 2 6 3 George Blanda. 4 Rudy York. 18. 5 Detroit, St. Louis. 6 3. 7 b. 8 Brecheen-Baltimore, Berres-Chicago, Lemon-Minnesota. 9 Lawson Little. 10 b. 11 b. 12 Andy Bathgate, New York Rangers. 13 Bob Feller. 12. 14 Len Dawson. 15 a. 16 c.

(Once upon a time the idea was Rose at third, Chico Ruiz at second.)

Sisler put Deron Johnson, a part-time first baseman, at third. Gordy Coleman and Tony Perez, a fine rookie, became the on-and-off first basemen. Johnson led both leagues in runs-batted-in and it wasn't the fault of Coleman or Perez that the Reds weren't able to win the pennant.

Rose—by simply proving he belonged where he had played all his professional career—worked wonders, well, almost wonders for Cincinnati.

"He's a young ballplayer and a helluva good one," Otero was saying late in the season, and then, in a kind of whisper, added, "he's still got to learn about making the double play."

Sisler has another theory. "I didn't think he would come along this fast. When a fellow gets up here he needs time to get adjusted but this is a fellow who tries to improve all the time."

Harry Walker, the Pittsburgh manager, remembers a time "we were taking infield practice. I was watching Rose. He never once took his eyes off Maz."

There is no guarantee stamped somewhere on Rose's firm body. He may never make the double play well enough to bring tears to Otero's eyes. He may never learn to resist an occasional backhand when the ball is hit almost in front of him.

No one is more aware of these shortcomings than the second baseman himself. "You never know what

I might do," he says. "I might make two errors or I might get two hits."

The Pete Rose fan club, National League chapter, is growing. One of the latest members—converts might be a better word—is Gene Mauch.

"We were playing the Phillies," Sisler says, "and Mauch was standing on the top step yelling, 'You busher. You're hitting 80 points over your head.'" Sisler laughs. "Pete, he wore 'em down that series. He really wore 'em down."

Or there was the day Willie Mays met Pete Rose.

The Giant centerfielder caught a long fly by Rose and received some advice when the two crossed after the inning.

Rose: You better play me deeper.

Mays: Man, what are you talking about? You can't hit that ball over my head.

The story picks up a few innings later. Mays is standing on second base and the conversation is about the ball Rose hit over Mays' head his next time up.

Mays: Man, you're not that strong.

Rose: I weigh 190.

Mays: Damn. You weigh more than me.

Gene Oliver, the Milwaukee catcher, has an even sharper impression of Rose. Rose was standing on second when Vada Pinson hit a ball to first. Rose began running. When the first baseman dropped the ball Pete made the turn for home. Oliver, 6-2, 215 pounds, none of that including shin guards, was waiting.

"I love to put my head down and run through people," Rose says. On that play he put his head down, dove, and somehow squirmed through to score.

When he stood up his face was raw from where he had met the shin guard. "I looked like I cut myself in ten places shaving. Why did I do it? I thought I could get there quicker."

Pete Rose's old man once crawled down a field with a broken hip. His son rammed his face against a catcher's equipment.

"He gritted his teeth on everything," the father says, "whether it was marbles or match sticks."

The second baseman sits on a high-cushioned sofa in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. He wears a tame grey suit. He signs autographs painstakingly, making sure the large P and R come out just right.

Pitcher John Tsitouris walks through the lobby and Rose's hand shoots up. "Hey, Greek," he calls. Coach Frank Ocean strolled by. "Hey, Five," Rose says.

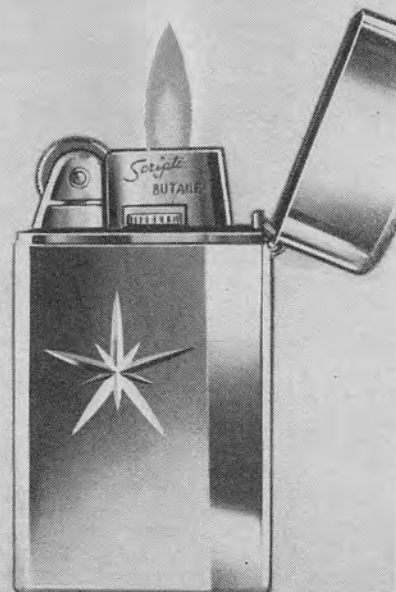
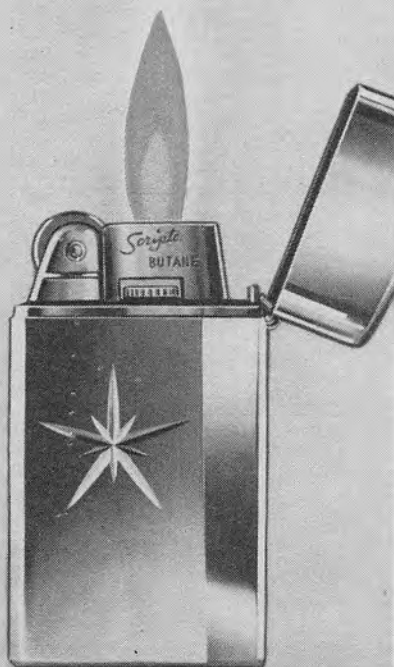
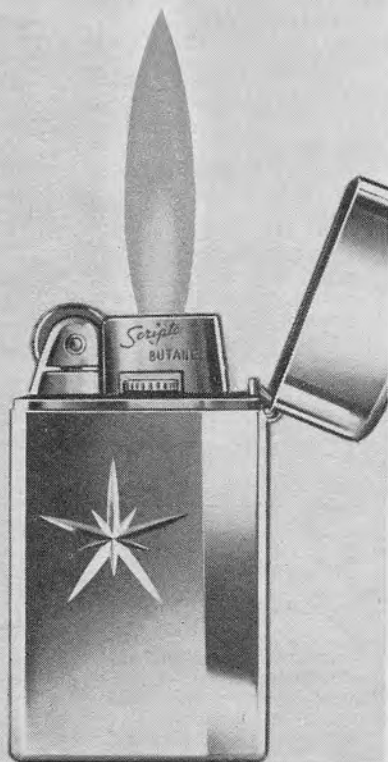
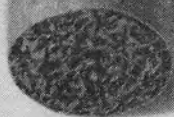
Tommy Helms moves onto a nearby couch and the greeting is: "Hey, Roomish." Earl Lawson cuts through the lobby and Rose nods toward him: "Hey, Scoops."

The nicknames are all part of it. All part of the scene Harry (Pete) Rose brought his kid into when he made him water boy, ball boy, bat boy. This is a story about the Cincinnati second baseman and his father. Let's give the old man the last few lines:

"Frankly, I think in two or three years he'll be an even better ballplayer. He can make the sensational plays but it's the routine ones he might improve on. His problem seems to be the ball hit right at him. And that was always my problem, too."

— ■ —

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SOUND OFF! CLARENCE CAMPBELL: A HARD LOOK AT THE CHANGES IN HOCKEY

(Continued from page 53)

Fischler:

Do you have any preference as to the stocking of new teams with players?

Campbell:

Personally, I would think the fairest way to do it would be first to determine which of the new teams picks first by drawing lots. Then, let's say Los Angeles picks first. They would be allowed one selection and then the next team would make one pick until all teams make one selection. Then, the order would be reversed and Los Angeles, for example, would have the last pick on the second time around. The system would continue until they exhaust the player supply.

Fischler:

Would it be possible for a new team to come up with some NHL regulars of average quality?

Campbell:

This could happen if the list of protected players was kept to a minimum. I think the current teams will reserve a minimum of six players on their present teams, but that may be more. Even if it is more, NHL regulars will be available.

Fischler:

I've heard critics say the new division will be just another minor league.

Campbell:

Why should it be a minor league? They're going to be full partners. They're going to be given all of the privileges of the acquisition of players. They may not, in the first instance, be successful in the inter-league contests, but we believe this will whet their appetites. We believe that in a reasonable period of time—say, five years—they will have developed, by trades and through the draft, just as skillful players as there are in the NHL. They will have player development programs and, I expect, the people who are going to run these franchises will be able to have people who are knowledgeable in business and who are financially able to meet the obligations of club owners.

Fischler:

What is the difference in ability between a full-fledged big-leaguer and a marginal big-leaguer; the kind who would be on a new team?

Campbell:

The difference between a player who can play on an NHL team and the one who isn't quite good enough is very thin. When the Red Wings won the league championship last season they used 53 different players. They didn't put dummies in there; these were players with some competence as National Leaguers.

Fischler:

Will the present NHL teams have any safeguards against losing some of their valuable players?

Campbell:

Yes, they must have some type of veto on selections because they might find themselves losing all of their right wingers. Now this would be ridiculous. There will have to be some kind of mechanics worked out to see that a team isn't stripped of, say, all its goalkeepers.

Fischler:

Why has the NHL waited so long to expand?

Campbell:

We were much more concerned about putting our own house in order. Shortly after the Korean War—dur-

ing the advent of television—we weren't strong enough to expand anywhere. We've had phenomenal support these past five or six years. This has put the league in the position to strengthen itself and its supporting leagues.

Fischler:

What effect will expansion have on the minor leagues?

Campbell:

That all depends on the attitude of the continuing minor-league clubs. If they have been riding on the coattails of the clubs that defect they may suffer to some degree. If, on the other hand, they decide they will mend their fences and expand their own leagues elsewhere they should not suffer. The record of hockey is one of enlargement, not reduction.

Fischler:

Mr. Campbell, let's turn to another form of expansion, this one on a world-wide basis. Do you foresee a World Series of Hockey between the NHL champions and the champions of Europe, especially the Czechs and Russians?

Campbell:

I think it will certainly happen but not until the success of their teams is no longer an instrument of national or international propaganda. Sooner or later international hockey competition will become open competition; nobody will be concerned whether they're pros or amateurs. It will happen when the Iron Curtain countries drop this concern about superiority.

Fischler:

Why, then, doesn't the NHL send its Stanley Cup winners to Russia just for an exhibition series to show how good our big-league hockey is?

Campbell:

It would be defeating our purpose. It's a great compliment to hockey that the European countries—where the sport is not indigenous—have taken it up as the Russians have taken it up. There are more hockey players in Russia now than there are in Canada. Why would we want to destroy that

to satisfy our national pride? That would be a pointless thing and do a lot of harm.

Fischler:

Many hockey observers have suggested that the NHL adopt the International rules which put less emphasis on body contact. Do you foresee the day when this might happen?

Campbell:

Quite the opposite. I think the international people, those who are physically fitness-minded—the Iron Curtain countries think this way—are much more likely to strive toward the type of hockey we play. Their trend will be to a much more rugged, vigorous type of game. They have no aversion to it and, besides, their vast physical fitness superiority indicates they are more than equal to it.

Fischler:

Then you don't think that hockey is too rough today?

Campbell: (his voice rising):

I think that's nonsense. Gordie Howe put it very well not long ago when somebody made a comment to him about it while they both were watching a game. "It's pretty rough down there," the fellow said to Howe. And Howe's response was: "Well, it's a man's game."

Fischler:

Would you say the game is less rough than when you were an NHL referee 30 years ago?

Campbell:

If we're talking about ruggedness and condition, the game today requires—at the pace it's played—a higher standard of physical condition and this includes the ability to take pretty hard knocks. If you talk about meanness and viciousness, it's much less so than 30 years ago. There's nothing like the viciousness that prevailed when I was refereeing and, certainly, I can tell you that the current game, for the past ten years, is much less vicious than it was for the first ten years after the war.

Fischler:

How can you back up the claim that the game is less vicious today?

Campbell:

Let's take examples from my own era. Rocket Richard was involved in several incidents including one in which he assaulted an official. There was a vicious brawl between Bill Ezinicki of Toronto and Ted Lindsay of Detroit in which they carved themselves into ribbons. In New York you had the incident where Bernie Geoffrion of Montreal struck down Ron Murphy of the Rangers with his stick. Why we haven't had anything like that in years. And when I refereed, Eddie Shore was involved in several to-dos. Hooley Smith and Billy Coutu had a brawl that led to suspensions extending into the next year. There also was the Eddie Shore-Ace Bailey incident in which Bailey almost was killed and Bill Cook and Nels Crutchfield also did some heavy swinging.

Fischler:

Who do you consider the game's biggest drawing card today?

Campbell:

I would have to say Bobby Hull. He is the most powerful and spectacular player in the game at the moment.

Fischler:

How would you compare him with Maurice Richard?

Campbell:

Nobody every outdrew Richard as a drawing card. You have to remember that Richard was helping build the game when it didn't have the stand-

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ing it does now. He was one of the all-time greats in building hockey. I never got more thrills than I did from watching Richard play.

Fischler:

What made Richard so great an attraction?

Campbell:

He had an explosive type of artistry. He had a knack of doing the spectacular at a great time. His style was typified by a goal he once scored in an overtime game against Boston after he had been knocked unconscious and carried off the ice earlier in the game. Nobody expected him to return, let alone score a sudden death overtime goal that won the game. For sheer drama there isn't anybody to match him at all.

Fischler:

What about Gordie Howe?

Campbell:

He's a different type of player—an all-round player. He's a great craftsman; he can do everything but he never had the flair that the Rocket had.

Fischler:

Who was the greatest?

Campbell:

That would depend on what you're looking for. If it was selling tickets, it was the Rocket. But if you want the most effective all-round hockey player, it was Howe. Howe was capable of more things; he had more diversity and he was tremendously durable. As hockey players they're hardly comparable.

Fischler:

What about the charges that the general quality of hockey has deteriorated; that skills, such as stick-handling and pattern passing, have diminished?

Campbell:

In the heightened speed of the game these skills are not as apparent. But the present players are far more skillful than oldtimers in many other respects. The current players can stickhandle with their feet. A player today can take a pass behind him absolutely blind as adeptly as an oldtimer could with his stick. When the puck comes at his feet he rides it up on his stick. These are skills the oldtimers never had to contend with at all because the rules didn't permit him to do it.

Fischler:

There appear to be fewer super-stars in the league today than, say, 20 years ago. Doesn't this indicate a decline in the quality of play?

Campbell:

No. The reason why we don't appear to have so many great stars is because the general level of competition has improved so tremendously that the difference between playing on a third line and a first line is relatively small. You will always have some really great players. Bobby Hull was completely blanketed in the playoffs last spring against the Canadiens by skillful players who are not considered superstars. In fact, many stars have had their effectiveness curtailed by players who have lots of skills but are not stars.

Fischler:

The NHL has been criticized for not settling tie games with overtime although other leagues, such as the American League, have sudden death periods. Why hasn't the NHL gone back to the overtime system, which it had before World War II?

Campbell:

Because overtime isn't any good for

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anybody. It doesn't accomplish anything... it isn't necessary.

Fischler:

Mr. Campbell, I don't think fans would be satisfied just to be told "overtime isn't any good for anybody."

Campbell:

A tie is a perfectly proper result of a sporting event; and is such in other sports. Nobody would dream of running off a dead heat in a horse race. A limited overtime—the type the NHL once tried but found ineffective—is not the answer. If it were used during the regular season our statistics and studies indicate that for a total season only two games in each of the six buildings would be played to a solution. That would mean 12 definite results for the season. That's certainly not worth the effort, nor the inconvenience.

Fischler:

Is that all?

Campbell:

There are many other reasons. In fact, the NHL has a complete, detailed directive on the question. If there was a limited overtime there would be a greater strain on the star players who would be counted on most in the overtime. This would increase the possibility of injuries. We also found that it would not be good for the fans, many of whom live in the suburbs and would like to get home at a reasonable hour. Many could not

wait around for an overtime to finish. The only time overtime is warranted is in the playoffs when the teams are competing under completely uniform conditions.

Fischler:

Month in and month out general managers and coaches rap the referees. It often appears that one man can't handle the complexities of refereeing. Why doesn't the NHL try a two-referee system, allotting half the ice to one referee and half to the other? Linesmen can be put in up-raised chairs at the blue and red lines.

Campbell:

The two-referee idea was discarded 25 years ago as completely impractical. One of the problems is that you have one strong man and one weak man officiating. As long as there are differences in personality you will never have a satisfactory result with two referees.

Fischler:

Your critics have carped at the way your office handled the charges made last season by ex-referees Ed Powers, Dalton MacArthur and Jack Mehlenbacher about the NHL's failure to back its officials, and the so-called manipulation of games. They say your office didn't make a thorough enough investigation of the charges. What is your comment?

Campbell:

My comment is that the league in-

vestigated the matter thoroughly and found no evidence of wrong-doing. The former referees thoroughly discredited themselves. Their charges were dismissed by such reputable columnists as Milt Dunnell, sports editor of the *Toronto Daily Star* and Dick Beddoes, columnist of the *Globe and Mail*.

Fischler:
It has also been suggested that you are a puppet of the NHL owners.

Campbell:
I never liked the expression "puppet." But I know that as president of the National Hockey League I have certain ruling powers over the owners and the owners have certain powers with which they can punish themselves. But I would not consider myself a puppet.

Fischler:
Well, how do you regard your position in regard to the governors, or owners?

Campbell:
The primary and ultimate responsibility of the success or failure in the way the league is conducted has to be vested in the people who have the greatest stake in the business; that is, the owners. It's not right that anybody without a stake in the business should have a life and death control over it.

Fischler:
Do you have any bone to pick with the owners?

Campbell:
I can't quarrel with the attitude of the governors. In my years as president I've had wide latitude in my dealings and ruling powers with them.

Fischler:
But you don't have the ruling power of a man like Judge Landis. Don't you think hockey could benefit by having a czar in the manner of a Landis?

Campbell:
That would not be possible today in hockey or, for that matter, in baseball. Judge Landis was appointed under different circumstances. Baseball had just suffered the Black Sox scandal and was seeking a personality

who could extricate it from its dilemma. This, Judge Landis was able to do. But those were different times. I don't think a Judge Landis would be able to fit in, in these times.

Fischler:
I was going to ask you whether Judge Landis would tolerate having a family with interest in more than one baseball team as they do in hockey. Do you think it is good for hockey to have a situation with the Norris family involved with Detroit and Chicago?

Campbell:
The Norris Family has done a great deal for the good of hockey. They—Jim in Chicago and Bruce in Detroit—are great rivals and anxious to produce the best possible teams. There is absolutely nothing wrong with the present situation.

Fischler:
What about the plight of the Rangers and Bruins—finishing out of the playoffs so often? Doesn't that make a good case for altering the draft so they may obtain more players?

Campbell:
Not at all. We believe those teams are capable of improving themselves without obtaining special assistance from the league. As a matter of fact the draft has been altered in recent years and more players are available to the fifth and sixth place teams as a result.

Fischler:
But how can the NHL develop new fans when so many games are sold out and so many fans hold season tickets?

Campbell:
Finding enough seats for all our customers is one of the league's major problems. It's being solved by building larger arenas. Detroit's Olympia was enlarged this season; New York soon will have a magnificent new rink and Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens has added seats in recent years. In spite of the sellouts, we find that many more people see the games than just the subscribers. Having a season ticket has become a status symbol. But a ticket holder might use his

ticket for a portion of the season and give it to friends or business associates the other times.

Fischler:
Hockey, of course, is considerably more popular than when you became president in 1946, especially in the American cities. How do you account for it?

Campbell:
Hockey has all the ingredients of the modern age—especially the speed—you might call them intrinsic merits which have made the game successful. It's a very simple game to learn to watch; there are no technicalities to it. There's a minimum of officiating interference. Compared to the inactive periods in other games we think hockey provides plenty of action. Apparently the public feels this way too.

Fischler:
Does watching a hockey game still give you thrills?

Campbell:
Oh, yes. I am not a demonstrative type in any way because I've schooled myself as a referee to be automatically neutral. But that doesn't dull the thrills of watching good plays—that appeals to me very much.

Fischler:
What other kicks do you get from the game?

Campbell:
I have my own formula. If I have any preferences, I'm governed by the state of the standings. I always like to see the team that's lower in the standings win. Otherwise, I like to see the home team win.

Fischler:
Do you actually find it fun to watch a game?

Campbell:
It's still fun for me—and others. The fact that so many people go is the best proof. Dollar for dollar, in terms of entertainment, we stay up there pretty well and I think our future will be even better. After all, hockey is the fastest game humans play without mechanical assistance. Personally, I enjoy it thoroughly.

— ■ —

THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, NO. 15

ROSEY BROWN, OFFENSIVE TACKLE

(Continued from page 55)

TV and has four sets at home.

"Sure," he said, "I was a little scared. I had never been that far away from home. I never saw a pro game. I think I might have heard the 1951 championship game on radio. There was an awful lot I didn't know."

"But I wasn't scared about being cut, because I had never heard of any cuts. I thought the pros were just like the colleges; you get 50-60 men, that's your squad for the season."

Brown chuckled. He had come a long way since, being picked as an All-Pro seven times, becoming the Giants' first Negro captain, being honored as one of the most outstanding suburban gardeners and citizens in Teaneck, New Jersey. He had starred for three Giant coaches—Owen, Jim Lee Howell and Allie Sherman. He had helped bring the Giants six Eastern Conference titles and one NFL championship. He had done the job.

The job is offensive tackle and "the primary function of the offensive tackle in pro football," says Allie Sherman, "is to block that end. How he

does it makes the difference between a good tackle and a great one. Rosey Brown has been a great one for us.

"That end, he's bigger and faster than he has ever been. He goes between 240-255. He's always positioned on the tackle's outside shoulder and that gives him a little angle.

"The outstanding tackle has to have what we call 'live feet'. He must have the right positioning and yet when he makes his dropback he must still have position.

"And he must have strength. He must be strong enough to withstand a 'throwing off' by the defensive end." Sherman was referring to the fact that the defensive end can use his hands; the offensive tackle, of course, can not.

When Rosey Brown came to the Giants the first coach to work with him was Ed Kolman, who had been an all-league lineman for the Bears. Kolman taught Brown the basics, the refinement, and instilled in him the philosophy: "You can't play defensive football on offense. You can't worry about what the opposition is going to do. You got to play YOUR game."

Rosey Brown's game, and the game of every offensive tackle, is to give the quarterback the protection he would normally afford his own aging parents in a major levee-break. In the pro game you can't win unless you can get to the other team's quarterback. The offensive tackle has to place himself in there as a barrier, ignoring the possibility that the charging ends could be as destructive as a sabre-toothed tiger with a festering ingrown toenail.

The ends have become so destructive in recent years, in fact, that quarterbacks now drop back seven steps instead of the five of a decade ago.

As the quarterback drops back, the offensive tackle ideally blocks the end PAST the passer. "We're talking about top tackles now," says Sherman, "and they're the ones who have poise and a feel, and a change of pace, and an ability to read a defense. Brown has all these."

Rosey's a master at "popping" the end and getting back into position. He's also a master at not permitting a "foreign move" to break down his rhythm. Inexperienced or limited-talent tackles will experience an almost imperceptible shock as the end makes an unexpected move and it be-

comes obvious that a block on the end, even if made correctly, isn't going to be enough. Brown, and the other good ones, will make the adjustment to pick up the linebacker. "Brown," Sherman says, "also does something not too many tackles can do—pull and lead wide plays such as pitchouts to halfbacks. Against the Eagles one time he took out *THREE* men on this kind of a play."

This calls for exceptional mobility, plus ability to read the other team's defense. The trick is to learn a little more about the man opposing you on each play and adjust accordingly. "Rosey is as good at adjusting as anyone I've seen," says his coach.

Sherman placed a little extra load on Brown for the 1965 season by trading for Earl Morrall three weeks before the season started. To get Morrall, the Giants had to give up Darrell Dess, the guard, and Erich Barnes, the cornerback. "Nothing in football ever caused me to lose sleep," says Sherman, "nothing, that is, until I traded Dess. I just couldn't sleep that night. It was one of the toughest decisions I've ever had to make."

It was a tough decision because it affected Rosey Brown as well. He had played alongside Dess for a half-dozen seasons; they worked instinctively with each other. "It's like working with someone in an office," says Brown. "You get to know how the other fellow does things, what he does best, where he needs your help."

Rosey, at 33, began adapting to his new situation. He adapts well. One of the secrets of his success is that he has grown along with the game. Another secret, says Sherman, is that he has "worked best against the best." When the challenge of a Bill Glass or an Ernie Stautner or a Doug Atkins had to be met, Brown met it.

In 1956 the Bears had a rough end, Ed Meadows. He had attracted considerable attention by putting Detroit's Bobby Layne in the hospital just before the Bears' title playoff game with the Giants. There was a good deal of concern about what would happen to Don Heinrich or Charlie Conerly when Meadows got to them.

He never got to them. Brown kept him away as the Giants won the title.

The responsibilities of an offensive tackle start with keeping the Ed Meadows's away from the quarterback. Responsibilities continue on the big power play off-tackle (the guard and the fullback blocking on the linebacker, the tackle and tight end blocking on the defensive end), and on scrambling situations when a quarterback starts running for his life.

When the quarterback scrambles, balance and agility and maybe a little luck help an offensive tackle. Once the quarterback goes beyond the standard seven steps and begins scrambling, the linemen are unable to determine their blocking angles. They may be executing their blocks perfectly, but, because of the broken play, they may be driving their opponents right into the quarterback.

Rosey Brown likes to drive back his opponents. He likes to hit. "I like it," he says simply. "Everyone in the games does or should. If you don't you just can't make it."

Brown started hitting when he was 13 years old. At Jefferson High School in Charlottesville he had followed his sister into the school band. He played the trombone, but he didn't last too long. The high-school football coach

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spotted him, figured that a 180-pound 13-year-old should be playing football and persuaded Rosey to switch from music to man-hunting.

Rosey's father had had a brother who died from injuries received playing football and he hated the sport. He did not want Rosey to play. But Rosey's mother said it was all right and since Rosey's father was a railroad man who was away most of the time, Rosey managed to get in a year of football without his father's being aware of it. The next year his father learned of what was going on and offered strong resistance. Rosey had already played a year without injury, however, and eventually that fact convinced his father to approve his playing.

When Rosey finished high school, "I went to Morgan State up in Baltimore," he says, "because my high school coach picked it for me. He had gone there. I had a lot of offers."

Four years later Rosey was named on the 1952 Negro All-America team selected by the influential Negro newspaper, the Pittsburgh Courier. He was drafted No. 27 by the Giants.

"I can't remember where the draft meeting took place that year," says Wellington Mara, Giant president who has been picking Giant talent for three decades. "We didn't have anything like today's pool-scouting, all kinds of films, and so on. We depended a good deal on friends, coaches, men who had played for us, things like that."

"It was getting pretty late. All the good college men had been drafted and we were well past the first 20 rounds. We had a couple of more rounds and we had a lot of stuff lying around, clippings, All-America lists, publicity stuff. One of our fellows spotted the Pittsburgh Courier's All-America list. We called out Brown's name and school even though no one in our organization had ever seen him. We had nothing to lose."

Morgan State was scarcely a football power even in its own sphere. It had sent some fine relay teams into national track competition, and one of its speedsters, Elmore Harris, had received a brief trial with the Brooklyn Dodgers in the old All-America Football Conference. The assumption had been that Elmore's burning speed could be useful on kickoff returns.

The assumption had been incorrect.

Brown, the next man out of Morgan State to make it in the pros, did a good deal better. En route to becoming the '65 Giant with the most seniority, he has played spectacularly well even when not fully healthy. He is a fierce player, ripping off his helmet in anger at mistakes, playing full throttle always. In 1958, he sustained a fractured cheekbone against the Colts and missed a game. Last year he missed a game with a badly sprained ankle; in 1962 he skipped one because of a concussion. He hasn't missed much else. In 1960, he tore a knee ligament against the Redskins (an injury requiring surgery), but played out the remainder of the season. Then he went to the hospital for an operation and the day he was supposed to leave the hospital he developed phlebitis. For a while it seemed as if he'd never play again.

He did play, of course, reinforcing his stature and his standard of living. He drives expensive cars, lives in a fine section of a Jersey suburb, is highly respected by neighbors. His wife teaches grade school in town and, since they are childless, Rosey devotes considerable time to neighborhood youngsters.

When Rosey is through playing football, the brewery he works for as an off-season salesman will probably advance him into a supervisory role. He doesn't have much advancement left in football; very few offensive linemen, pushing into their mid-30s, do. "You lose a step and you're done," he says. "You can't tell how long you can last, and you can always stay too long."

Many Giant fans would disagree. It would be hard to convince them that Rosey Brown, the offensive tackle, could ever stay too long.

— ■ —

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JOE BELLINO'S STRUGGLE

(Continued from page 72)

Before leaving Andover that day, I went to see Holovak. The Patriots' coach is a tall, thin, balding, worrying man. Selected as the outstanding American Football League coach last year, he can do more with less material than anyone in the business. He is a remarkable judge of football talent.

"What about Joe Bellino?" I asked.

"He needs time," Holovak said.

"Are you going to give it to him?"

"Yes."

He emphasized the "s," then said, "He has a good chance. A better chance than most people think."

"Where will you play him?"

"I'd like to use him as a running back," Holovak said. "But he'll have trouble blocking in this league. He's so small I'm afraid those big defensive linemen will wear him out. He can throw an effective block here and there, but I doubt if he can keep it up through a game, and it's less likely that he can last a season."

"So I'm going to try to make a flanker out of him. He can catch passes and he knows how to run with the ball. Most pass-catchers are downed in their tracks. Bellino is elusive and fast, and he might go all the way every so often. I also think he will be useful as a safety man."

"Then he's got the team made?"

"Let's say," Holovak replied, "that he's not in immediate danger of being dropped."

I DIDN'T see Bellino for several weeks. He was too busy running back and forth between Andover and Winchester and the hospital, where his wife was spending more and more time as her pregnancy approached its climax. He neither played nor practiced much. The hamstring injury healed slowly.

He missed most of the exhibition games, then hurt the hamstring again a few days before the season started. The Patriots were opening at Buffalo on September 11. I planned to go along if Bellino made the trip, but that was doubtful.

I phoned him a few nights before the Buffalo game, and asked how things were going.

"I don't know," he said. "My wife is sick—terribly sick. There's an embolism or something."

His voice was steady, but very low.

"The baby?"

"Still-born," he said.

He accepted my condolences, then suggested that if everything was all right, maybe we could meet after practice some day the next week. The Patriots had left Andover and were working out in a city stadium at East Boston, near the Boston airport.

Bellino didn't go to Buffalo. The hamstring injury still bothered him. It was a bad weekend for the Patriots, who lost, and a worse one for Bellino. He spent most of it at the hospital.

Then, suddenly, the crisis was over. By Sunday night Ann Bellino, so desperately sick such a short time before, was out of danger. Two days later Joe took her home to Winchester.

When I saw Bellino Wednesday in East Boston he was a different man. He greeted me with warmth, pumping my hand while his blue eyes twinkled and his face expanded in a huge, happy grin.

"It looks," I said, "as if everything is all right."

"Everything is wonderful," Bellino said. "I feel great. I'm running well and I'm ready to go."

"What about the hamstring?"

"No pain. I can do everything—start, stop, dodge, cut, turn, twist, fake."

"Everything you could do at Annapolis?"

Bellino nodded. "Everything I could at Annapolis," he said. "And I'm living again. I'm free and easy, and sure of myself. Before, I was sluggish and never felt right. With all that worry at home, everything looked bad everywhere else, too. But not any more."

He still had to make the ball club. He was the third-string flankerback, behind Gino Cappelletti and Jim Clough, when the Patriots headed for Houston. I sat with Holovak on the first leg of the trip, from Boston to Chicago.

"Will he be all right?" I asked.

"I don't know," Holovak said. "On top of everything else, he's way behind. He missed more than five weeks' practice out of our first nine. That's an awful lot for a veteran to make up, let alone a rookie his age."

Holovak talked about pass patterns, the quirks and habits of quarterback Babe Parilli, the requirements of a flanker, the value of experience. Bellino, obviously, was short on all counts.

"You don't really intend to use him much, do you?" I said.

"I'll use him," Holovak said. "But I don't know how much."

When we changed planes in Chicago I asked Parilli what he thought of Bellino as a pass-catcher.

"Hard to say," Parilli replied. "I haven't thrown to him in weeks."

Bellino and I sat together on the way to Houston. He had used the stopover in Chicago to phone the relatives of a Navy shipmate, then had eaten blueberry blintzes with Tom Hennessey at one of the airport coffee shops. Hennessey is a Patriots defensive back.

"Hennessey and Bellino," I said. "A couple of fine blintz-eaters."

"Well," Bellino said, "you like spaghetti, don't you?"

Although the weatherman had forecast 95-degree temperature for Houston the next day, Bellino looked forward to the game. After months of duty as executive officer of a minesweeper in the South China Sea, heat held no terrors for him. He was neither nervous nor excited—only calmly expectant. His one worry was that Holovak might forget he was there and leave him on the bench all afternoon.

Walking from the airplane to the bus for the hotel in Houston was like going through a blast furnace. The heat was withering, the humidity like a sopping necktie of iron. In the bus somebody said, "Oh, brother, if it's like this tomorrow . . ."

At the hotel Holovak stood up in front of the bus and said, "One-thirty game. We'll meet at twelve-thirty. Get bandaged before you leave here. We've got tickets for the Rice-Louisiana Tech game at Rice Stadium tonight for anyone who wants them. And a few for the Mississippi State-Houston game at the Astrodome."

"Which one will you go to?" I asked Bellino.

"Maybe the Rice game," he said.

He didn't go to either. It was more comfortable watching television in his room at the Hotel America. The next morning, after breakfast with a former Annapolis classmate who lives in Houston, Bellino went back to his room to have his ankles taped. Since the trainer, Bill Bates, was Bellino's roommate, Bellino was the first one bandaged. Then he joined me to wait for the bus to Rice Stadium.

The heat had broken. The thermometer was down to 77 degrees, a blessed relief for everyone, including the people of Houston, a city made livable by air-conditioning and famous by astronauts. Bellino sat quietly on the bus; then, with a grin and a wink, disappeared with his teammates into the locker room.

He sat on the bench the entire first half, a small figure, silent, alone, a little forlorn. His white uniform with the red numerals "27," his old Navy number, was spotless at half-time. He went in for a few seconds with the kickoff team when the second half began, but that was as a fill-in, and he never left his feet. Not until the Oilers scored the lead touchdown early in the third period was he noticed by the crowd of some 32,000. When he trotted out as twin safety with Ron Burton for the kickoff that followed, the announcer called attention to him. He was greeted with applause and a few cheers.

He spent the rest of the afternoon in and out of the lineup, sometimes as a flanker, sometimes at safety. The only time he handled the ball was late in the period when he caught an 18-yard pass from Eddie Wilson, who replaced Parilli when the Patriots' offense faltered. Tony Banfield of Houston, who was covering Bellino, tackled him immediately.

The Patriots lost, 31-10, their second straight defeat. The bus ride to the airport and the plane trip home were quiet. Bellino was as unhappy as everyone else over the score and he was hardly ecstatic about his personal performance.

"So I caught a pass," he said. "That's what I was there for, wasn't it?"

"Do you still think you'll make it?" I asked.

"I'll make it," he said.

He spent the week catching passes and running back punts during practice sessions at East Boston. He didn't know it, but Holovak had other plans for him for Friday's game with Denver in Boston.

J.D. Garrett, the Patriots' first-string running halfback, had wrenched a knee in the Houston game. Ron Burton was behind him, and worked out at his spot all week. But the day before the Patriots played Denver, Holovak announced that he would alternate Burton and Bellino at the running halfback slot.

The Patriots were desperate. They had lost their first two games. Babe Parilli was 35 years old and obviously nearing the end of his career. Wilson, behind Parilli, had never proved himself. Tom Yewcic, behind Wilson, was a good all-round football player who could run a team if he had to, but not on a full-time basis.

With his passing attack faltering, Holovak had to try to build up a running game. And, whether he could block big men coming through the line or not, Bellino was getting a

chance to help the running game.

Holovak didn't use him in the first few sequences of plays against Denver. The Patriots got the ball twice, couldn't move and punted each time. The third time they got it, somebody fumbled on second down and Denver recovered behind the Patriots' goal line for a touchdown and a 7-0 lead.

Holovak let Bellino stay in the backfield instead of pulling him out from his twin safety position after the next kickoff. A few plays later Parilli called Bellino's number. Joe took the handoff and slid through a tiny hole on the right side of the line for seven yards. He ran around the right end for seven more. Two pass plays got the Patriots nowhere. Bellino was the only man moving the ball.

In five plays he took the ball four times, slithering through small openings. He seemed to find holes where there were no holes. When blocked, he turned and ran in another direc-

tion, cutting and swerving at the line of scrimmage as though it were the open field.

"He's like a mouse," somebody said. The Patriots scored the tying touchdown on a pass and Bellino, who had set up the score, got a standing ovation from the Fenway Park crowd.

Still, the Patriots lost, 27-10; they had possession of the ball for only two plays in the third period and for only one sequence of four plays in the fourth.

Bellino was as unhappy over that loss as the one to Houston the week before, but when it was all over, he knew one thing. Wherever the Patriots were going, he was going along. There would be no more forlorn sideline-sitting, no more worrying about whether he would make it or not, no more doubts about his future. He had come to play and, indeed, he would play.

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EX-WORLD SERIES STAR IN JAIL: HOW I WRECKED MY LIFE—HOW I HOPE TO SAVE IT

(Continued from page 51)

Cuba, with the Havana Reds. I began to notice a pretty girl who always asked for my autograph. I asked her in Spanish to have dinner with me. She answered in English, and pretty soon I had a girl.

Actually, I also had a girl back in the States, in Houston, a quiet girl, more a homebody than most girls I'd gone with.

But this girl in Cuba knocked her right out of my mind. Her name was Maria Quesada. We dated. I met her family. It got serious.

But nothing—ever—was more serious than baseball. Yes, one thing. Drink.

The year 1947 was the breakthrough year for the Negro. On April 10, Jackie Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers. On July 6, Larry Doby was signed by Cleveland. Every Negro, in baseball and out, rejoiced.

Meanwhile, back with Kansas City, I was having a fine season. I was hitting .347. Still, I had no idea I'd be one of the next Negroes tapped. I was 21 years old. There were experienced stars in the Negro League. As a matter of fact, when scout Hank DeBerry came to look over the Monarchs, he came not to see me or Willard Brown, our centerfielder, but because the St. Louis Browns were interested in catcher Earl Taborn.

After a ballgame on July 16, we got back onto the bus and drove to Madison, Wisconsin, where we stopped for breakfast. I was eating when traveling secretary William Dismuske said, "Get your stuff ready, Hank."

"What for?" I said.

"You're going to the majors."

"Sure," I said. "Just let me finish my breakfast."

Then manager Frank Duncan came into the restaurant. He was crying. And he was walking over to me.

It was true.

The Browns had bought up my contract and Willard Brown's.

On July 18, 1947, I played my first major-league game.

I went hitless and made an error. The Philadelphia Athletics beat us, 16-2.

I won't spend much time on the 36 days I was with the Browns. I hit

.256. I played second base, and I think I played it pretty well.

I can't complain much about St. Louis. Hank DeBerry—God rest his soul—had given me my break. Manager Harold "Muddy" Ruel treated me fair. So did the fans. I can't say the same for all the players. They never said anything directly to me or to Willard. But some reacted in ways that were just as clear. You know how ballplayers sit in the dressing room and autograph baseballs? Well, I'd come into the dressing room, and three guys—always the same three—would get up and one of them would say, "When you finish, we'll come back."

Three or four men don't make a whole team. John Berardino, Jeff Heath, Bob Dillinger, Walt Judnich and Vern Stephens went out of their way to make life pleasant for me and Brown. If they'd see us snubbed, they'd sit down and begin signing with us. Stephens in particular would chat with me and Brown, tell us about the other pitchers in the league, talk to me about how he made the double play, so we'd mesh smoothly.

Actually, the Browns signed us to boost attendance. They were in last place. When the Browns went on the road, the press would talk about the Negro players, and there'd be a big crowd for the first game of the series, and me and Willard, or one of us, would play. But then we'd likely be benched the rest of the series. The gimmick worked. People came the first day, and we played, so they came back the next game as well.

In 36 games, I got into 27 games, some of them as pinch-hitter or pinch-runner. I batted just 78 times in 27 games.

I didn't burn up the American League but there were rookies who didn't hit .256 and were good enough to stick. Here's what some of my teammates hit: Jake Early, .237; Walt Judnich, .251; Al Zarilla, .233; Billy Hitchcock, .228; and John Berardino, .228. The team was last in hitting, with an average of .239.

Still, I knew the score. On August 23, Muddy Ruel told us we were being released. General manager Bill DeWitt announced to the press that

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Willard and I "had failed to reach major-league standards."

He was probably right. I wasn't as good as most major-leaguers. But I was as good as some St. Louis Browns who weren't being released. The only thing they had I didn't have was a white skin.

I went to Bill DeWitt and I said, "I'm doing as good as lots of other guys on this club." And Mr. DeWitt looked uncomfortable and finally he said, "There are things I can't discuss with you, Hank."

That ended the conversation. We both knew what those things were.

So that was that. A short trip to the majors. I got paid for the rest of the season, which sweetened the pot, and I rejoined the Monarchs. At the end of 1947, I went down to Havana, to play winter ball, and made more money, and I got myself engaged to Maria Quesada.

Early in 1948, I left Kansas City to report to San Antonio, Texas, where the Monarchs were holding spring training.

The trip took me to Dallas, and I decided to spend the night with my oldest sister, Margaret, and her husband.

It was the worst night of my life. You can leave everything else exactly as is—all the arrests, the time in jail—but if you cross out this one night and tell me it never happened, my whole life don't seem so bad.

Let me jump back a little. When I left the Browns and rejoined the Monarchs, I started carrying a gun. Some older players I knew were carrying guns and I always liked to do what the older guys did. I bought a .32 automatic for \$26. I carried it in my pocket. It made me feel like a man.

In Dallas, my sister Margaret and her husband and I went to a beer garden. We ordered a beer when I saw a guy I knew at another table. Buddy Crow. I played sandlot ball with Buddy Crow years before. I'd known him since 1938 or 1939. I'd seen Buddy Crow when he was feisty drunk. I saw him cut another boy with a knife and the boy stood there holding his intestines in his hands.

Buddy Crow said, "Hello, Mr. Moneymen."

He made it sound sarcastic.

"Have a beer, Buddy," I said.

HE said, "Don't mind if I do." He took his beer back to his table.

Suddenly there was a loud noise. Buddy Crow had overturned his table. He started walking toward me. He had a knife in his hand.

"I'm gonna get you," he said.

I pulled out my .32 automatic, and I said, "Stop!"

I guess he figured I wouldn't use the gun. He kept coming.

I yelled, "Stop!" a second and a third time, but he kept on coming, and when he was three or four feet away, all I could think of was that boy with his guts bleeding in his hands. I pulled the trigger.

Three times.

I hit him across the chest and he went down. My sister and my brother-in-law took me back to my hotel. I went to bed, scared and sick. I knew Buddy Crow was hurt bad, but I remember I was thinking, "I had no choice." I know better today. I had two other choices. I could have turned and run, or I could have let him cut my throat.

Either one would have been better.

The phone woke me the next morn-

ing. It was my brother-in-law.

"Hank," he said, "Buddy Crow is dead."

I got my clothes on and went down to the police station and turned myself in. I was arrested on a murder charge and released on \$5000 bond.

The facts were clear enough. Buddy Crow had come at me with a knife. He had a reputation for using the knife. I fired in self-defense. My lawyer argued it was justifiable homicide, and got me out on bond, and I joined the Monarchs for spring training. I didn't miss a day. Two years later, with the help of the New York Giants, the case was dismissed. It cost me \$1200 in lawyer fees.

But I got off. Like that. No sweat. I killed a man, and the next day I was playing ball like nothing had happened.

Seventeen years later, I haven't got over it. You can't kill another human being easy. No matter how it turns out. For 17 years I've paid for that life, and I guess I'll keep paying. I deserve to pay. As I say, I'd rather Buddy Crow cut my throat than I killed him. But it didn't work out like that, and part of the monkey on my back all the years since has been the weight of a guy I'd once played ball with when I was a kid and whom I killed one bloody night in Dallas. I had exactly half a beer in me that night, so I can't blame drink. He was drunk, but I wasn't, and I could have run and let them call me chicken, but I'd have gone to spring training without a man's weight on my back. Buddy Crow is heavy.

BUT I was young then, and I carried him well. I played for the Monarchs and I had a big year. The end of 1948 saw me down in Cuba again, where I got word the New York Giants had arranged to buy up my contract. They wanted to send me and Monte Irvin to Jersey City, in the International League.

I didn't sign right off. Not that I wasn't thrilled. I just didn't like the way I was getting shuttled around, nobody asking my opinion. The big leagues bought me, the big leagues fired me, the big leagues bought me again.

Alex Pompey, who scouted for the Giants in the Caribbean, called me after two weeks had gone by.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I just want some money to sign this thing."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

Who was I kidding? I wasn't going to get no \$5000 bonus. But I wanted to assert myself a little.

So Pompey reported to Horace Stoneham, and he called back, and he said, "How about \$2500?" and I leaped for the pen.

At Jersey City in 1949, in 55 games, I hit .303. I had 12 home runs, and I stole 11 bases.

It was a big year all around. My girl Maria Quesada—I called her Mary—came up to the States in 1949, and on June 9 we got married in Brooklyn.

And on July 5, the Giants called up Irvin and me. Here's how decent the Giants were. They paid me \$7500 that year, even though the minimum was \$5000.

I had some good seasons with the Giants, and some very good days. One day we beat the Cards, 13-8, and I hit three home runs. When Cardinal manager Eddie Stanky walked me the

fourth time, the Giants waved towels at him. I knocked in eight runs that day; Willie Mays knocked in the other five.

I got into the record book. (Not just because of my race. As a Negro, I got in several times. I was the first to play for the Browns. I was the first Negro to have played in both leagues. The first day I was with the Giants, I faced Don Newcombe. Never before had a Negro pitcher faced a Negro batter, in all of major-league baseball. In the 1951 World Series, I played right field because Don Mueller hurt his leg in the playoffs against the Dodgers, and this was the first all-Negro major-league outfield—Irvn, Mays, and me.) But the record I'm proudest of has nothing to do with race. In 1950, I participated in 43 double plays. No National League third-baseman, white or black, has ever been in so many.

BY and large it was good. Look at my salaries. I got \$7500 the first year; then they upped me to \$14,000; in 1951 it was \$17,500, and a World Series cut; my salary kept going up until I got \$32,000 for 1955. And don't forget the winner's share of the '54 Series—the biggest ever up till then. Even in my last year with the Giants—1956—I got \$26,000. I made \$170,000 in eight seasons with the Giants.

It wasn't all roses. I was Negro. Which means certain pitchers knocked me down regularly. I don't mean brush-back stuff. I mean knockdown pitches, thrown at my skull.

There were five Negroes in the National League when I came up. Me and Irvin, Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe. Monte, Jackie, Roy and I spent lots of time flat on our backs. One time, I hit a home run and as I rounded the bases, the pitcher said: "I'll get you next time, you black unprintable."

The next time we played against that pitcher, he threw at us and hit one of my Negro teammates with a pitch, putting him in the hospital.

Sometimes players would yell from the dugout—"Nigger, what are you doing up here?"—and the white Giants would do the answering back. Monte and I answered with our bats. You want to know who on the Giants were closest to me and Irvin? Eddie Stanky, from Alabama, and Alvin Dark, from Louisiana. When Dark got fired by the Giants in 1964, I found it hard to believe the things they said he'd said about Negroes and Latins. Not once did Al Dark show me any prejudice.

The worst fans were in Cincinnati. Whenever there was a lull, some loud-mouth would yell: "Nigger," or "Black unprintable," and you could hear it all over the place.

If things went well on the field, most of the time, my personal life wasn't going good. Mary and I lived at 940 St. Nicholas Avenue, in Harlem. We started bickering. She left me once.

I guess I was mainly to blame. I was drinking heavy. When the game was over, I'd go straight to a bar and have two or three Scotches to get the game out of my system. Then I'd have a big steak dinner, and go home, and drink a fifth of Scotch, or maybe two fifths. In one night. Or I'd go to the Red Rooster or another bar and I'd pull out hundred dollar bills and I'd set up drinks. Bigshot.

I started wearing tailored suits, made up in Philadelphia. Some of them cost \$200. I had 20-25 suits, 10-15 sports jackets, 20-25 pairs of slacks,

25-30 pairs of shoes. I bought myself a Lincoln Capri for \$5000.

I didn't spend it all on myself I bought Mary a mink stole, and after the '54 Series, I bought her a mink coat, for \$5300. When my wife and I split up, I bought another girl a used Oldsmobile, for \$3600.

But I still could have made it if I controlled the drink. I used to say to myself: Hell, I'm no alcoholic. I can take it or leave it alone. Except I only would take it.

Actually, I didn't drink before a game. But my stomach would roll and I couldn't eat either. I'd get to the park weak as a cat. Then I'd drink all night. You can't play major-league ball in that shape. I never was big enough to get away with any weakness. I had to have all my strength. At 5-8½ and 168 pounds, I'm giving away inches and pounds to overpowering pitchers, and to guys trying to cream me on the bases. My legs started to go. I kept having little injuries. I began to slow down.

In 1955, Frank Shellenback, the Giant pitching coach, asked me whether I was having family trouble. My problem always has been I'd clam up about my problems. If I had a slump I couldn't talk to anybody about it. Just brood over it.

I told Shellenback everything was fine but he said Leo Durocher knew it wasn't. There was talk—Shellenback said—that I was drinking all the time, and Leo said I wasn't the player I was a year ago.

"You better take care of whatever's bothering you," Shellenback said. "Otherwise, Leo will send you down."

Another time Leo told me after a game that Stoneham had reports I was drinking every night, and if it didn't stop he'd kick me off the team.

Horace Stoneham is a lovely fellow. He was like a father to me. Anything I'd want, he'd do for me. Even little things. I'd maybe get an overtime parking ticket, and Stoneham would pick up the phone and take care of it.

But he was a businessman, and his business was fielding ballplayers who were fit to play ball. When the 1956 season ended, I was sent to Minneapolis, in the American Association.

I played until July of 1957. I was in terrible shape. I tore ligaments in my legs. Even when they healed, I wasn't the same Hank Thompson. One day I hit a ball and I knew it was a double so I whizzed around to second, and there was the ball waiting for me. It stunned me. Then in a game against Charleston a batter hit a pop fly over my head. I ran back, but I never did catch up with that simple flyball.

When the game was over, I said to manager Red Davis: "I got to hang it up, Red."

"No, Hank," Davis said. "I want you to stick around. You'll come out of it."

"I can't," I said. "I don't like making a fool of myself."

The Giants paid me off, and that was the end of my baseball career. Thirty-one years old.

I went back to New York. I'd been trying to get along with my wife. Just the year before I'd bought her family a house in Cuba. It cost me \$17,000.

But it was no good. We were divorced in 1959. I couldn't blame her.

I lived on savings from July of 1957 to January of 1958. It was hard, going from the big leagues to hunting a job. I missed the sweet life. In January of 1958 I got a job tending bar at Braddock's, on 145th Street. I made

\$85 a week. I held the job four or five months. I had other jobs. I was delivery boy, but I wouldn't show up on the big delivery days. I got bartending jobs, but I'd borrow money from the till and leave a note, without asking permission. Finally the owner of the bar would fire me. And I couldn't blame him. Six or seven jobs came and went like that.

On the night of November 10, 1958, I went to the garage where I kept my car, but it was way in the back. I saw a friend's car and drove off with it. I knew I'd have it back before he'd need it. Except I drank, and I didn't get it back until morning.

By which time it had been reported as stolen. I was arrested for auto theft. Later my friend showed up and he said, "If I'd known Hank had it, I'd never have reported it." The charge was dropped, but the arrest is on my record. Stealing a car.

The next year I got into an argument with my girl friend and we had too many drinks, and I lost my head and hit her. She went to the police and I was arrested again. I pleaded guilty, and the judge gave me 30 days or \$100 fine. I spent seven days in jail, and then I couldn't stand it, so I paid the fine.

You can see what a terrible empty life I was leading. Nor was I hanging around with the best crowd. In the summer of 1960 I got a .25-calibre gun from a fellow in Brooklyn. He needed money. I lent him five dollars. He gave me the gun as collateral. He never paid me back, so I had a gun. I kept it with me all the time.

Then on February 26, 1961, I was riding in a car with a friend, when we got hit by another car. My right arm was out the window and the window came up and broke, cutting an inch-long gash across my wrist. They rushed me to a hospital and took three or four stitches.

The next night I was drinking in a bar in Harlem, feeling sorry for myself. I was sore at my ex-wife, sore at my girl friend, sore at the world. And my arm was sore. Maybe the whisky did it. Something said, "Why don't you stick up a bar and get some drinking money?"

It was crazy. I had a full pint of Scotch in my pocket. But maybe it was like those alcoholics, who have to have whisky in more than one place. You know, a pint in the pocket, one in the kitchen cupboard, one in the glove compartment.

Late that Saturday night I walked into Bill's Place, at 2787 Amsterdam Avenue. I knew the bar. Once when I was broke I hocked my 1954 World Series ring with the owner for \$250.

I stood at one end of the bar, and when the bartender came over, I took out the gun with my left hand and said, "This is a stickup."

I got \$37 from the cash drawer, and walked out, and a half block later a cop picked me up.

The next morning there was a picture of me climbing into the police van with a big smile on my face. I don't remember smiling, but there was the picture. I think—and I'm no psychologist—I think I was saying all that evening: "Will somebody catch me before I hurt someone or before I hurt myself." They caught me and I was glad.

But it didn't work. Horace Stoneham, Ford Frick and other influential people wrote to the court, saying nice things about me, and I was released on probation.

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Don't get me wrong. Stoneham had come through like a champ. But someplace along the line, somebody ought to have said, "See here, he's no good. He's got to be punished. He's got to spend some time. He's got to be put away where he can't run wild, where he can't mock the law."

But nobody did.

Stoneham even got me a job at Casa Grande, Arizona, where the Giants have spring-training camp. I went out there in October of 1961. I cleaned the swimming pool, and when the winter instructional league began, I worked with such young players as Jose Cardenal, Jesus Alou, Jim Ray Hart, Hal Lanier and Cap Peterson. I got \$300 a month, plus room and board.

One other thing happened out there. You remember I mentioned having a girl before I met Maria Quesada? Well, I got a letter from her. She'd read about the trouble I was in. I answered her, and she came out and spent five days in Arizona with me. After all those years, it was the same as it was when we were kids. It was good. Then she went back to Houston where she was a nurse, and I went to California, to visit my father in Bakersfield and my mother in Fresno. My girl joined me in Bakersfield in September of 1962, and we went down to Los Angeles, where I got a job doing interior decorating and painting. I worked with a man named Leonard Spell. Soon I was making \$120 a week. She got a job at Bel Air Hospital. We made plans to get married.

Early in 1963, in Los Angeles, she told me I was going to be a father.

Then her mother, back in Houston, got sick. My girl went back home. I went up to Fresno, to see my mother and to wait for my fiancée to return. I intended to stay in Fresno, but I started to fret, and I started to drink, and then I decided to go to Houston and bring her back with me.

She met me at the Houston bus station, and I saw her body was all flat. I said, "What happened?" and she said, "It was a false alarm. I never was pregnant."

I didn't say anything. But I thought it: *She didn't want the baby.* She had an operation. I didn't say it to her. It ended up stuck in my craw. I wanted that baby. I wanted to start a family with that girl. I began to drink heavily. Once the girl's mother said to me: "You're crazy, Hank. You ought to see a psychiatrist."

The old pattern set in. I said to myself, To hell with the world. I had to get some money. (I could have gone back to Los Angeles and started working for Leonard Spell again. I could have wired him for money. I could have borrowed money from friends.)

I had a gun with me. I always had a gun. I was staying in the Midtown Hotel in Houston. On July 13—a Saturday afternoon—I walked into a nearby liquor store. I asked the owner for a fifth of Scotch. He put it in a bag and turned back to me and I had the gun on him. The cash drawer was open. I cleaned it out of \$270.

I had borrowed a car. I drove back to the hotel room and placed the gun in the top drawer of the dresser and put the unopened bottle of Scotch on the dresser. I went over to the Matinee Club, which is a drinking place I knew pretty well.

I began drinking. Naturally, I was throwing bills around. Bigshot.

It didn't last long. A few hours later, a detective rushed in and shook me down.

"Where is the gun?" he said.

"I don't have a gun," I said.

We went back to the hotel and there was the stolen bottle of Scotch. He found the gun. They took me to police headquarters and ran me through a lineup, and the store owner identified me. At the preliminary hearing I had no lawyer. I'd written to one, but he hadn't answered. Meanwhile, the assistant D.A. was trying to get me to plead guilty to a 20-year rap.

"I'm not going to cop out for no 20 years," I said.

He said the judge wanted to give me 99 years. I still said no.

They kept me in county jail for five weeks, because I couldn't raise \$7500 bail. Finally the assistant D.A. came back, and he offered me ten years.

So I pleaded guilty and on October 8, 1963, I entered the diagnostic unit of the Texas Department of Corrections in Huntsville, Texas.

Dr. George J. Beto, director of the Texas Department of Corrections, interviewed me at Huntsville, for classification. There are 13 separate prison units, spread over the State. When you're at Huntsville, they decide what unit you're to go to. Dr. Beto asked if I'd ever worked with kids. I told him I'd worked in various baseball clinics. He told me he was sending me to one of the work farms and if I kept my nose clean he'd see whether I could be assigned to working with young people.

So I worked in the fields at the Eastham Unit, across the Trinity River, from October 29, 1963, to February 13, 1964. When *SPORT* magazine got in touch with Dr. Beto, about this story, Dr. Beto wrote about me to the magazine: "As a result of hard work and exemplary behavior, he was promoted to the Ferguson Unit, where he is assigned to the Recreational Department aiding in the directorship of athletics for first offenders between the ages of 17 and 21."

My job at Ferguson is gymnasium instructor, and baseball coach. Our baseball team won the State championship this year.

As a trusty, I don't sleep in a barred cell. I'm in a big dorm, like an army barracks, a hundred beds on the floor. Each trusty has to clean up the area around his bunk. We each have a small footlocker, a butt can, a pair of shower shoes and a reading lamp.

The most important part of my stay at Ferguson has been the Alcoholics Anonymous chapter I've joined. We have A.A. group therapy sessions twice a week. On Thursday evenings, an A.A. man comes up here from the

Huntsville diagnostic center, 19 miles away, and sits down with 25-30 inmates and we talk about our problems for an hour and a half. Then he shows a movie based on the A.A. program. On Sunday nights I sit in with a smaller group, maybe ten or 11, and we talk for two-and-a-half hours.

I've been in jail for just about two years. We have at the Ferguson Unit young boys, 17-21 years old. Sometimes I hear one of them say, "Boy, when I get out, I'm going to get myself a Cadillac, and I'll roll in the money and buy \$150 suits."

And I say to them: "It's all a dream. It'll never be."

I had that dream. I even lived it for a while. It's an empty dream. It doesn't mean a thing. I try to tell them why. I hope to God they listen. I hope to God I listen.

When I get out in the free world, I'll join an A.A. group. I'll get psychiatric help if I can afford it, and I'd better be able to afford it, because I'll need all the help I can get. I'm going to try to get a job painting and doing interior decorating. I expect to move to Fresno, where my mother lives. She's a missionary in the Church of God and Christ. I'll live with her. There are other things I want to do. I want to go up to San Francisco and see the Giants play ball—I'm still a Giant fan—and I want to thank Horace Stoneham for helping me. Sometimes in prison I'd see a Giant game on television, and after it was over I'd start a letter to Stoneham, to apologize for letting him down. But I can't write that letter. Maybe when I get out and see him, I can apologize, face to face.

I do not want to get back into baseball, in any capacity—coach, scout, trainer, anything. I want to stay out of the public eye. I don't want people saying, Oh, that's Hank Thompson, ex-convict. Some people will say it no matter where I go, and I've got to expect it, but I don't want to be in the public eye where it will happen a lot. It's not that I'm ashamed (I am, of course), but that I hope by the time I get out, it'll be a different Hank Thompson. It won't be the same Hank Thompson who hit .364 in the 1954 World Series, and it won't be the Hank Thompson of 1963, who held up a liquor store at gunpoint. It'll be another Hank Thompson. It better be.

Which winds me up, I guess. I wrecked my life and now I hope to save it. A writer from *SPORT* asked me if I had any advice for other young kids going into baseball that might keep them from repeating what I did. This is what I said:

Get advice about money, how to save it, how to invest it.

Live a clean life.

Stay away from those goodtime people who pretend to be your friends.

Stay away from liquor.

Stay healthy.

Baseball is the cleanest sport we have, so treat it decent.

— ■ —

THE FULL STORY OF WILLIE MAYS' GREATEST YEAR

(Continued from page 24)

"When I tell Herman, he understands."

But Willie understands, too. There were 15 games this year in which he did not start, but only six in which

he did not appear at all as a pinch-hitter or some other role. Mays would prefer on such days not to have to come to the ballpark at all; he spends a great deal of time resting in bed.

"Coming to the ballpark," he says,

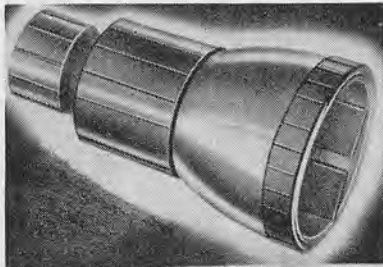
"it isn't no real rest because you're working yourself up about the game. I stay home, maybe I sleep. Maybe I turn on the stereo and doze. But I'm in the park, I'm playing every play even if I'm not in the game."

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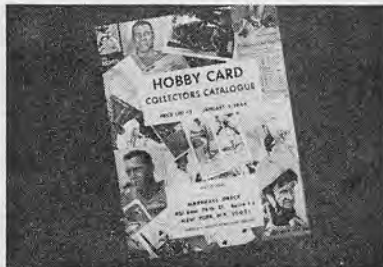
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"Then why do you come when Herman says you can have the day off?" Willie was asked.

"Man," he says, "even when I'm not playing I can help."

This, too, is a part of the new Mays and until recently, when Willie saw fit to disclose how many things he does that do not appear in the box score, few people appreciated how seriously Mays takes his duties as the "assistant manager."

"Don't you say that," Willie warned. "I'm no assistant manager. I'm just a player. Herman did a fine job with our club. Don't be unfair to him. He treats the guys good. He got a spirit on this team."

THERE'S no quibbling about that, but neither is there any reason to keep secret the fact that when Mays was not in the lineup he sat out in the Giants' bullpen.

"I move the outfielders around according to the hitter and the situation," Mays said. "They know I'm out there because Herman wants me out there near to them and they listen when I say a step in or a step out."

Anybody else might find these extra duties somewhat burdensome, but when Mays speaks on any baseball subject, the man who would not listen is downright stupid. In addition to the outfield, however, Willie also is in charge of the infield and this, too, offers an insight into the Giants' 1965 season that is little known.

It was Mays who early this season came to second-baseman Hal Lanier and appointed him the infield captain. During the course of the season it became Lanier's job to watch Mays carefully between pitches. If Willie felt the Giant pitcher needed a breather, he would signal to Lanier. Hal would call time and go to the mound to talk to the pitcher. The pitcher would never resent Lanier's interruptions or his words, although the second-baseman is only 22 years old. Willie appointed Lanier. Willie told him to take charge. That was enough. "Nobody in the whole organization taught me more about the game than Willie," says Lanier.

"If Willie wants to advise a guy and the guy doesn't listen," says Franks, "then I got to think there's something wrong with the guy. This isn't just a great ballplayer. This is a great man."

On August 22 at Candlestick Park, Juan Marichal, in a moment of rage, belted the Dodgers' Johnny Roseboro over the head with a bat. There were tears in Willie's eyes when the fight was finally stopped and he said to Roseboro: "Johnny, Johnny, I'm so sorry."

But compassion was the least of it because while everybody else was milling about during the fight with blood in their eyes, Willie stopped the brawling, not once, but twice. He was the coolest person in the midst of the heat. He was the peacemaker. "He was the only one of them who showed any sense," Dodger manager Walter Alston said.

Roseboro wanted to get at Marichal, but Mays rushed up to him. "Johnny, Johnny, don't," Mays pleaded. "Johnny, you're bleeding. You're hurt bad."

That slowed Roseboro. He allowed trainer Bill Buhler to wipe the blood from the cut. It was only then that it became apparent that the gore was not coming from Roseboro's eye, but from his head. Then Roseboro tried

to get at Marichal again. Once more Mays stood in his way. He took the Dodger catcher's face in hands as one would hold the face of a person one loves. Roseboro allowed Mays to lead him away. Even that didn't satisfy Mays. It was almost as though he had to offer Roseboro further consolation. He went to the Dodger dressing room when Johnny was taken there.

"Johnny," Mays said, "I'm so sorry. I can't tell you how much."

Maybe it's unimportant that Mays went from there back to the field, went to bat with two men on base and hit the first pitch Sandy Koufax threw to him out of the park for a home run with two men on base. The Giants might have folded then if not for the lift from the game-winning blow.

To understand how incredible Mays' stature and maturity is today, you've got to think back. You've got to think now how it used to be years ago in New York when Mays was only a kid out of Alabama who'd play stickball on the streets of Harlem with other little kids after he'd come back from a game at the Polo Grounds. You've got to think how he used to call Leo Durocher, his first manager with the Giants, Mr. Leo, and go to him for advice on baseball and on personal problems and financial matters as the other players now come to Willie.

You've got to think of all the trouble Willie has seen: a marriage that didn't work out, financial problems that left him as close to being broke as anyone earning his kind of money can be. You've got to think how they said he was only a simple child of nature who played baseball instinctively and didn't know what he was doing or couldn't explain it if he had to. You've got to think of all the semi-fiction that's been written about him, you've got to think how somebody else might have broken under the weight of all he has had to carry.

So you sit with him in the living room of the beautiful home he owns in San Francisco. His adopted son, Michael, plays quietly about him and you know how much Willie loves this little boy and sometimes the conversation becomes disjointed because Mike doesn't care about stories being written about his daddy. He wants attention.

MIKE also wants a bike, but Willie's afraid because the incline of the street on which they live is so steep, but Willie knows the other kids have bikes and what should he do?

The visitor wants to talk about the possibility of Willie some day becoming the first Negro manager in big-league baseball and Willie frowns. "Man," he says, "that's too much. Taking care of 24 other guys is 24 times harder than taking care of yourself or Mike here."

"Then you don't think you can manage?" the guy says.

"I didn't say that. You did," Willie answers. "I want to stay in baseball when I can't play any more, but I think if I'm lucky and can take care of myself I can play another four, five years. And when I can't play I want to be in baseball in some way, maybe like Stan Musial is."

Willie waited a minute. He had something big on his mind. "Let me tell you something," he said. "I don't care what other people think or say, but there ain't no job I can't do in baseball."

This is a man who will stay in it,

one way or another. It could be as a manager. It could be as an executive, too, because Willie has learned his way around a business deal.

A few years ago he became friendly with Jacob Shemano, the president of the Golden Gate National Bank. Willie went to work for him in the off-season. As a boy he read comic books. As a man he began to read books on banking which Shemano provided for him and he went on Jake's payroll doing public relations work.

In the meantime Shemano offered Willie investment advice and gave him counsel on tax problems. So much of Mays' income now is deferred that Shemano says, "Willie's all right until at least 1970."

"Maybe even longer than that," Willie says.

When you're in the 75 percent tax bracket, as Willie is, there are problems. But long ago Mays learned how to live with problems and how to live alone and how to help those without much money. He is a generous man to his friends. He has an income that may come to over \$200,000. He's invested heavily in an insurance company with testimonials and endorsements. He has a position that he has finally come to regard with pride, but not with vanity.

Willie, for instance, may have a hundred suits, hundreds of sweaters and knit polo shirts he loves to wear. He hands them out freely if a friend admires them. He is a fine host at a party and yet even in the midst of the gaiety of a party he recently threw for the Giants, Willie stood as a man apart.

This is both the fortune and misfortune of being the man Mays is. He says he is only one of 25 players who occupies a locker in the Giant dressing room, but this is only a fiction. Willie Mays is Willie Mays.

Toward the end of the '65 season, Masanori Murakami, the Giants' Japanese relief pitcher, came to Willie's locker. In his hand he carried a picture of Mays.

"You sign autograph for me?" Murakami asked.

"What do you want my autograph for, Mashi?" Willie said. "I'll give you mine if you give me yours."

"Oh, yes, please," Murakami said. "I like Mashi. You sign it Mashi."

"If you sign it Willie," says Mays.

I recall the scene now because I remember another at Mays' party for his teammates only two weeks earlier.

Murakami stood in the living room looking down the spiral staircase leading to the den and the bar in Willie's lavish home. He shook his head in wonderment. He went round and round down the staircase and then came back up.

"Oh, yes, please," he said in answer to a question. "I like it so much."

"You, too, will have this because you are important in your home," it was suggested.

"I am not important in Japan," he said.

"But you are the first Japanese in the big league. You could be the first in a World Series. You will be like Willie Mays in your home."

Masanori grinned. "No Willie Mays in Japan," he said. "Only one Willie Mays here."

He nodded his head vigorously and then he said, "Only one Willie Mays anywhere."

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